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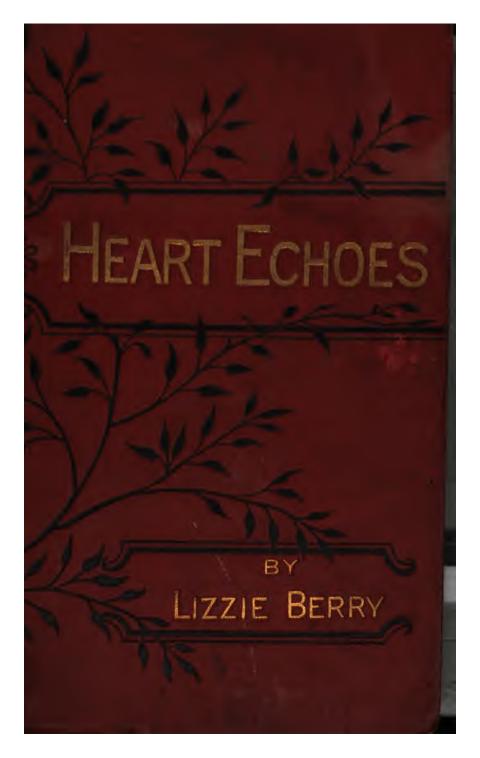
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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;
And it's a sad thing

when a man shall die And forget love which is the shiningness of life;

which is the shiningness of life;
But it's a sadder thing

that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

- R.G.A., in A Yearbook of Stanford Writing, 1931

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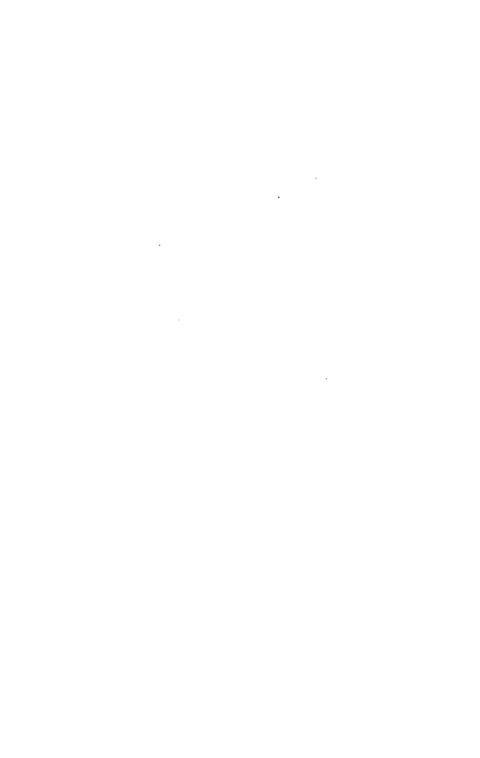
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HEART ECHOES:

MISCELLANEOUS & DEVOTIONAL POEMS.





your faithfully. Lizzie Gerry.

HEART ECHOES:

ORIGINAL

MISCELLANEOUS & DEVOTIONAL POEMS.

BY

LIZZIE BERRY.

WITH PORTRAIT OF AUTHORESS.

OTLEY:

WILLIAM WALKER & SONS.

MDCCCLXXXVI.

PHIS Y





PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THIS Volume consists of fugitive pieces, of various degrees of They have already met the public eye in the columns of the Wharfedale and Airedale Observer, and the manner in which they have been received in a populous, though somewhat restricted, area, has led to their publication in book form. The authoress, Lizzie Berry, was born in 1847, at Great Bowden, Leicestershire. Her parents were poor, and what little education she received, was in keeping with her humble surroundings. Her life's history, which she prefers not to publish to the world, has been one of great trials and difficulties, a fact which accounts for the melancholy tone of most of her poems—a characteristic which, by many, may be regarded as being somewhat too obtrusive. But she sings as her heart dictates, and there is nothing in her poems that is laboured or unnatural. They are the fervent and heart-felt offerings of a talented though unpretentious writer, whose lot in life has not been cast in pleasant places, and whose bitter experiences have not infrequently furnished the subject of many of her most touching pieces. Consequently, they are, in the most perfect sense of the word, poetry-the poetry of feeling. Simplicity is their all-pervading charm. Faults and shortcomings there may be, but bearing in mind the humble station and consequent disadvantages of the Author, the Publishers bespeak for the present volume that favourable reception which its unpretending modesty is calculated to conciliate.

Otley, September, 1886.

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HEART ECHOES,

BY

LIZZIE BERRY.

DAISIES WHITE.

OH, daisies white, children of Winter's snow,
I gave ye life's fair morning love long years ago,
And time and change have only proved how true
My soul hath kept its early pledge to you;
Though joys have suffered wreck in Sorrow's night,
We have been faithful ever—daisies white.

Oh, daisies white, token of coming bliss,
Spring's pledge to Summer given, and Hope's awaking kiss,
Ye were my crown upon a cloudless brow,
Long years ago, and Memory's garland now.
To-day I tread with careful step and light,
Plucking you lovingly, oh, daisies white.

Oh, daisies white, I pick you as I go,
With deeper love than that I gave long years ago,
A memory lingers in my soul to-day,
That only death can ever take away;
I see a face as pure as morning light,
Look through your petals soft, wee daisies white.

So, daisies white, with tenderness I take Your snowy beauty in my hands for dear love's sake, Lie down and die, oh, flowers white and dear, O'er her who once was Mamma's daisy here; Close your pale eyes for ever from the light, Upon my darling's grave, pure daisies white. Lo, daisies white, your little lives are run,
A little whiteness on the earth and then 'tis done;
To strew the bridal path, or deck the grave,
Is just the mission that your Master gave;
Even Heaven's sweet fields to me will scarce be fair,
Unless the wild white daisies cluster there.

THE SUICIDE.

SICK of life's warfare, poor earth-weary creature,
Death and despair on each sorrow-wrung feature,
Tired of the struggles that ceaselessly gave
Something to conquer, and something to brave;

Grown weary of hoping,
Disheartened with groping
'Mong brambles and dust,
Turned the misguided one,
Every good purpose gone,
Away in disgust.

Was there no whisper came in his sore need? Something to check the last God-forgot deed?

Was there no lip to pray?

Was there no hand to stay?

Was there no hope for him death could not smother?

Alas! poor brother.

Take up the cold form and bear it along,
And the distorted face shroud from the throng.

Nobody knows how he struggled with danger,
Perhaps in the world no soul cared for the stranger,
Perhaps o'er his cradle never a sigh

Went from a mother to God for her boy;

Perhaps in his youth were sown
Seeds of dark sin alone,
Till the poor troubled mind
Groped in the dark to find
Comfort and rest,

Sick of the ills that lay cold on his breast.

Perhaps—for we know not, in ignorance guessing— Somebody, far away, wafts him a blessing; Perhaps o'er a lock of hair, Somebody stoops with care,

Silently yearning
Over a loved one—never returning.
Perhaps a fond parent still pleads with a cry
Up to high heaven for that prodigal boy.
Lay the poor form away, tenderly smother
Every harsh thought that denounces a brother;

If on the rash deed God hath not smiled, Shall we not pity Humanity's child? Trembling like him on Eternity's brink, Ready to falter, ready to sink, God give us frail ones, treading life's way, Hope for to-morrow and strength for to-day!

ILL WINDS.

THE breath of fortune puffs us like a vane upon a steeple,
And every change is for the worse for earth's unhappy people;
They search Pandora's box for all that misery can find,
And then away with woeful face, and leave the hope behind.
And yet I think Our Father sends no grief, howe'er distressing,
But has its hidden germ of good, and bears abundant blessing.

One day we tax Fortunea with the cruellest unkindness, Until the sequel to the tale reproves our mortal blindness; We will not wait to see the morn shake out her plumage gay, And learn to trust the night because 'tis father to the day; Why, even the dreaded winds of East, that give us all a shaker, Are good to fill the doctor's purse, and help the undertaker.

There's not a woe that is not sent to leave some good behind it, If only we would'search it out, and trust until we find it; Without Our Father's care we know not even the sparrows fall, And never blow misfortune's winds to bring no good at all. There's many cares to dog our steps, and many griefs distress us, But never yet a sorrow came that was not meant to bless us.

DEEP DOWN.

OUR better feelings do not rise,
Like bubbles, on the surface of to-day,
We rather shroud them in a rough disguise,
Within the silence of the soul away;
As sacred leaves dropped from an angel's crown:
Deep down.

Life's currents ripple with the steady wave
Of joys or sorrows as they float along;
And over Hope or Love's wide yawning grave,
The quivering lip may sing a careless song,
And yet, the leaves of life are turning brown:
Deep down.

There is no soul, however dark and cold,
But underneath the surface of its scorn
There glimmers still some grains of precious gold,
Some lingering atom of the Godhead born—
Some spark of good sin could not wholly drown:
Deep down.

A baby hand may wake the slumbering song,
O'er hidden chords our fingers could not reach;
And underneath the daily garb of wrong,
Lies the sweet Charity we loudly preach;
Man hides the leaves that might have formed a crown:
Deep down.

EARLY LESSONS.

MOTHER, hanging o'er your darling, with an anxious, loving eye,

Dreading lest some harm should reach it, or the little one should die;

There are greater evils waiting where life's ways are rough and wild, Than the kiss that stamps the angel on the forehead of the child. Mother's love would hide her darling from earth's sorrows as they call;

But upon the shores eternal, little feet shall never fall.

Mother, do not show your darling how to deal an angry blow,
Better teach it sweet forbearance, ere the seeds of discord grow;
Do not strike the thing that hurt it ere you kiss the wounded spot—

Little lessons in resentment are not easily forgot;
Baby fingers raised in anger over an offending toy,
Will be slow to show forbearance in the struggle by-and-bye.
Mother, do not teach your darling how to tamper with the truth—
Would you, by a heedless falsehood, soil the purity of youth?
Do not give a ready promise just to save a tear or two,
For a toy you cannot purchase, or a thing you will not do;
Little lessons in deception, falling from a mother's tongue,
Plant the early seeds of falsehood for an after-crop of wrong.
Mother, would you lead your darling up the bright eternal way?
Put the baby hands together, teach the rosy lips to pray;
It may smile in infant wonder, but the after years shall see
How it learned life's earliest lessons playing at a mother's knee.
Though life's after waves may lash it, still along the rushing blast
There shall float a lingering echo from the lessons of the past.

£ S. D.

THERE'S a magic sound in the chink of gold
To the devotee of fashion,
A cloak for sin, however bold,
And a cure for the wrongs of passion.
You may knock in vain at the door of wealth,
If you haven't a golden key,
But the hinge gives way if you can but say—
Society's £ s. D.

You may wear your vice like a suit of clothes, As whimsical fancy dances;
You may pick fond hearts as you pick a rose, If you've only enough finances.
You must love your neighbour as yourself, As you sail on the social sea,
Unless you float in a golden boat,
With a rudder of £, s. D.

You may set your foot on another's heart,
And stamp out the germ of truth;
You may rend the tenderest ties apart,
But its only a "freak of youth"—
Or a freak of age, no matter which—
Whatever the mischief be;
'Tis a noble thing while you can but sing
To the jingle of £ s. D.

You may open hearts with a banking book, And dazzle the brightest eyes; You may catch your loves in a golden web, As a spider catches flies; You may meet the ends of offended law, And laugh at the "powers that be," If you can but say, as you bounce away, You've the password of £ s. D.

FOLLOWING THEE.

DEAR Lord, I needed all Thy hand hath sent
Of cutting agony and punishment,
I needed all the losses,
The sorrows, tears, and crosses,
The curbing of my wayward will
That still

Is prone to murmur at life's rugged hill,

And wish a smoother path there Thou had made for me

To follow Thee.

I had so loved the world's seductive bliss,
And staked mad hopes on pleasure's Judas' kiss;
I needed many trials,
And many stern denials,
From Thee whose love, so firm and strong,
Hath long
Stooped in sweet pity to reprove my wrong,
And so Thy love laid out a rugged path for me

To follow Thee.

à . .

Lord. Thou didst rend my garland of sweet flowers, And took the fairest to Thy own fair bowers,

And I. in wilful blindness.

Grew angry at Thy kindness;

I would not see that they were blessed,

And rest

My feeble soul on Thine whose will was best; So darker, deeper yet, Thou mad'st life's path for mu To follow Thee.

Yet, through the darkness Thou wert ever nigh, Watching my wanderings with a loving eye,

Pitying my many losses, And caring for my crosses;

Giving me thoughts that made it sweet

To meet

Thy smile of pardon, kneeling at Thy feet. Now, Lord, I know that Thy fair angels watch for me To follow Thee.

Give what Thou wilt, dear Lord; though Thou should'st slay. Yet will I trust the love that guards my way,

Five me my earthly losses,

And humble me with crosses,

Only to still my childish fear,

3

Be near

To guard Thy trembling one in safety here: Then, Lord, I shall not fall while Thou art teaching me To follow Thee.

FASHION.

THERE is want in our midst; like a spectre it lies In poor faded cheeks and in tear-watered eyes, In the cry of the children who pine to be fed, When the hand is put by that once toiled for their bread. There's a wail of despair

In the widow's lone prayer, And God's angel records, as she yields up her breath, How starvation hath hunted a sister to death.

There's a want in our midst; like a demon it stands, With a model of fashion and pride in its hands, Till the souls that should thrill at the voice of distress Can only be touched through the cut of a dress, The length of a train, or the sit of a puff, The style of a bodice, or form of a cuff;

> There are flowers to droop, And ribbons to loop, There are feathers to place, That the head and face

May share the soft charm of their beauty and grace. So the soul of the maiden is warped for life's ways, Like the ample waist squeezed in the smallest of stays. You may tell of life's misery, want and distress, But it loses its force in the folds of a dress: You may tell how the children run wild in the street, With no clothing to wear, and no food to eat; You may tell how the naked feet bleed on the stones. And hunger grins out from the sharp little bones, But the fetter-tied souls have grown powerless to look From their God-worship over the last fashion book; And the cry of the beggar who shivers outside Is drowned in the wants of a ravenous pride, Still craving and raving in fashion's distress, For the foot-crushing boot and the comfortless dress. Oh! fashion-clad sisters, for mercy's sweet sake, Is it nothing to you though another should quake With hunger and cold in the pitiless street. With barely a cover for shoulders or feet? Is it nothing to you that a Saviour hath died As much for the sinner who crouches outside As for you, who in church must kneel lightly to pray, Lest the pile of your velvet be crushed the wrong way? Is it nothing to you though the day draweth near When our Lord shall sum up what we did for Him here? Will you say of the talent He gave you to use, "I made it all up into dresses and shoes? Into ribbons and lace, till there wasn't a spot Where trimming could be and trimming was not;

I had jewels and gloves of the richest device, And I shrank from the pleading of poverty's voice, Untainted by walking through poverty's grade, I kept all the rules that society made."

Is it this you will say
On that last awful day?
When sisters and brothers at last we must stand
On the right or the left of the great Father's hand.
Oh! daughters of fashion and folly be sure
Not thus will ye plead with the God of the poor.
Our Lord, when He stoops o'er life's record to look,
Must not find us pinned on to a gay fashion book,
Till the souls, that He made to be gentle and sweet,
Can be tied in a bow, or tucked in a pleat;
And the hearts He had meant for a service of love,
Can be hid in a boot, or a dress, or a glove.

WORN OUT.

CLOSE thy poor eyes,
So dim and heavy from long weary keeping;
Back the hot tears thy heart was ever weeping,
O'er sleepless joys,
That yieldeth nothing but a sad surprise

So long hast thou
Groped vainly in the mire to find a treasure,
And panting, sought to catch the phantom pleasure
That shuns thee now,
And only leaves new clouds upon thy brow.

Put by those wiles,
That long have been only distorted sorrow;
A mask to-day, a mockery to-morrow,
Of empty smiles—
Sunbeams that show how desolation spoils.

Thou need'st not wear

Thy smile of flippant coquetry, to hide

The grief I could not mock, and will not chide;

I fain would share

The weight of misery thou hast to bear.

Lie down and rest;
Worn out with all the bustle, toil and rattle,
That left thee worsted in life's furious battle,
With panting breast,
Pleading so touchingly for peace and rest.

Thy life hath run
O'er treacherous places and o'er troubled seas,
Defying gales and yielding to a breeze;
And now 'tis done,
There is no glory in its setting sun.

A shapeless thing,
With neither end nor aim, thy life hath been:
How can one be a clod and yet be clean?
Will Winter bring
Upon its snow the blossoms of the ring?

So let it go—
Thou canst not rub away the blots and smears,
The sin-stained record of the vanished years:
Life's currents flow
For good or ill, but never backward go.

Rest, sister, rest,
Leaving the sorrows and the follies past
'To One whose love shall woo thee to the last;
Upon His breast
Lay thy poor weary head, and leave the rest.

'Tis over now:
The pain of living, and the fear of dying;
Only a form in mute pale beauty lying,
With placid brow,
Tells how a struggling life lies silent now.

THOUGHTS.

THEY float to us lovingly over the din And bustle and strife, And we stoop to gather them in and in To the spirit life; Beautiful thoughts that ripple along, Like the far off sound of an angel's song,

And the hushed soul peers
Through its blinding tears,
So glad to hold,
'Mid the world's rude din,
And the taint of sin,
Some thread of gold.

So we pick up the thoughts that the angels drop on our way,
And sing them o'er to ourselves through the busy day,
And we work them in to our daily life, till the rugged seams
Glow here and there, where the shining thread of a sweet thought
gleams;

It may be a fancy that floats from the years, All shadowy now and pale; Or a smile just born of affliction's tears, As an angel lifts the veil.

Only a name, a memory, but something stays To give a touch of beauty to departed days; It may be thoughts of a coming time—

A young dream still-

And we softly sing to the pleasant rhyme With hopeful thrill.

Ah! life were dull if we did not hold
To its silver ends and its threads of gold;

So it sometimes seems

That the holier life is nearest when the spirit dreams.

So I stitch and sew

My life's rough seam, And the long hours go

Like a Summer dream;

For my sweet thoughts come, through each crack and chink, And I think and think, And so it seems

That my best sweet life is a life of dreams.

Fair threads of light, Through all the night

That sorrow makes,

And they cheer my woe.

As I stitch and sew:

And life's ills and aches

Would crush me down.

With an angry frown,

But the angels come with their holy love, And drop me dew from the flowers above. So I drink it in, and keep stitching on, And put my threads in one by one:

But the stitches lie

So much awry.

Ah, me!

It isn't done well, as it ought to be; But perhaps the angel who keeps the gate Will smoothen the edges and make it straight;

And he'll smile to see

How I worked in the thoughts that were dropped to me.

So stitching my seam In a misty dream, And singing my strain Of joy or pain,

I shall work, still work, till I reach the end, O'er the beautiful thoughts that the angels send.

LEAVE ME NOT.

WE have been friends all through life's sunny weather,
Sharing the joys of childhood's hours together;
Laughing all gaily in our boisterous mirth,
Ere deepening shadows touched our fairy earth.
And wilt thou leave me now, sweet friend of mine?
There is no smile—no smile to me like thine
To banish care, and sorrow, and regret—
Leave me not yet.

We have been friends through life's most touching sadness, Have clasped our hands when hope seemed only madness; Have soothed each other's woes with loving tone, That gave a chastening glory to our own.

And wilt thou leave me now, sweet friend? The years Have spent their sum—their sum of scalding tears; And we have loved through worry, pain and fret—Leave me not yet.

Remember how, with one dead face before us,
We talked of what kind Heaven should yet restore us;
Planned out the life we here might live to share,
And pictured something of our future there.
And wilt thou leave me now, dear friend? I pray
Put this dark thought, this cruel thought, away;
I cannot bear that cloud upon thy brow—
Leave me not now.

Our matin songs have long ago ascended,
And vespers warn us that the day is ended;
The sun no longer shines all proudly bright,
Yet in the eventide it shall be light.
And wilt thou leave me now, O, long-time friend?
Blindly I try to bind thee to the end;
Time's warning kiss lies on my faded brow—
Leave me not now.

TELL HIM GENTLY SHE IS DYING.

TELL him gently she is dying,
That the sunlight of his breast
In its golden haze is lying,
Ere it sinketh down to rest;
That the eyes he deems so lovely,
Flashing in their brilliant way,
Do but sparkle to the fever
Sapping life and health away.

Tell him gently she is dying,

That the bloom he thinks so fair

Soon will leave her cheeks for ever,

And the death hue gather there;

Tell him that the hope he layeth

In his loving heart away,

Will go out in tears of anguish

O'er her grave another day.

Tell him softly she is dying,
That e'en now the angels wait,
Ready to conduct her spirit
Through the bright eternal gate.
Tell him how they stoop to woo her
In her slumbers short and light,
When the God-spread curtain hides them
From the power of human sight.

Tell him softly she is dying,

That e'en now the last farewell
On her lips for him is lingering,

Yet she cannot break the spell,
Lest the agony of parting,

Sweeping o'er each loving breast,
Yet should chain the soul that waiteth

For its long eternal rest.

Tell him gently she is dying,

That ere long her form will lie,

Token of a vanished gladness

And a happy by-and-bye.

Tell him she may leave him weeping

In the grief of stricken love,

But th' unfettered soul shall woo him

From the fairer life above.



FALSE FRIENDS.

THERE'S a sword that leaves us writhing
With a wound upon the heart,
Slowly bleeding in our anguish,
With the rent cords thrust apart;
And we drop our weapons, powerless
To defeat or to defend,
When the sword that smites is wielded
By the one we call a friend.

We could bear the tongue of slander
From the enemy we know,
We could stand in proud defiance
To receive th' expected blow;
But we drop our weapons, vanquished,
And our fortress falls away,
When the foe that lies in ambush
Is a friend of yesterday.

Serpents coiled upon our bosoms
Might pollute life's rosy tide,
But expecting only poison
We should thrust it far aside;
But the wound on heart and spirits
Will keep dropping to the end,
When a traitor woos and wins us
With the kisses of a friend.

Oh! 'tis hard to find our secrets
Have been told in fickle ears,
Who have feasted on our folly,
And have stooped to mock our fears;
And the wound keeps bleeding, bleeding
Where the cords are rent apart,
When the one we trusted leaves us
With a famine in the heart.



FOUND DEAD.

OOR little babe, born of some shivering form. Houseless and homeless amid sun and storm, The germ of love that might have grown so fair Was frozen in the Winter of despair, And she who should have hushed thy infant cry Laid thee all heedlessly away to die. Unsheltered here, unless an angel's wing Swept o'er thee tenderly—poor fragile thing; Poor little one-love must be dead indeed. To leave thee in thy tender helpless need. She who might well have mourned thy friendless state, Hurled thee a curse and left thee to thy fate; The love that once within her bosom lay Has drifted down on misery's tide away. She barter'd all for love, when life was fair, And only reaped a harvest of despair; And now thy piteous cry will chase her on To deeper woes than thine—poor little one. Poor little babe-so all is over now, And she hath need of pity more than thou, Whose tiny life hath never known a sin, And whose pure soul the angels gathered in. They will not heed thy history or thy birth, Who hath no stain upon thy soul of earth; Rest, little one, the pauper's lonely sleep Is God's sweet calm for those who else would weep; Thou wilt not trail thy garments in the mire And like an earth-worm ask for nothing higher; With vice-dyed soul drinking pollution in, And live in misery, and die in sin. Over thy grave no tear-drops need to fall, Save for thy mother, child, she needs them all. Her smile a mockery, her rest all strife, Shuddering at death and trembling at life; The haunting phantom of a life's despair Drowning the bliss that might have flourished there. Ah, childie, little one, it must be best

That thou should'st enter into heaven's rest,
Safe from the blighting curses and the strife
That else had marred indeed thy weary life;
While she who frown'd in hate upon thy birth
Still laughs in mirthless misery on earth.
May angels find her 'mid the maze of sin,
Take the bruised heart to God and lead it in,
Safe from the snares that here her feet beguiled—
A pardoned mother and a rescued child.

HUMANITY.

HOW we leave the paths that wound us Where the thorny brier appears, How we leave life's sunny places While we revel in its tears.

How we dig out joy's foundation With a fickle, faltering hand, Where life's waves are sure to wash it Far among the yielding sand.

How we leave the wee white flowers
That are blooming at our feet,
For the brighter colour'd blossoms
That diffuse a doubtful sweet;
Turning from the fragrant lily,
In its snowy sweetness dressed
We are sure to pluck the night-shade
Till its poison taints the breast.

How we leave the sparkling fountain
Just to stir the stagnant pool,
How we loose the hand of reason
For the guidance of a fool;
Till the morning of experience
Puts our idle dreams to flight,
And we find through all life's schooling
We have done no lesson right.

For the honey turns to poison,
And the flowers are gay deceit,
And the waters are but tears
Dropping—dropping at our feet;
And we learn the bitter lesson
That we would not see before,
When our harvest yields us thistles,
And we may not sow it more.

Ah! the taint of Eve still lingers
With her hapless children now,
Till, like Cain, we stand convicted,
With a brand upon the brow.
Ah! we grasp earth's feeble pleasures
Till we prove them small and vain,
And then give to God the droppings
From our misery and pain.

WAITING.

SPRING waits to don her leafy cloak of green
And reign triumphant earth's fair morning queen;
And when the wild brier trails its greenest hue,
She waits to wear her wreath of roses too;
And when their morn of beauty dies away
They wait, still wait, for Nature's sure decay—
All things are waiting, bird, and flower, and tree—
So patiently.

We all are waiting, stitching up time's seam,
Lost in the hazy mystery of life's dream,
Fretting a little that the stitches lie
Sadly discoloured and so much awry;
Yet looking forward with a little trust,
We pick the tangled threads that trail the dust,
And wait to grasp the next, whate'er it be—
So patiently.

Far, far above, where substance melts in space,
And Heaven's blue doors close o'er our peering face,
Our gather'd flowers beyond the golden gate
Unfurl their petals white, and fondly wait;
And one dear head, decked with a royal crown,
Looks through the distance in sweet pity down,
And whispers lovingly, "Child come to me"—
So patiently.

All things are waiting, waiting, and I, too,
Have need to read and learn life's lesson thro';
Taking my stitches calmly while I wait,
With work in hand, outside the golden gate;
Holding my threads so 'tis the least a pain
To keep them still, or give them back again;
Loving my bonds, yet waiting to be free—
So patiently.

Oh, Saviour! still while here I err and fall,
Bear with my follies and forgive them all;
Knowing how wayward and how warped my will,
Be patient with my faults and failings still;
Look pityingly upon the tempting wrong,
To Thee so small, and yet to me so strong.
Hold me, oh, Christ; and wait, still wait for me—
So patiently.

THY SAINTS.

Is this a saint of Thine, sweet Christ? Methought
Thy saints did ever just, as Christians ought;
But this man, grasping after larger gains,
Hath fatten'd on another's honest pains,
He hath not scrupled to o'erthrow another,
And set his foot upon a fallen brother;
And yet he deems himself without a taint!

Sweet Christ, is this a saint?

Is this a saint! holding the staff of might?

He hath not used the gentler rule of right,

He hath not striven with affection sweet

To hide a fault, nor guide a wanderer's feet;

He hath not won his goods by honest labour,

And loved himself no better than his neighbour;

Shutting his ears to sorrow's piteous plaint—

Dear Lord, is this a saint?

Is this a saint! who, in self-righteous dress,
Sweeps past the sinner in his helplessness?
Too good to pity, and too proud to see
A meaner brother on the suppliant knee;
Sitting in judgment and indignant pride
Over a sinning soul for whom Christ died;
Blindly he thinks his garments free from taint—
Great God! is this a saint?

Is this a saint? A follower of Thee,
Whose life was love, and peace, and charity,
Whose pity stooped to soothe a creature's pain,
And at whose feet no sinner knelt in vain,
Who called no soul too mean and black for winning,
And loved the sinner none the less for sinning.
Yet, Lord, this man hath passed the sick and faint
Unmoved—Is this a saint?

Are these thy saints? Give me the sinner's place,
The suppliant's portion at the Throne of Grace;
Give me that meaner soul that loves to bless
The weeping widow and the fatherless;
Give me a heart to call that man a brother
Whose soul writhes 'neath the tortures of another;
And surely I may search earth's mire and taint
For Thee, and find a saint.



RETROSPECTION.

Oн, love of mine,

Love of the early days, so long departed, Why didst thou leave me sad and weary-hearted

In grief to pine,

Longing so fondly for a life like thine?

'Tis long ago-

My soul lies in the shadows and is weary,

Life's road is lonesome, and the way is dreary

And full of woe,

And I am groping where vile nettles grow.

Oh, long, long years—

Beneath their weight my soul lies crushed and lonely In pity for itself, still finding only

Sorrow and tears:

Weary and sick with all earth's many fears.

'Tis wrong, all wrong,

This wandering of mine, this wayward groping—

Tired of struggling hard and sick of hoping;

My poor earth song,

Just bits and snatches from an idle throng—

I sing them o'er;

But ending ever with a plaintive sigh,

I turn me round where memory ripples by

With all its store

Of happy hours that come again no more,

And think of thee-

Oh, love of mine, so long ago departed— Till I am weary grown and heavy-hearted,

Longing to be

From all these yearnings and temptations free.

Ah, me! and yet

The days slip by me full of blots and smears, And spirit shadows darken all the years,

And sad regret

Looks back upon my life's tremendous debt.

And I am sad;

Oh, love of mine, so sad am I and lonely, My soul's best right but poor backslidings only, My good is bad,

And heart and soul in mourning hues are clad.

So hard it seems

To meet life's struggles and temptations boldly, To pass a sweet sin and to crush it coldly,

And shun the gleams

Of pleasant sun that gilds life's rolling stream.

So hard, and I

Have stayed long moments in the treacherous glowing, Too blind to see an avalanche was flowing

And moaning by,

Like a lost spirit breathing forth its cry.

Till all too late

My eyes have opened to the dangers o'er me, And looked for that this earth can ne'er restore me,

Now wrong, or fate,

Hath left me in the darkness desolate.

Oh, love, my feet

Are slipping, slipping till I often wonder If the poor cords our parting rent asunder

Will ever meet.

After long years, to be again complete.

I cannot see

How after all the rents, and tears, and pieces, The frayed out edges and the crooked creases,

How it can be

That thou hereafter wilt remember me?

And so I faint.

Ah, love, because by so long distance parted, I am impure, and frail, and fickle-hearted,

And full of taint,

In all a sinner, and in naught a saint.

So, love, to-day
I wonder shall I ever stand beside thee,
On the right side of all the joys that hide thee,
And hear thee say,
"We had no sin Christ hath not washed away?"

SPEAK KINDLY.

ON'T be too harsh my friends, this life is made Of wrongs and counter wrongs, sunshine and shade; The blinding clouds of dust that hide our way Are only atoms swept from yesterday. Love's gentle dewdrops, like the Summer rain. Will lay the dust and make all right again. A moment's thought, when angry billows rise, May save the shipwreck of a thousand joys, While bitter chidings only force apart The links of love that bind the human heart. The purest of earth's children walk amiss, And need the comfort of a pardon-kiss; And thou mayest speak a hasty word to-day A life's repentance cannot wash away. Oh! wait a moment, ere by look or tone You wound a soul as tender as your own; Deep down within that heart the venom hides, And one grows stubborn while the other chides. And faith is shaken, confidence estranged, And Love repines because its life is changed; Joy trails its boughs until the leaves are dead, All for the words that might have been unsaid. Oh! friend, don't speak too harshly, if you trace The difficulty to its starting place, Weigh the first blundering deed and hasty tone, You'll find the fault was more than half your own. Earth's common failings taint the purest soul, And life's most trifling actions make its whole.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

"I SHALL keep the flower, dear Ethel,"
He said, in a gentle way;
"Will its leaves, as they droop and perish,
Be types of my hopes to-day?

"I have little to give, so little, And, darling, that face so sweet May tempt many a wealthy suitor To kneel and lay all at your feet.

"Oh! Ethel, will you be faithful?"
The answer was very low,
But the face of the lovely maiden
Was wrapped in a crimson glow.

Her head on his breast was pillowed, His arm was around her form, And he vowed in his heart for ever To shield her from the storm.

"You will always love me, Ethel?"
He said, as he took her hand,
And slipped on the slender finger
A tiny golden band.

"But if"—and his voice grew fainter,
"I find that my hopes are vain,
I shall weep o'er the withered rose leaves,
And send them to you again."

A lingering kiss at parting,
A clinging, fond embrace,
And she stood in her love's sweet dreaming
With a tear upon her face.

And oft in the nights that followed, As her head her pillow pressed, She kissed the ring he gave her, And hid it in her breast. And Harry, fond, faithful Harry,
Oft pictured the loved one's smile;
And in the hope of a fair to-morrow
He battled through life's turmoil.

For what if he sometimes wearied?

The dreams of his heart were fair;

And the future he spread before him

Had never a shadow there.

The belle of the ball was Ethel, In her dress of snowy white; Sure never was face so lovely, And never were eyes so bright.

A golden cloud of ringlets
Fell over her shoulders fair,
And lilies and forget-me-nots
Adorned her dress and hair.

And many a tender whisper
Fell on the maiden's ear,
But to none she deigned to listen
Save the haughty Herbert Vere.

But Harry?—and then she wondered, Her face in a crimson glow, As she toyed with the ring he gave her Not many weeks ago—

Well, Harry, perhaps he loved her, But then 'twere a starless life, To forfeit her great ambition And be but a doctor's wife.

So Ethel smiled her sweetest
When Herbert her fingers pressed;
And laid upon Mammon's altar
The love of one faithful breast.

Away from the crowded ball-room, In his hand he took her own, And of all the world he told her She reigned in his heart alone.

Then on her marbie forehead
A burning kiss he pressed,
And she hid the guilty blushes
As she leaned upon his breast.

Bravely she hid her weakness,
And checked the struggling tear
That ill became the promised bride
Of wealthy Herbert Vere.

Ethel was pale, ah, very pale Upon her bridal morn, There was a language in her eye Of silent sorrow born.

She moved with quiet gentle grace,
With listless step and slow,
Unlike her old gay eager self
A few short weeks ago.

Among the costly wedding gifts
A little package came,
And well she knew whose manly hand
Had traced her maiden name.

With trembling hand she broke the seal, No costly gift was there; Only a flower that once had lain Among her golden hair.

And but a slip of paper round
The leaves all faded now:
"Harry returns the faithful type
Of Ethel's fickle vow."

Then o'er that pledge of faithless love
The scalding tear-drops fell,
And in that hour of grief she learnt
That yet she loved too well.

Oh! Ethel, Ethel, he who claimed
The hand he fondly pressed,
Would scarce have smiled could he have seen
The anguish of thy breast!

But what of Ethel's nervous step, Her restless, downcast eye, The fitful fever on her cheek, Or half unconscious sigh?

That soft confusion on her face, That glittering, trembling tear; That coy reluctance well became The bride of Herbert Vere.

As queen of fashion and of pride She held her transient sway, And deep in pleasure's giddy whirl Whiled the long hours away.

But, by-and-bye, these scenes of mirth Lost their bewitching power, She sickened of the feverish joys That wearied in an hour.

And o'er her bright young girlish face A weary sadness crept, And memory woke the songs again That for awhile had slept.

There was a yearning in her eyes,
And on her cheek a tear,
A ring of sorrow in her tone
That pleased not Herbert Vere.

And proudly from her side he turned, His bearing stern and cold, And learnt to treat with harsh neglect The wife who loved his gold.

Years passed away, but Ethel's face Wore little trace of joy; A deeper gloom was on her brow And in her large blue eye.

Father and mother both were laid
In earth's last bed to rest,
And none were near to feel and share
The sorrow's of her breast.

Her yearning heart had sorely felt
A mother's anxious care,
And many a time she weeping kissed
A fairy lock of hair.

Wept, in her agony alone,
Poor sad, neglected wife,
Till little arms around her neck
Recalled her back to life.

And then, with loving, tender hand, She laid the tress away; And 'neath the precious relic there A hidden treasure lay.

Only a sad memento of
The trampled hopes of old,
And Ethel cast a yearning look
On Harry's ring of gold.

And then she clasped her wondering girl,
And, with a moaning cry,
Wept o'er the tender memories
And love that would not die.

"'Tis useless to lament," she said,
"I never may forget;
I cannot smother memory,
-I cannot kill regret."

And then she bared a cruel bruise Upon her breast of snow, And moaned in misery, and sighed "Would he have used me so?

"And yet they deem me happy, while I live and learn to bear A husband's cruel taunts and blows, And nurse a heart's despair.

"Oh! this is retribution stern,
This daily, hourly strife;
At best I find myself to be
A gambler's wretched wife."

One night the wretched Herbert Vere, With madness in his face, Staked all until a ruined man He staggered from the place.

"Ethel!" he cried, in frenzied voice,
"Thus your ambitions fall;
Behold in me a beggar, and
'Tis you have done it all!

"Yes! you have done it all, Ethel; In scornful, proud disdain, You spurned the love I freely gave, And loved me not again.

"I found you loved another man, And swore, upon that day, For vengeance sake, before I died, To squander all away. "'Tis done! Enjoy your freedom now As best you may or can, And blame or pity, as you will, A lost and ruined man."

A flash, a sharp report, a fall, And the dark tide of life Flowed out, a reeking, crimson flood, Before the shrieking wife.

'Twas in a small, secluded cot, Removed from busy life, In solitude and quiet dwelt The gambler's child and wife.

Three years had passed—for Ethel Vere
Three dreary, cheerless years,
That brought no solace for her grief,
No hand to dry her tears.

And she was dying; strength and life Were wasting in decline, And her one care was for the fate Of little Geraldine.

Oft, while her heedless darling slept, She prayed, in anguish wild, To live awhile on earth to see A future for her child.

One day she clasped the trembling child, And bade her not to cry; "But, little one," she faintly said, "Mamma is going to die.

"God knoweth best, my precious one, I do not dare repine, The father of the orphans will Protect my Geraldine." No answer, but the weeping child Watched the quick, labouring breath, And dimly traced on that dear face The sure approach of death.

Quick from the room she softly fled, And to the busy town; And through the noisy, crowded streets She wander'd up and down.

"I want a doctor, oh," she wailed,
"Mamma is going to die;"
But someone took the little hand,
And told her not to cry.

"Where do you live, my child?" he said, She silent led the way, And showed him in the little room Where Ethel Vere lay.

"My child," she said—the manly form Stooped o'er her where she lay, And with a moan she feebly gasped, "Oh! Harry, Harry Grey."

"Oh! Ethel," and he gently held
The worn and sinking form,
"How hath my fragile flower been tossed
And broken by the storm."

"Tis retribution," Ethel said,
"Tis only right and just;
My pride, my love, my happiness
Are trampled in the dust."

And then in faltering words she told
The sorrows of her life,
From the sad day that saw her made
Young Herbert Vere's wife.

No harsh reproach came from his lips, His eyes were full of woe; He took the thin, transparent hand, And scarce could let it go.

"I'll come to-morrow, Ethel, love,"
He murmur'd in her ear;
And on her trembling fingers fell
A man's most tender tear.

Too well he knew no earthly power That dying one could save, He could but soothe her journey as She travelled to the grave.

One eve she took his hand and said
"I have not long to stay,
Can you forgive me all the past
Before I pass away?"

"Forgive! oh, Ethel," and he knelt Beside her dying bed, While long and bitterly he wept With bowed and throbbing head.

"Forgive thee! yes, as I too hope Myself to be forgiven; The cup of bliss denied us here We yet may drink in Heaven.

"Grant me one boon before you go; Give me, to keep as mine, Your tender little household flower, Your pretty Geraldine."

"Father, I thank Thee," Ethel prayed,
"For this sweet comfort sent;
My life's long prayer is answer'd now,
And I can die content.

"But, Harry, keep those faded flowers
And our betrothal ring,
And teach my darling to regard
Each as a sacred thing.

"Tell her that earthly wealth and rank Slight pleasure can impart, That only perfect love can bloom And flourish in the heart.

"My weary way is almost trod, My earthly sorrows past; Death hath no terrors and no sting, And all is peace at last."

Long in her arms she held her child, Clasped in a tight embrace, While the hot tears of parting fell Upon that mother's face.

With gentle firmness Harry drew Away the sobbing child, And fondly took the clammy hand; The dying woman smiled.

One soft "Good-bye," and all was done, Her earthly strife was o'er, And the poor grief-sick spirit gained The everlasting shore.

Years glided by with noiseless tread, The busy gossips smiled, For Doctor Grey would shortly wed His fair adopted child.

So be it—may the dream of love He nursed long years ago, Find its own bright fulfilment as He treads life's winter snow.

THE PHARISEE AND SINNER.

A POEM IN TWO PARTS.

PART I .- THE PHARISEE.

DIMLY the dying daylight folds its wings,
And in a dreamy haze the night-shade clings
Below the hills, with gentle, steady rise,
And the sun sinks amid the darkening skies;
And night, dark night, is coming, and the day
Is waning, dying in the past away.

"Lord, I can rest me now with folded hands, Because I have fulfilled Thy great commands; Walked in Thy precepts with a righteous zeal, And spurned all sinners with an iron heel. Over life's path my feet have trod secure, And here am I with garments white and pure: Not as a bare, a barren, empty tree—Fruit in abundance, Lord, I bring to Thee!

Lord, as I came along,
Bold, confident and strong,
My heart grew proud to see
Poor creatures toiling there,
Picking up ears that were
Too mean and small for me.
Far over these, Lord, let my glory shine;
Their souls are meaner, humbler far than mine.

Lord, I have clothed the naked! I have sent The hungry food! the sick sweet nourishment! These grovelling creatures, howsoe'er they toil, Can bring Thee nothing worthy of Thy smile. I have given alms, while dazzled mortals gazed Eclipsed, bewildered, wondering and amazed; And I have prayed, as only few can pray, Till sinners shudder'd, moaned, and shrank away. I have accomplished much, as Thou wilt see, But all I proudly offer, Lord, to Thee.

I have not idled my moments away, Charmed with earth's butterflies, brilliant and gay; I have been working while others have slept, I have been running while others have crept. Oft have I censured the sinner who stands With no prayer on his lips, and no gift in his hands; I have denounced, to the gay passing throng, The youths lightly singing their holiday song. Ah! Lord, well Thou knowest that many a time For Thee I have chastened the vile sons of crime. Have stooped to converse with the mean and the low. And pictured before them their future of woe. I have told them of much they have left undone, And now it is late, and the setting sun Sinks in the shadowy heavens—and I Shall reap the reward of my works in the sky; I have done Thy will, I have wrought for Thee, And mine is the joy of Eternity."

Stop, mortal, stop that prating tongue, These filthy works of thine Have brought no honour to God's name, No glory to His shrine. His soul abhors thy narrow mind And self-reliant pride. That dares to scorn the humble ones For whom a Christ hath died. Stand back! oh, vain, deluded man, In all thy false parade, Nor think to purchase that for which A dying Christ hath paid. Stand back! thy righteousness of rags, Thy filthy, tarnished dross Was never washed in Calvary's stream, Nor laid on Calvary's cross. The meanest soul that breathes God's name On humble, suppliant knee, Shall wear a whiter robe than thine, Thou prating Pharisee.

PART IL-THE SINNER.

Dimly the dying daylight folds its wings, And in a dreamy haze the night-shade clings Below the hills, with gentle, steady rise, And the sun sinks amid the darkening skies; And night, dark night, is coming, and the day Is waning, dying in the past away.

"Lord, others bring Thee sheaves of golden grain,
So rich, and full, and rare,
But I have lived this Summer day in vain,
With neither thought nor care;
And I have brought no fruit, no blossom sweet,
No sheep, no lambs, no ears of golden wheat;
Now the day closes and I cannot see,
And I have nothing—nothing, Lord, for Thee!

Others have passed me by,
Laden with grain,
Yet all my life have I
Laboured in vain.
Others have trophies fair,
Gathered with earnest care,
And for Christ's diadem,
Many a shining gem;
Lambs for His tender care,
Flowers for His breast to wear.

Yet, Lord, I stand in fear with trembling knee, For I have gathered nothing, Lord, for Thee.

The day is over now, and, alas! I search in vain,
For among the weeds I gather'd I can find no ear of grain;
I have been plucking weeds

Along the way,
Or chasing o'er the meads

Butterflies gay.

I have been toiling hard for earthly dross, And Mammon's glittering fire outshone the Cross; I have been gathering toys I thought so rare, And now am weary of their sickly glare. Much have I found that charmed and tempted me, But I have nothing—nothing, Lord, for Thee!

I pruned no trees, I trained no flowers sweet,
I never gave Thy hungry children meat,
I bound no wounds, I clothed no shivering form,
I shelter'd none from either sun or storm,
I nursed no sick, I cheered no sad or weak,
I dried no teardrop from a brother's cheek,
I bound no sheaves of corn along the way,
And now 'tis night—I have done naught to-day.

Nothing for Thee, and day's bright glow hath fled, And even my glittering butterflies are dead;

My gold is filthy dross,
My gain a life-long loss,
The phantom pleasure chills me with its kiss,
And glory mocks me with its emptiness;
For I have sown and gathered tares and weeds,
And bring Thee nothing but a life's dark deeds,
And a sad heart that trembles while it grieves
That mine are empty arms, and bear no sheaves.

Lord, wilt Thou give a soul, all dearth and loss, The meanest, humblest place beneath the Cross? Give me one drop of Calvary's healing flood, The sinner's portion in that tide of blood, Find a safe shelter 'neath its shade for me, For I have nothing—nothing, Lord, for Thee!"

Poor trembling one, lift up thy eyes
To yonder face, and see;
Is there not in that dying gaze
A wealth of love for thee?

Bathe thy poor, weary, earth-sick soul In that unceasing tide, Soft flowing from His outstretched hands And from His wounded side. What could'st thou do? poor weary lamb,
All shivering, chill and cold
From stumbling in the crooked paths
And wandering from the fold?

What could'st thou do? but pine and crave Thy Father's home to gain, And change thy garments, torn and soiled, And cease thy struggles vain.

Poor trembler, lay aside thy fears, Nor longer blindly roam; Thy debt has long ago been paid, And thou art welcome home.

DISCONTENT.

DO we ever grasp the pleasures that are dearest to the breast?

Do we ever hold the treasures that we fondly call the best?

Do we ever cease from striving for the joys we cannot hold;

Or forego our vain contriving for a counterfeited gold?

Do we ever heed life's teaching, till experience makes us wise; Or forbear a foolish reaching for a fair forbidden prize? Do we ever take the present without sighing for the past; Or believe this day as pleasant and as lovely as the last?

Do we ever do our duty without railing at our fate; Or descry life's hidden beauty till the knowledge comes too late? Do we own the blots that soil us without trying hard to pack Something of the sins that spoil us on a fellow-creature's back?

Oh! the longing and the burning of each fickle human mind, Ever craving, ever yearning for a bliss we cannot find; And we say that all things cheat us, and sit idly down to fret, That the daisy doesn't greet us with the breath of mignonette.

IN THE STREET.

COLD, cold, cold. Oh! God, will it ever end?

This pushing along,

Through a heedless throng,

And never to find a friend.

Is there nobody thinks?

Does nobody care

How a worn soul sinks

In its dark despair?

For I shiver and shake as the crowds go by, With neither a right to live or die.

Pride, pride, pride. Oh! God, for the curse of dress,
Will nobody care
Enough to wear

A bow or a button less?

I would toil in the factory grim, or stitch in the work-room bare, But they'd push me aside In their showy pride,

For I haven't a dress to wear.

I have striven so long in vain for an honest crust of bread And a cover warm

From the Winter storm,

And a shelter for my head.

But quake, quake. I ask, in my soul's despair,
Why another's skirt

Should trail the dirt

While I've nothing but rags to wear?

Will people always jest in wild and thoughtless glee?

And never peer

Through the shadows here,

And offer a mite to me?

Sing, sing, sing. I have sung with a bursting breast,
But the passing throng
Derides my song,

For it is but a wail at best-

The wail of a broken heart, the cry of a soul forlorn,
And I wonder why
I cannot die,

And wish I had never been born.

Cold, cold, cold. Will the Winter be never done?

May I never warm my frozen feet in the rays of the Summer sun?

Must I lay me down,

Where the black skies frown,

And the sharp winds pierce and shave,

Alone to die,

With no means to buy

The right to a decent grave?

Oh! God of the poor and low,
God of the rich and great,
Wilt Thou look down on the ills below,
And pity my mournful state?
For I'm only a wretched thing, and they do not need me here;
I can only groan
A plaintive moan,

And weep a pauper's tear.

Lord, take me away, for I cannot meet
A saint of thine in the busy street,
For no one looks with pitying eye,
And no one cares if I live or die;
I can claim no friend in the world save Thou,
For I'm nothing only a beggar now,
With a breast to ache,
And a heart to break,
And a soul to be saved for Jesus' sake.

Moan, moan, and the strife will soon be done,
And only a clay-cold form will be found by the morning sun;
Only a sister cold and dead,
Only a woman who wanted bread,
A creature famished and forlorn,
Whose first great crime was being born;

And the busy crowd will shake its head—
"It's only a woman lying dead,
Who wasn't decent enough to die
Without shocking the nerves of the passers by."

Oh! God of the world, where Thy great ones shine, Is there never a place for a soul like mine? Though it be but a little lonesome spot, Where the great and the wealthy see me not;

A place to hide From the cold outside;

Where only Christ and the angels see,

And they will not frown on a wretch like me—

Only a place, a little place, Just shut away from the world's disgrace;

And I'll hide, and hide, and never complain, If it's only a shelter from cold and rain.

Rest, rest, rest. Oh! God, will it never be?

Is life to go

With a rushing flow,

And never an end for me?

Quake, quake, quake. At! it is but the passing breath,

As the worn life goes To its last repose,

And enters the gates of death.

Only a stiffen'd form, found in the daylight's glare.

With the death-slime dry on the parted lips,

And eyes with a sightless stare—

Only a shudder, Only a sigh,

And the crowd goes on and passes by,

For it is but a woman, whose dying moan Was only heard at the great white throne;

A bony form and a ragged dress,
A grave to dig and a beggar less,
The niggard dole of the pauper's bier,
And a human soul—God knoweth where.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

YOU have asked me will I love you,
Will I trust your future care,
And in all your joys and sorrows
Will I take an equal share?
Will I leave the friends who love me
With a faithful, howest pride,
For the unknown that awaits me
While I travel by your side?

If I take this situation
That you offer me for life,
And resign my girlhood's freedom
For the bondage of a wife,
Must I always smile upon you,
Though you scold, or fret, or pout;
And bear all your evil humours
For whatever puts you out?

Must I please you when you're sulky,
And adore you when you're vex'd;
And prepare for any humour
That may chance to take you next?
Must I wash your shirts and stockings,
And keep them mended, too;
And leave no ugly "ladders"
For your toes to wander through?

Must I get up cuffs and collars
Without crease or sign of dirt;
And never miss the buttons
On coat, or vest, or shirt?
Must I cook your meals so nicely
That you never have to wait,
Nor find them burnt to cinders
If your business keeps you late?

Must I keep your home in order,
That no dust nor dirt offend;
And be always most delighted
If you choose to bring a friend?

Must I bear and nurse your children?
Giving you the crowning joy
Of a little fairy daughter,
Or a bright, mischievous boy.

When you're poorly, must I nurse you,
Trying hard to ease your pain,
And endure your peevish temper
When you're getting well again?
Must I love my wifely bondage,
Never wishing to be free;
And believe my fetters sweeter
Than the days of liberty?

Well—I'll take the situation,
With its burdens and its cares;
For I fancy love may dress him
In the garb that duty wears;
And I ask no compensation
For the labour of a life,
But the earnest, true devotion
Of a husband to a wife.

FAREWELL.

TAREWELL! the dream is ended now
The joy has fled for ever;
And as the zephyrs kiss my brow
They seem to whisper—"Never!"
Twas but a flower I kept until
The gardener watching nigh,
Saw that I loved it passing well,
And bade me let it die.

Farewell! the sun may kiss the leaves
On earth's cold bosom lying;
'Tis but the shroud an angel weaves
In pity o'er the dying.

I may but pick them as they fall, Denied the right to bloom, And in my bosom hide them all, Affection's tear-washed tomb.

Farewell! 'twere vain to sleep again
With eyes all wet with weeping,
While shadows of a waking pain
O'er heart and soul are creeping;
A bird of passage, hope hath flown
Where life's young sun is bright,
And clinging memory lives alone,
The star of sorrow's night.

Farewell! thy thoughts, like mine, will turn
To all the past hath given,
And heart, and soul, and spirit yearn
O'er links so early riven;
While deep in memory's garden yet
Affection's fountain flows,
And weeps its waters of regret
For love's neglected rose.

Farewell! our lips may ask to know
How long these ties must sever,
While distance mocks our burning woe
And fate replies—"for ever."
The sun that wakes the morrow's dawn,
However bright its ray,
Cheers not the flowers all rent and torn
From storms of yesterday.

Farewell, farewell! the dream is o'er,
The flower of hope is broken,
And only in fond memory's store
Lives love's delicious token;
'Tis all in vain—I might have known
A dream so sweet as ours
Would live through Summer's smiles alone,
And perish with its flowers.

OUR LOVED AND LOST.

OH! our fondly loved and lost ones,
Dwelling where the skies are clear,
Can you, through earth's clouds and darkness,
Look upon us travellers here?
Can you see us, see our strivings,
Know our yearnings ev'ry day,
See the struggles and temptations
Bowing down this feeble clay?
Oh! our loved ones—far above us.

Oh! our loved ones—far above us,
In the stainless life of bliss,
Do you ever think how weary
Was the pilgrimage of this?
Weary with the pain of striving
After joys so few and small,
Till you dropped the worthless fragments,
When you died and left them all.

Dear ones, with the light of morning Shining softly in your eyes, 'Mid the hopes that ne'er deceive you, And the love that never dies; Do you see us? Do you know us? Do you wish that we could share? Would the joys of Heaven be sweeter If the loves of earth were there?

Oh! our darlings, buried darlings,
Do ye, when we faint and fall,
See us hold our pearls so lightly
Till at last we drop them all?
Do you see our fruitless weeping,
With the earth-dust and the stain
Clinging round our purest actions,
Never to be clean again?

Oh! our darlings, loved and lost ones, Are ye near and with us still; Is it just a corner hides ye At the summit of the hill? Do ye lean upon the gateway, As ye watch us on the road, Longing just to help and ease us, As we drag earth's heavy load?

Loved and lost ones, dear departed,
Do ye ever kiss us now,
When we sleep with care and sorrow
Lying on the anxious brow?
Do ye soothe our earthly slumbers
With a dreamy spirit lay,
Till we wonder in the morning
How the clouds have roll'd away.

Oh! our fondly loved and lost ones.
Are ye sorry when we fall?
In the glory of the blessed
Is there room for tears at all?
Or, in pity, does the Father
Hide our follies from your sight,
Till the after light of Heaven
Puts our crooked passions right?

TO-MORROW.

Over the distance, the pain and the tears, Over the mist of the vanishing years, Over the heartache and pitiless pain, Over the pleasure that woos us in vain, Over the clouds that are heavy with sorrow, Watch we in hope for the dawn of to-morrow.

What of the past, with its burdens of care, Longings and strivings all barren and bare? What of the hopes that are faded and fled? What of the years that have passed overhead? We bask in the light of the future, and borrow Hope for the dawn and the joy of to-morrow. What though the jar and the discord of time Deadens life's music and jumbles its rhyme? What though the faith and the joy of the past Crumbles to ashes and ruins at last? Still like an angel to comfort our sorrow, Beckons the hand of a sweeter to-morrow.

How could we bear all earth's sorrows and tears? How could we live through the ravage of years? How could we suffer the trials that make Body and spirit to sicken and ache? If, through the gloom and the shadow of sorrow, Came not a hope for the dawn of to-morrow.

Trusting and striving, in spite of life's ill, Seek we the phantom that beckons us still; Hoping, still hoping, though weary the way With thoughts of the past and the cares of to-day. Still, toiling along through this valley of sorrow, We look for the bliss that is coming to-morrow.

CHRISTMAS.

HE is coming again in the footsteps of time,
With his crown of pure snow and his buttons of rime,
And his pockets well crowded with bounty and blisses,
From bottles and turkeys to sugar and kisses.

Bring him in, bring him in, to the warmth and the light, Where the holly-boughs gleam with their berries so bright We shall find a warm heart beating under the snow, When we crown him with sprigs of the green mistletoe.

Let grandmother nod in the corner, and look
O'er the record still fresh upon memory's book,
When youth built its hopes on the faith of another,
Not father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother;
And then, though experience hath shaken her trust,
And many bright hopes have descended to dust,
She will look with a smile on the follies of now,
And the mirth that goes round 'neath the mistletoe bough.

If somebody blushes when somebody speaks,
And somebody stoops to kiss somebody's cheeks—
Well, well, 'tis no matter, since love is in season,
And we wouldn't be guilty of spying or treason;
Though perhaps we may smother a wee little pain,
And wish the young bliss would come over again,
As we think o'er the joys of the bright long ago,
When we hoped to be kissed 'neath the green mistletoe.

Ah! Christmas, old friend! we have tears, too, that flow Over treasures resigned since one short year ago; There are eyes that are heavy with weeping and crying In grief for the dead, and in fears for the dying; There are hearts that look back, with a lingering pain, O'er the bliss of last year that returns not again.

O'er the bliss of last year that returns not again, Still dreaming, and trusting the truth of the vow, Though it died with the leaves of the mistletoe bough.

We have groans of deep anguish, and sorrow and care,
From hearts that are wrung with the pangs of despair;
We have wails that come up when starvation is lying
Unfed, and unclothed, and uncared for, and dying;
We have pale, puny children who trudge through the street,

With blue little fingers and frost-bitten feet,
Who wonder and guess, as they halt in the snow,
What the people will do with the bright mistletoe.

Oh! Christmas, good Christmas, be gentle, I pray, To the rich, and the poor, and the glad, and the gay; Bind the wounds that are sore, link the chains that are broken, And bring pardon for all that was bitterly spoken;

Lead the prodigal son o'er the sin-cover'd track, And bring the pale daughter of misery back; May an angel of love, gliding over the snow, Kiss us all 'neath the boughs of the green mistletoe.



GUARDIAN ANGELS.

CUARDIAN angels, angels fair,

Round us hovering in the air;
Have ye met my child, I pray,
In the mansions far away?
Has she changed in form and face?
Has she grown in spirit grace?
Has she joys so perfect there
That she needs no mother's care?
Is she happy as can be?
Is she lonely, missing me,

Guardian Angels?

Guardian angels, angels fair,
Do they love my darling there?
Is there never tear nor sigh
For the children of the sky?
Has she kisses on her brow,
Tender as her mother's, now?
Does she sing her heaven-learnt strain,
With no yearning thrill of pain,
Sweeter than she sang it here
To the dropping of a tear,

Guardian Angels?

Guardian angels, angels fair,
Do you know my darling there?
Has she found, above the sky,
Friends who love her well as I?
May I know and claim my own
By the Father's royal throne?
Or in waiting wonder, stand
Till some angel takes my hand,
And we wander forth to trace
Every form and every face,

Guardian Angels?

Guardian angels, angels fair, Shall I—shall I know her there? Years of heaven, and heavenly grace, May have changed her form and face, Till I see around the throne
Lovely ones, yet none my own.
Guardian angels, will she know
When I leave my work below?
Will she be my own at last,
When life's toils and tears are past,
Guardian Angels?

ONLY A DREAM.

ONLY a dream I could not keep,
A fancy from the realm of sleep;
Only a thought, a vision bright,
A pleasant fable of the night.
A little rest that wrapped the brain,
And left an after-throb of pain;
A bright delusion, brighter far
Than mid-day sun or midnight star;
Though but a bubble on a stream,
A fair sweet thought, a passing dream.

Only a dream, a fragile thread,
That fancy wound about my head;
A skeleton from memory's grave,
Where yew and cypress darkly wave.
'Twas but a thought that folly kept
Beneath her cloak till reason slept.
But I have sipped the doubtful bliss
Of one bright hour of happiness;
And plucked a flower beside life's stream
That bloomed and faded in a dream.

Only a dream, a dream that gave A treasure back from sorrow's grave; Unwound the thread I could not break, And made it worse than death to wake. The winds that rushed o'er time and space, Blew youth's young roses in my face;

I plucked again a joy that grew Where hope had lived when hope was new; Till morning broke with cruel beam, And tore me from my empty dream.

GOD KNOWS.

AH, love! thou art so happy now, unspotted, pure and bright,
And never stain or taint of earth can soil thy robe of white;
While I am tempest-tossed and sick with many weary woes,
My garments trailing in the mire: ah! love, God knows.

Thou hast no clouds upon thy life to mar that holy rest, Thou hast no shadow on thy soul, no thorn within thy breast, No midnight tears, in secret shed, disturb thy calm repose, While I—ah! I am still on earth—and, oh! God knows.

Temptation never offers thee some fair delicious sweet,
Thou hast no gilded god to fall to ashes at thy feet,
Thou treadest not where serpents coil, nor poisonous water flows,
While I am frail and tempted here—how frail, God knows.

Thank Heaven, I know that thou art safe, whoever else may stray, A sin-stain cannot light upon thy glorious array;.

But still I fall in earthly snares, and weep o'er earthly woes,
And if I yet shall meet thee there—oh! love, God knows.

I gaze with greedy eyes upon the fruit that is not mine, Temptation offers me a cup of brightly-sparkling wine, And I—I take the glowing sweets that are but covered woes, And of my tears of after-grief, only God knows.

God knows—and I am weak, so weak, when tempting pleasures glare,

Tis such an easy task to trust a joy-encircled snare; My feeble ship is tossed about by every wind that blows, And if I yet shall reach the port, only God knows.

Ah! little love, thy Saviour smiles on every word from thee; Canst thou not lean upon His breast and ask a boon for me? I cannot know that prayer of mine to Heaven's great Master goes, And yet how longingly I call—only God knows. If all these fears, and hopes, and doubts, and cares shall pass away, And Jesus with a pitying hand clothe me in white array; If, pardoning my weaknesses, and caring for my woes, He yet shall give thee back to me—oh! love, God knows.

THE SMILES WE WEAR.

HE sweetest smiles we wear below Are but the coloured tints of woe: God knows that life, with all its glare, Is but the nursery of care; And, looking down, He reads the strain Of unwept agony and pain That underlies the joyous song, And music of the lips and tongue. God knows how dark the shadows lie Beneath the brightly-beaming eye, And how our lives so seldom boast The thing our hearts desire the most; How feeling lies subdued and still, O'ermastered by the sterner will; And how the imprison'd tears that start Must either ease or break the heart. God knoweth all—and we who stand Holding to Him the outstretched hand Are sure to crave some blessed lot, And murmur that He gives it not; Like children, when they ask amiss, And will not trust the comfort kiss, But fling the given good aside Disgusted and dissatisfied. Ah! me, we are but children still, Of harder hearts and firmer will. Who dally on the sands at play, And idly catch the silver spray; Reaching far out o'er danger's track To woo the truant seaweed back.

Too blind to see that near our reach Are sprays ungathered on the beach. We idly crave some foolish boon, Like children craving for the moon, And weeping wildly, wonder why They may not hold so bright a toy. Ah! me, we tempt the sweeping tide, Or lean far o'er the water side; We climb life's rocks, all rude and bare, To catch the bird that warbles there; And if we reach, or if we fall, God knoweth and remembereth all.

I DO NOT CONDEMN THEE.

I DO not condemn thee, for God only knoweth
How darkly earth's seeds in my own bosom groweth,
Or how soon I may writhe 'neath a slander-brought pain,
And hunger for pity and comfort in vain.

I do not condemn thee, humanity never Yet boasted a life that was blameless for ever; We may carefully step o'er the mud-covered street, But the stain of our travelling clings to our feet.

I do not condemn thee, 'tis easy to smother Our follies and faults while we censure another; But the valley of sorrow, so tempting to thee, May yet wear its fair mantle of beauty for me.

I do not condemn thee, for only God knoweth How soon I may roam where the poison-flower groweth, And so as I pity the faults that are thine, May the Judge of all sinners have mercy on mine.



FAR AWAY.

OTHER, oh mother! on low bended knee, Down at God's footstool, in prayer for me; Pleading for one who years ago Lay on thy bosom as pure as snow, Now on a sea of temptation and wrong Glides my frail vessel in peril along; Still, to my follies be gentle and mild-Kneel for, and plead for, and pray for thy child.

Mother, oh mother! how light on my head Lay thy warm hand, as I knelt by my bed; Lisp'd at thy bidding my innocent prayer, Calm and contented if thou were but there: Years have pass'd by with their ravage and flow, Darkening the skies of the fair long-ago. Now o'er life's pathways dark, rugged, and wild, Wanders the wreck of thy innocent child.

Mother, oh mother! in fancy I see Tears in thy dim eyes of sorrow for me, Quivers thy lip with its half-suppressed moan, Trembles thy voice with its grief-burden'd tone; Thick on thy brow lie the furrows of thought— Furrows that struggles and sorrows have wrought; Deep in thy fond bosom, gentle and mild,

Love calleth still for thy far-away child. Mother, oh, mother! though far I may roam,

Love hovers still o'er the dear ones at home; Guilty, and erring, and weak I may be, Yet may I kneel to high Heaven for thee, Asking our Father in mercy to pour Peace o'er thy head from His bountiful store. Oh! from His throne, though by wrong undefiled, Will He not listen, and pity thy child?

Mother, oh, mother! long seasons may flow, Years of estrangement and changes may go: Yet, ere the death-angel kisses thy face, Hold me again in thy loving embrace:

Say that though checker'd life's journey hath been, Darken'd by many a folly-clad scene, Still to our Saviour, so lowly and mild, Thou wilt remember to plead for thy child.

Mother, oh, mother! low kneeling for me,
Give me thy warm prayers, wherever I be;
God will remember my weakness and tears,
Pardon the sins and the failings of years,
Give me again to thy bosom in love,
Safe in the bliss-shelter'd mansions above,
Glad in that Heaven, by sin undefiled,
Yet shall He give thee thy wandering child.

RELICS.

Put them aside,
Our darling does not need these wee things more,
Since earthly wants and earthly needs are o'er;
And she hath died
Like a white daisy closed at eventide.

Wee little feet!

I kiss the tiny shoes they used to wear,
That made soft pitter-patter round my chair;
And now how sweet

Methinks they sound upon the pearly street.

We used to say
Our darling was so spirit-like and fair,
Like a white cloud that floats upon the air,
To melt away
At the first shadow of approaching grey.

And now we stand
With nothing left but the wee clothes she wore,
And the rude toys that cannot charm her more,
With outstretched hand,
Wooing our darling from the spirit land.

With tender care,
We'll lay these relics of our love aside,
Dear treasures, for the sake of her who died;
And learn to bear
Our silent hearth, because our child is there.

Was she not white,
When last we kissed her in her snowy sleep?
You chid my tears, and said 'twas sin to weep,
And now to-night
Your own hot tears are falling fast and bright.

Put them aside,
The cast-off garments that she need not wear,
And tattered doll that claimed her baby care.
'Tis best to hide
These precious trifles from the world outside.

Now let us go,
We must not wish to call her back to be
Where dark waves bear us o'er life's angry sea.
She hath no woe,
Now God hath called her from the storms below.

SNOW.

BEAUTIFUL flakes of pearly white,
Dancing about in the wintry light,
Leaping and flying from place to place,
Whirling about with a sportive grace,
Till the filth of the streets is hidden low
'Neath the God-sent garb of the pearly snow.

Alas! for the pain and anxious sighs, And the tears that fall from a thousand eyes, As the snow-flakes flutter down and down, Hushing the din of the busy town; And hunger quakes at the new great woe, In the falling flakes of the innocent snow. Beautiful snow! In the piercing night
The wanderer shrinks from the outer light,
All numb and cold, as the shrieking blast
Sweeps like a fiend in its fury past;
And the limbs grow frigid and will not go,
While a death-shroud hides in the falling snow.

Cold and still, in the morning light,
With a covering soft of God's own pure white
The weary, wandering pain is o'er,
And the feet will bleed and ache no more,
Never to rise, with a sigh of woe,
From a death-bed under the Winter snow.

Oh, God! for the pain and the want that goes, When the white flakes fall and the sharp wind blow With blue limbs quaking, cold and bare, And heart all chill with a wild despair, With no friend to help, and no place to go From the biting cold of the driving snow.

Oh, God! for the children pure and sweet, Unfed and cold in the frozen street, Learning life's lesson of pain and tears, In the fair sweet time of their childish years; Give them food to eat, and a place to go From the outer blast and the cruel snow.

Beautiful snow! were my soul as white As the flakes that fall in the streets to-night; Untouched and free from human taint, As the garb that covers God's purest saint; Alas! for the mire and the mud below Have stripped from my soul its garb of snow.

Ah, me! for the thousand feet go o'er, And the white is soiled, to be white no more; For the crystal carpet is trodden down, Till it blends with the mire of the dingy town, Heedlessly crushed 'neath the feet that go With a shiver over the cold, cold snow. Oh, God! will the souls that once were white Stand pure again in Thy perfect sight? Will He who came to earth to die Present us spotless by-and-bye, Washed white and clean from sin and woe, And clad in garments as pure as snow?

Lord, take a soul far more unclean Than the trodden snow hath ever been, All tossed about in the world's rude din, And dyed with the many hues of sin; Oh, God! from the guilt and the folly below, Wash me as white as Thy innocent snow.

DEAD-A MANIAC'S FAITH.

Dead! dead— Hush! let me say

The cruel words as softly as I may, For someone said

My love, my darling, and my pride, was dead!

Oh! darling mine,

When last thy lips so fondly called me thine,
I did not think

Thy soul so near eternity's dark brink.

I see thee now,

The fair curl lying lightly on thy brow,

Thy blue eyes flashing forth the love that lay

Within thy soul away.
And thou art gone,

Oh, best beloved one;

My life's best happiness and hopes are fled,

If thou art dead.

Dead! dead!

The wild thought rushes madly through my head.

I cannot feel, I cannot see,

I cannot think how this can be !

My bosom flutters with a sigh, But brings no moisture to mine eye;

I can but see

The dear face smiling back its love on me, And feel the kiss

That used to fill me with ecstatic bliss;

I bow my head

And listen, while they tell me he is dead.

Dead! but it cannot be, His soul would call to me,

And even in bliss

Would crave the nectar of one human kiss;

Oh! he would say—

"Sweet Christ, I left a dear one far away, Who asks so lovingly for me to-day;"

And then

He who they say so pities feeble men Would smile, and bid him dry his tear, And say, "Go fetch your mourner here;" And then I know no time nor space Would keep him from my fond embrace, For angels' smiles would never be Enough to win his love from me.

But, oh!

He comes not; no!

Not yet; but spite of all they said,
I cannot, cannot feel him dead.

I take the curl he gave me when we parted,

So sad and heavy-hearted,

And twine it round my finger,

And it clings and seems to linger

All lovingly, as though

It could not go;

And then I feel he is not dead, and cannot vainly sorrow For one who will return to me to-morrow.

So let me sleep and banish every fear,

And I shall wake to find my darling here;

Others may sigh and shake a doubtful head,

My darling is not lost to me, not dead.

They call me mad, but e'en that woe were blessed If it but leaves a hope within the breast. Ah! let them call me mad; I do not care, Since madness keeps me from despair, And makes me trust, and hope, and wait, And will not leave me desolate: Mad—then let madness still be mine. For, oh! I could not now resign The maniac's calm repose For all the certainty of reason's woes. If this be madness, still to watch with calm, unwearied eye, Then let me live in madness still, and wait until I die; I cannot think my love is dead, He comes not, when I sleep, To chide me that I do not mourn. And bid we wake and weep.

Dead—
No, I have no tear,
And will not, will not hear
The harsh word said,
For he, my love, my darling, is not dead.

LORDS OF CREATION.

THERE'S a creature of fashion and elegant grace,
With a simpering smile on his meaningless face,
Who drawls out his words with a lisp and a "haw,"
In placid content as he puffs his cigar;
With his heart in the fashion and cut of his coat,
And his soul in the faultless cravat at his throat;
With eye-glass and jewels that dazzle and shine—
He's a lord of creation! please bow at the shrine.

There's a being whose smile seems to freeze at its birth, Who feels not for sorrow and shares not in mirth, Whose heart never thrilled, and whose lips never smiled, To share in the romps of an innocent child; Who orders and wills with imperious way,
With no atom of love in his terrible sway;
No tears in his cold eyes are suffered to shine—
For he's lord of creation! please bow at the shrine.

There's a creature who staggers and hiccups along,
Beguiling his time with an oath and a song;
Who sneers at the good and the pure as they pass,
And looks for his heaven in a pot and a glass;
With the soul of a demon, the face of a sot,
Humanity's taint and society's blot;
The terror of home and the pest of the street—

The terror of home and the pest of the street— But he's lord of creation! please bow at his feet.

There's a man who can feel for the poor and the weak,
And kiss the bright tear from fair infancy's cheek;
Who pities the frail and who honours the strong,
Who rejoices in right, and who weeps o'er the wrong;
Whose thoughts fly above while he toils on the sod,
To the home of the blessed in the presence of God;
Trace the likeness he bears to the Maker divine,
He's a lord of creation! we'll bow at his shrine.

Oh, man! lordly man, what we women revere
Is the hand that is honest, the eye that is clear,
The heart that is tender to friend or to foe,
With a place in its depths for the wailings of woc;
The brave and the gentle, the firm and the mild,
Who can silence the scoffer, or romp with a child;
With his life softly touched with the spirit divine,
He is lord of creation, we'll bow at the shrine.

CAGED.

"All work and no play,"

Ah! Dick, that's the way

With you and I;

For the crowds go by,

And they seem so gay as they skip along, With a merry laugh and an idle song. And here we pine
For the glad sunshine,
With poor clipped wings all drooping down,
In the smoke and din of this ugly town.
Ah! Dickie, dear, the passers by
Give never a thought to you and I,
Who long to soar away, away,
Free, and happy, and glad, and gay.

I mind me now,
As I press my brow,
And the hot tears softly flow,
How I used to be gay,

Through the live-long day,

In the happy long ago.
So long ago—and sorrow fell
Where hope and beauty used to dwell,
And father's voice, of cheery ring,
Grew low and sad, from sorrowing;
And the heavy locks of raven hair,
Grew sadly white, and thin, and spare;
And mother bowed her head, for shame
Hung darkly o'er my brother's name,
He was her idol, prized above
The common range of mother-love;
She did not weep, nor moan, nor rave,
And only asked for a quiet grave;

A place, she said,
To lay her head,
Away to rest with the silent dead.
Hush! Dickie, Dickie. When the trees
Sighed sadly to the Autumn breeze,
And the flowers had faded and died away,
And earth was dressed in her sober grey,
We closed her eyes to wake nor weep,
And laid her down in her last long sleep.

Ah! birdie, dear,
The waning year
Brought nothing sweeter than a tear;
Grim sorrow hovered over-head,

And gloried in the gloom she spread, For father drooped by mother's side, Though he scarcely wept the day she died, But the noble heart, so good and brave, Broke as he stood above her grave;

And home's dear light,
So good and bright,
Went out at last in the gloom of night.
And nobody knew how you and I
Looked sadly out as the snow swept by,
And the wintry winds, with dismal moan,
Seemed ever shrieking a wild "Alore!"

Alone, alone;

Ah! Dick, the moan
Of the wintry winds that wailed of woe,
Seemed burdened with tales of the long ago;
And away, away from the dear old place,
Haunted by each remembered face,

We came to the glare,
And the whirl and tear,
And the din of the hateful town,
For a crust of bread,
And an aching head,

And a second-handed gown;
For it's work, work, work,

Oh! nothing but work and sorrow; I toil for a morsel of bread to-day,

With a fear and a prayer for the morrow, While you sing, sing, sing,

In the smoke of this prison room,

Till I fancy a charm from the long ago Seems hovering 'mid the gloom;

And I dream, and dream,

O'er fell and seam,

O'er button, sleeve and band,

Till I fancy the sound of a father's voice And the touch of a mother's hand. Sing, Dickie, sing, with a soft, low cry, While I wipe the tears from cheek and eye; For there's bread to be won
And work to be done,
And whether it's rain, or cloud, or sun,
It's nothing to you and I.

TIRED.

AM tired of life and living,
And I have not strength to bear,
While the fates are ever giving
Heavier loads of daily care.

I am tired of all this seeming, And this mockery of bliss; Of this vague, unreal dreaming Of a far-off happiness.

I am tired of life's grimaces, And of fortune's fitful wiles, Of her poor distorted faces, That are only mocking smiles.

I am tired of masking feeling, Lest the looker on should jest, While the torture of concealing Saps the life-springs in the breast.

I am tired of paying pleasure With an after-rush of fears, And an overflowing measure Of repentance and of tears.

I am tired of ever singing
To the fluttering of a sigh,
While the trusting heart is clinging
To the hopes of "by-and-bye."

I am tired of shadows coming Ever o'er the brightest day, While the honey-bee is humming, But the sweets are hid away. I am tired of always giving
All the best of heart and brain,
When the whole of life and living
Must be measured by its pain.

WHO KNOWETH?

WHY shadows gather o'er our noon,
And Summer beauty fades so soon;
Why in the dust the blossoms lie,
And roses only blush to die;
Why Death so soon reaps what fair Nature soweth—
Who knoweth?

Why tears so quickly follow mirth,
And care nips half the joys of earth;
Why keen-edged poverty and toil
Hardens the lips that ought to smile;
Why love is choked to death where brambles groweth—
Who knoweth?

Why, when we grasp the thing we crave,
It ioses half the joy it gave;
When to anticipation's eye,
We met the bliss of by-and-bye;
Why all our dreams so soon in vapour goeth—
Who knoweth?

Why fortune gives abundant store
Where plenty has no need of more;
While hunger sits with drooping head,
And dies for very lack of bread;
Why hearts grow hard where God His wealth bestoweth—
Who knoweth?

Why, while we know how mean the worth
Of all the little smiles of earth;
That joy is but a gilded snare,
And pleasure but an after care;
Why pluck we weeds that human frailty soweth—
Who knoweth?

Why will we see not, till too late,
How roughly we are hewing Fate;
How, when we plait the cords of joy,
We throw the gold thread rudely by;
Why will we choose what sorrow's self bestoweth—
Who knoweth?

THY CHILD.

DON'T ask for it, mother, 'tis better away,
In the land of the blessed it shall stumble nor stray;
In the home of the good, and the pure, and the fair,
It shall know not a touch from the finger of care.
Oh! think not the parting—though parting is sorrow—
Will bring thee no balm and no hope for the morrow;
When the dear one is safe from affliction and blight,
Thou wilt look through the darkness and own it was right.

Don't ask for it, mother, the flickering flame May only revive for a future of shame; 'Twill not always be spotless and lovely as now, With the kiss of the angels still white on its brow. Thy voice may be powerless, thy love unavailing, When thy darling is tried by temptation's assailing, And the prayer on thy lip may be stifled with fears For the hope of thy bosom, the child of thy tears.

Don't ask it, oh! mother, though dear as thy breath Is the frail little fair one who wrestles with death, In the hush of bereavement, when tranquil and calm, Thou wilt think of thy dear one secure from life's harm; Thou wilt think how it smiles in the glory above thee, And comes, at God's bidding, to comfort and love thee; Thou wilt wonder of heaven and its beauties so fair, And dream of thy child, and be glad it is there.

Don't ask it, oh! mother, but kiss the pure brow, And leave it to One who is wiser than thou; Is it well to lament that our frail little flowers Have joys that are purer and better than ours? The downtrodden snow is not whitest and cleanest, And 'tis not the arrow of death that is keenest; Oh! respond to the summons and bow to the rod, And keep thy fair treasure, or yield it to God.

"HE ISN'T OURS."

E was pale and thin, with timid air,
And his childish face was touched with care,
As though no thrill of infant bliss
Had met him in a mother's kiss.
A mass of locks of wavy light
Fell o'er a brow by nature white,
And down his pale cheeks, grimly clear,
I saw the channel of a tear.

A group of youngsters laughed in glee, Or climbed the father's ready knee, And, warm with love, a mother's kiss Sealed the sweet bond with happiness.

Yet, calm and still, with plaintive face, The little fellow kept his place, And what he saw, or what he thought, Was all as one, and went for nought.

I marvell'd that he did not speak, And lightly touched the unwashed cheek, And asked, with heart a trifle still, If the pale little one was ill?

Tossing his boy upon his knee—
"Ill? no; he isn't ours, you see,"
The father said, "He comes to stay
Just while his mother is away,
And though he isn't rude and bad,
There's many wouldn't have the lad."

"Oh, Pharisee!" I could have said, My hand upon the tangled head, "Can there be less of life divine In the pale child that isn't thine?"

*

I looked, but had no heart to see The favourite darling's pranks of glee, Those wistful eyes, that plaintive face Seemed mutely asking an embrace; A blight hung o'er his darken'd fate— Unloved, because unfortunate.

He is not ours—poor loveless thing!
Too young to feel life's sharpest sting,
Too weak to know the slight that lay
Hid in the careless words away;
And yet, a smile, a tender word
Had touched a chord where music stirred,
And rescued for affection's shrine
That faith which makes the soul divine.

'Tis not a wrong to love the best
The buds that open on our breast,
Nor in our hearts to hold and call
Our own dear flowerets best of all;
But when the gates of love's fair land
Stand opened by some baby hand,
Can mother's sympathy or pride
Bid the pale stranger stand aside,
Unwatched among our garden flowers
Because—poor waif!—it isn't ours?

MISSING.

OUT of the flock of little ones
That play in the sunny street,
They do not miss the patter
Of one pair of little feet.
But at home, at home in the silence,
Wrapped up in thought and pain,
I weep alone for the little one
I shall never caress again.

Out of the hum of voices
In the schoolroom's merry throng,
They do not miss one happy voice
That sang the children's song;
But at home, when the school is over,
And I hear the shouts of glee,
I miss the kiss from the rosy lips
That will never return to me.

Away in "God's acre" resting,
Where the shrubs and flowers wave,
They hardly ever notice
One daisy-dotted grave;
But to me, when I stand beside it,
And think of a home left bare,
I feel that the best of life is gone,
And my heart is buried there.

Out of the many voices
That sing on the sinless shore,
They do not think how thrilling
Is the song of one cherub more—
Save I, and I often listen,
All vainly though it be,
For a sound of my darling's happiness
That will never come down to me.

Ah, me! for the useless playthings
Our darlings threw about,
When we held up a finger, trying
To silence the noisy shout,
We gather them up despairing,
Now the din of play is o'er,
For the sake of the fair lost treasures
Who never will need them more.

Oh! nobody knows the silence
That filleth another's mind,
Nor the deaf and voiceless cravings
That will not be resigned.

The waves of life look pleasant, And the sparkling waters fair; But under the smiling surface We bury our dead hopes there,

A RIGHTEOUS MAN!

EAR me! it's shocking, so depraved and base, These sinners stare a creature in the face Quite unabashed, in spite of all the shame That lies like odium on their very name. I sicken with disgust, and fail to see Why such vile wretches are allowed to be; I never robbed a neighbour's house—oh, no! Nor picked the pockets of a friend or foe; Such pilfering littleness I most abhor: I do no act unjustified by law. My neighbours quarrel, wrangle, jar and fight, I go to law and put the matter right. I never pity where I ought to blame, Nor call a sinner by another name; A pitiable weakness 'tis to hide The sin a Christian has a right to chide. I always punish those who do me wrong, Though they may sue for pardon loud and long; In vain they plead, or grovel in the dust, 'Tis right that they should suffer, and they must; 'Twere worse than madness to forgive, when they Will do the self-same wrong another day, And shows a weakness on the Christian's part, A want of firmness and a yielding heart.

One day my brother came, with pleading face, Craving the means to shield him from disgrace, "A little help," he said, "in time of need, Is Heaven's own blessed charity indeed." I kindly showed him much my hand had done, How gains grew larger until wealth was won; I told him how I long had planned and tried To win the gold his folly cast aside;
I blamed his weakness, and condemned it, too, As a good Christian has a right to do;
And then, to ensure repentance and reform,
I bade him be a man and face the storm;
And showed him how a well-filled purse like mine Was hardly food to cast before the swine.
But indolent and proud, he could but fret,
And soon he died in misery and debt.
"Such is the end of sinful men," I said,
And thanked my God I had a clearer head.

Calmly and proudly, on my upright way, I make grand progress every passing day, That God may say, when ends this mortal span, "Make room, ye saints, here is a righteous man!"

LINES WRITTEN OVER A BROKEN IMAGE.

HELD the image of our Christ,
His head low drooping down,
His Kingly forehead mocked and torn,
Pierced with its martyr crown;
I gazed upon the open side,
Rent with the cruel spear,
And traced upon the pallid cheek
The channel of a tear.

I touched the wounded hands and feet,
And fancy saw them bleed,
And marvell'd that a mortal man
Could do so vile a deed.
Blindly I said, if godless men
So foul an act had done,
Surely, my sympathy and love
Would please God's martyred Son.

One moment more, with trembling hand I let the image go,
And down it fell, a shapeless mass
Of shatter'd clay below.
Ah, me! I stooped, with doleful face,
Above the broken heap,

And thought, alas! that men should hold The love of Christ so cheap.

Then softly to my soul there came
A murmur low and sweet—
"Oh! foolish child, did'st thou not pierce
My head, and hands, and feet?
Blindly thou kneel'st in sorrow o'er
These shapeless ruins now,
And yet how oft thou plantest still
A thorn upon My brow.

"Not they who nailed Me on the cross,
In mortal pain to moan,
E'er caused one throb of agony
That was not part thy own;
Oh, child! when Judas, with a kiss,
Betrayed his Lord to shame,
And Peter, with an angry curse,
Denied his Master's name.

"A thousand voices filled the air
With fierce derision wild,
And through the din of many tongues
I heard thy own, My child;
'Twas not the nails, the spear, and thorns,
Though each one did its part,
'Twas sin that made a Saviour die,
And sorrow broke His heart.

"Pick up thy shatter'd Christ, nor bow Before so frail a shrine, Live o'er the past within thy soul, And own the guilt was thine." Alas! alas! I saw it all,
And low my righteous pride
Fell at the bleeding feet of Him,
Our Christ, the crucified.

BOYS.

BOYS will be boys, they say, that's all about 14, And though of course I don't presume to doubt it, I often listen through the noise and squall, And vainly ask why boys are boys at all?

I cannot think what fate decreed the plan, Or mixed the ingredients for the future man; But I maintain the mixture must have been Just scrapings up to leave all matters clean.

The refuse left from half-a-thousand ills, Stirred up as quackery might mix its pills; Profoundly wonderful, in action sure, A mystery that is bound to work a cure.

Boys may be boys, but still I fail to see Why boys such imps of mischief need to be; All Nature's elements in one combined, From July's sunshine to November's wind.

A human hurricane, to rush and tear Without civility or common care, The puzzle's so profoundly dense; indeed, We lean a little to the Darwin creed.

But boys are boys, and 'tisn't you nor me Can make them other than they will to be; So Heaven preserve us through their din and noise, And God, for ever, bless our happy boys.



PARTED.

WE met among a glittering throng,
The joyous and the gay,
Where mirth and folly idly laughed
The tedious hours away.

Thy greeting words were just as kind,
Thy smile was just as rare,
And yet it seemed to me a touch
Of sorrow linger'd there.

Thy eyes were just as bright and full,
As honest and as clear,
Yet something in their language seemed
To whisper of a tear.

We rambled o'er the pathless way
Where fancy loves to go,
And talked of all that charmed us in
The happy long-ago.

'Twas worse than vain to try to hide The tear to memory shed; I took thy trembling hand in mine, And kiss'd thy brow instead.

Ah! then, I learnt thy life, like mine, Had missed its crowning joy, And all that might have been for us Had passed for ever by.

And glittering in thy falling tear, And in thy drooping gaze, It rose upon thy heaving breast, Love's half-concealed amaze.

I saw thy soul, like mine, had hid Its wordless dream of years, And only memory waded through The river of its tears. Too late! too late! I pressed my lips Upon thy cheek and brow, And we, who wept together then, Are worse than strangers now.

We meet, we speak in careless way, We pass as coldly by, Within each soul a yearning pain, And on each life a lie.

I may not call thee mine, my own, I dare not call thee friend; We have but met to learn life's pain, And suffer to the end.

Like a grim spectre, gaunt and bare, Fate stands our lives between, While memory weeps in silence o'er The bliss that might have been.

WEARY.

If I might ask whatever good my soul might deem the best, I'd ask to rest in Jesu's arms, and sleep upon His breast; To put aside life's vexing cares, its spirit-crushing woes, And feel o'er heart, and soul, and brain, the blessing of repose.

I am so tired of rushing on, by phantom fancy led,
Still toiling, ever toiling, that the body may be fed;
I am tired of beckoning angels while their shadows scare them hence,

And of reckoning life's best treasures by its shillings and its pence.

And I wonder, often wonder, if this life has nought to give But this daily, hourly caring how the feeble frame shall live—If this is life and living, this common route of years, Its eating and its sleeping, its smiling and its tears?

Oh, it may be wrong to weary of the common lot of all, And to long to shirk the burdens and the trials that befall; Oh, it may be wrong to murmur that our joys so soon decay, And wish to grasp the beauties that are waiting far away. But I know there is a haven, and I fain would reach the shore, Where the cares of life are ended, and its empty yearnings o'er; I know there is a refuge, and a pure and perfect rest, And I cannot, cannot find it till I lean on Jesu's breast.

Oh, these empty yearning wishes, may the God of all forgive This weary spirit moaning that has hardly strength to live; For I feel this life has treasures that I would not put away Till they do not need me longer, and the Master says I may.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am dead perchance someone will kiss me,
With weeping eye,
And wonder sadly what t'will be to miss me
As time goes by,
While I sleep on, in spite of sigh or tear,
Free from the troubles and cares of here.

When I am dead, perchance some gentle finger,
With fondest care,
All long and lovingly will stay and linger
Among my hair,
Stealing a lock for love's dear sake to keep
In memory of the one who fell asleep.

When I am dead, in tranquil slumber lying,
Cold, senseless clay,
After the torture and the pain of dying
Has passed away,
Perhaps some dear hand may press my icy brow
And say in tenderness—"God bless her now!"

When I am dead, and every tie is broken
That here can bind,
Wilt thou forgive whatever words were spoken
Harsh or unkind?
Pity my follies with a Christian love,
And leave my darker sins to One above.

PASS HER BY!

PASS her by—a fallen sister,
Bending 'neath a weight of shame,
Since the lips of scandal kissed her,
Who would give her aught but blame?
What avails her piteous weeping,
Did she not to folly bow?
In the arms of danger sleeping,
Let her wake and suffer now.

Pass her by, nor stop to pity,
'Tis her nature thus to be;
In the rude din of the city
There are others bad as she.
Let her drink life's poisoned water,
Let her bask in sin's false ray,
And among Eve's frailest daughters
Fling the purer past away.

Pass her by—a guilty creature,
Let her sink among the rest,
Shame's worst stamp on every feature,
Sin's fierce torture in the breast;
Let repentance harrow feeling
With the keenest spirit pain,
Till the feeble senses reeling,
Find their agony in vain.

Pass her by, and, passing, push her
Down the darker stream of fate;
Let your indignation crush her
Till she trembles at your hate;
Cast the stone, whose edge shall reach her,
Sharp as an avenging rod,
If you stand a sinless creature,
Perfect in the sight of God.



JUNE.

Oh! leafy June, Swaying thy graceful branches to the tune Of sighing zephyrs as they die away, Kissing the skirts of the departing May.

The lily greets
The fair Narcissus with conflicting sweets,
And the wild bee in wanton pleasure sips
Its wealth of sweets from Nature's smiling lips.

The gold drops low

From the laburnum swaying to and fro
In careless grace, and the bluebell looks up
To catch the honey from the lily's cup.

All life is gay
With the rich bloom and beauty of to-day;
The green hills ring with many joyous lays,
Glad hymns of Nature's gratitude and praise.

Life is so fair,
And only man is bowed with toil and care,
Nursing the pangs of earth's relentless woe,
And murmuring yet o'er Winter's frost and snow.

Oh! leafy June,

If human hearts could sing to Nature's tune—
Could burst the dark bonds of its fettered joy,
And put the cares of life and living by,

How glad and bright Would be the burden of our new delight, Nature, humanity, and earth in tune To greet thy royal reign, oh, leafy June.

But death is here,
The bright sky darkens with a falling tear,
And every passing song and zephyr's breath
Is laden with the herald of its death.

The flowers will die, And the wild birds forget their Summer joy, The whispering breeze will burst into a gale, And dead leaves tell again the old, old tale.

Oh! leafy June, We watch thy beauties die away too soon, Fair type of all that was, or is to be, Of life, and love, and frail humanity.

A LIFE.

A LITTLE time of smiling mirth,
Like sunbeams dancing o'er the earth,
A little heedless, careless play,
Through hours that glide too soon away,
A little wondering, vague and small—
And that is all.

A little time of rosy bliss,

Dreaming of future happiness;

A little hope, a little sigh,
A little thoughtful wondering why,
A meeting by the garden wall—

And that is all.

A little trembling, faint and pale,
A fluttering of the bridal veil,
A backward look at other days,
A blush beneath another's gaze,
A shining tear-drop, brief and small—
And that is all,

A little tear, in gladness shed,

Soft falling on a baby's head;

A little hope, a little prayer,

A new strange thrill of mother care,

A dread lest something ill befall—

And that is all.

A tiny face, so pale and white,
Deep-shrouded from the rays of light;
A form low kneeling in despair
To sever one dear tress of hair;
An open grave, a coffin small—
And that is all.

A new great grief, a heart that bleeds,
A pale form clad in widow's weeds;
A dread of life, a wailing prayer,
A piteous leaning to despair;
A dead love 'neath a funeral pall—
And that is all.

A little grief for dear ones gone,
A little lonely plodding on,
A little heaving of the breast,
A little craving after rest,
A dying moan, an upward call—
And that is all

THE PAST.

OH, yes, we may gather fresh joys for the morrow, And drift far away from the dreams of the past, But 'tis only the false light that hangs over sorrow, And the glow of all sunshine must darken at last.

We may smile at the past, and the joys that it brought us,
Too proud to acknowledge the tinge of regret;
But conning the lessons experience taught us,
It were worse than all madness to try and forget.

The dew of the morning may dry in an hour,

The rose of the Summer may die in a day;

But we know that the dewdrop has moisten'd the flower,

And the rose was a rose, though it faded away.

When under the grasp of the Winter we shiver,
And the winds whistle round us all dreary and keen,
We dream of the flowers and the clear flowing river,
And can never forget that the Summer has been.

Oh, the dreams we have dreamed, and the hopes we have cherished,
Still haunt the dark hours that are lonely and grey,
Chough their freshness is past and their glory is perished,
Remembrance will never, no never, decay.

It may be a joy, or it may be a sorrow,
We lay up to-day in grim memory's store;
But 'twill come to our souls in the calm of to-morrow,
When the light of the present for ever is o'er.

WHV?

WHY does our Father take away
The very thing for which we pray,
Snatch from our trembling hand the good
We coveted for daily food,
And let us strive, and crave, and fight
For that He might have kept from sight?
Poor human nature blindly wonders why
Must that we love the best be first to die?

Why does He quench the lingering light, And leave us groping in the night? Set our glad feet on fairy ground, That falls to ruins all around? Why does He let us dream in vain O'er that He knows we cannot gain? Our bleeding hearts ask with a longing cry, Why all our yearnings perish in a sigh?

Why does He see it best and right. To hide our idols far from sight? And take away from sound and touch. The thing we loved and prized so much? Unless it be that losing these, We turn to Him, on bended knees, And say, when earth's frail joys have run, "Thy will, oh, Lord, not mine, be done!"

IN THE WORKHOUSE.

YES, I reckon we've lived together
Nigh on o' fifty years,
An' it aint been all fair weather,
Wi'out its share o' tears;
We've seed a sight o' trouble,
For times wor awful rough
When the youngsters cried about us
Cos they hadn't food enough.

Our Jack warn't allus steady,
An' it made it very bad,
Till arter we buried Freddie,
An' he fretted for the lad.
Then he seemed a kind o' alter'd,
An' arter his pipe wor lit,
He'd get a trac' or paper
An' try to read a bit.

I allus did be humble,
An' try to keep my place,
An' it aint for me to grumble
Right in my better's face;
But I can't help feelin' lonely,
Cos it's very hard, you see,
To take an' part such creturs
As poor old Jack an' me.

We had our tiffs an' wrangles,
For I allus had my say,
But arter all the jangles
Our Jack would have his way;
But we made it up atween us,
Cos it warn't no use to fight,
So I says, "Why, arter all, boy,
You're very likely right."

An' the poor old cretur's gettin' So shaky like, an' queer, An' I guess he's often frettin' Cos I can't be allus near; An' it do seem rather hardish,
Though perhaps I'm over bold,
Now I aint got means to keep me,
An' am gettin' cross an' old.

But I'd like to ha' been near him,
'Cos I'm used to him you see,
An' there aint no soul to cheer him
In all the world but me:
An' he'll mebby get downhearted,
'Cos he's childish now, and odd,
An' there's none as knows his humours
But his poor old wife, an' God.

But we've both grow'd old together,
An' there happen like won't be
A sight o' storms to weather
For neither Jack nor me;
So it aint no use to grumble,
An' struggle now, an' fight,
'Cos the blessed Lord above us
Is sure to put it right.

BRING ME A DAISY.

PICK me a daisy from my darling's grave,
As pure and sweet
As her whose feet
Lie silent in the rest that Jesus gave.

My darling loved the flow'rets fair and small,
When white as they
Her young life ebbed away,
Dropped as the petals of the daisies fall.

And for her sake, upon the little mound.

With loving care,

I planted daisies there,

Wee spots of white upon the ruder ground.

And now, to-night, with something of a pain,
I look away
From shadows of to-day,
And want my pure white blossom back again.

Bring me a daisy from my darling's breast,
And if to-night,
Shunning the outer light,
I close my dim eyes wearily to rest—

The rest that knows no waking, tear nor sigh,
No failing breath,
The calm, sweet rest of death,
Putting life's trials and its sorrows by—

Fold my poor hands in silence so profound,
And let me hold,
Within my fingers cold,
The wee white daisy from the churchyard mound.

Pick me a daisy from my darling's breast,
A daisy white,
And if I die to-night,
Lay the frail relic down with me to rest.

There is a yearning in my soul, that yet,
In spite of years,
Filled up with toil and tears,
Calls tenderly for her—lost little pet.

Bring me a daisy from the churchyard sod,

Fair type of she

Who used to sing with me,

And now "is not," because she dwells with God.



FAITH.

IT must be right—our great Physician never Yet gave a medicine that was not good. Though every fibre of our lives should shiver, And shrink to taste the hard unsweeten'd food: Knowing our many ailments and diseases, Shall He not give the medicine He pleases? It must be right—our Master would not bid us Take up a burden that we cannot bear: Nor, in contempt of all our anguish, rid us Of a dear gladness that we cannot spare; Knowing how He regardeth all our weakness. Shall we not take the burden up in meekness? It must be right—our Guide would never take us O'er a rough road that had no brighter end. And in the dark night leave us and forsake us, Pleading, bewilder'd, and without a friend; Taking His hand, held out in loving kindness. Shall we not trust Him though we walk in blindness? It must be right—our Father never made us Writhe 'neath a chastisement that was not just. Nor bleeding, helpless, and unheeded laid us Alone to grovel in the mire and dust: The One who never leaveth nor forsaketh, May smite to heal the very wound He maketh. It must be right—life's way, though dark and dreary, Was trodden here by purer feet than ours. Hungry and friendless, poor, alone and weary, Our Saviour walked not on a path of flowers; The mocking thorns that pierced His brow in dying, We find, ourselves, among the earth dust lying. It must be right—the Cross our Jesus carried Was heavier than the load we have to bear; The lonely wilderness, wherein he tarried And fasted in the agony of prayer, Was darker far than ours, temptation shaken.

By earth, and heaven, and all, save hell, forsaken.

WE CAN BEAR IT.

YES, we can bear it, though the crushing weight
Of sorrow bows us to the very dust,
Though bruised and panting, beaten down by fate,
We kiss the dear ghost of a vanished trust,
Too pitifully dead to heed love's call,
And yet we live, and learn to suffer all.

When sorrow stops us with a warning eye, And bids us drain the cup she has to give, We plead in piteous anguish, and reply—

"How can we drink the bitter draught and live?"
But sipping tearfully till all is gone,
We drain the dregs of grief, and still live on.

Yes, we can bear it; Death, with greedy grasp,
Rends from its shrine the idol loved the best,
And while we clutch it with a frantic clasp,
It breaks to ashes on the panting breast;
And still, with life's dear light and beauty gone,
We talk of death and dying, and live on.

Yes, we can bear it, though love's flowery crown Lies at our feet all wither'd, bruised and dead, It's fragile tendrils torn and drooping down, And all its freshness and its beauty fled; Putting the dead sprays of affection by,

Yes, we can bear it, though the eyes we love
May close in death, or turn away their gaze,
The bird of hope may cease to sing above,
And life's fair sun forget its Summer rays;

We live and bear, because we cannot die.

Till death's own time shall come, and God shall call, We must live on, and learn to suffer all.



A MOTHER'S LOT.

7IPING the grimiest bit of a nose, Trying to hide irrepressible toes, Combing wild locks with a care that is vain. Seeing how soon they get tangled again. Kissing a wry little pitiful face, Tapping small fingers so soon in disgrace, Watching wild antics in trembling pain. Scolding, and coaxing, and pleading in vain, Wondering, with heart that is ready to burst, Why, of all children, this one is the worst? Asking, so weary with tear-burdened eye, What is so doubtful as motherly joy? Washing the little one, weary of play, Folding the small hands together to pray, Smiling at blunders so simple and quaint, Answering thoughts that might puzzle a saint: Tucking the round limbs away from the light. Bending to kiss it a loving "Good-night!" Softly the bright eyes flutter and close, God send the dear one blessed repose. Father of Heaven, while we struggle and fret. Leave us our darling, our innocent pet. Folding white hands that have done with their play. Shrouding a still form in sorrow away, Smoothing fair locks with an exquisite pain. Never, no, never to tangle again; Picking up toys that were never before Ought but a pest upon table or floor, Putting them by with a sigh and a prayer, Kissing a bright little ripple of hair, Treading so silently over the floor, Longing so much to be "mother" once more; Darn the worn stockings and mend the torn clothes. Scold the small errors and pity the woes, Listen to prattle and innocent play, Fold the white fingers together to pray; Hushed in the silence, wordless and deep.

Little white darling is more than asleep.
Kneeling in tears by a bare little mound,
Planting white flowers on the pitiless ground,
Looking out blackly, o'er silence and space,
Just for a glimpse of a fair angel face;
Listening in anguish, and shrinking away,
Stung to the heart by the children at play;
Creeping away to the silence and gloom,
Tracing small finger-marks over the room,
Some on the window and some on the chair,
Oh! for the dear hand that once placed them there
Oh! for the heart anguish, bitter and wild,
Wrung from a mother who mourns for a child.

AFTER ALL.

A FTER a little glory, and a little of earth's display,
We pass, like a worn-out story, to the things of the past away,
And only a few remember with a lingering warm regret,
In the din of earth's many voices—all, all but a few forget.
While on, and on, and on, the wheels of time are sweeping,
And half the world is singing, while the other half is weeping.

After a little getting, after a little loss,
After a little fretting with many an earthly cross,
We lay down the wealth we gathered and struggled hard to hold,
Too tired of life's rough journey to care about its gold.
For after all earth's bustle it isn't worth the keeping,
And we leave the seeds we scatter'd for another future reaping.

After a little scheming, through years of patient care,
After a little dreaming of castles grand and rare,
We find we have done so little, in spite of plan and scheme,
And our castles, inundated, float down life's rapid stream;
And we lay down the strange life story, so glad the end is won,
And what tho' a task is over? and what tho' a life is done?
There is but a few remember, and weep with a fond regret,
In the din of earth's many voices all, all but the few forget.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

WHEN the Christmas snows are falling,
And the winter winds are high,
What's the use of idly mourning
For the sunshine of July?
Better take the fitful sunbeams
As they fall from Nature's store,
And believe the skies will brighten
When the winter tide is o'er.

If the summer never faded,
And the sun was always bright;
If the sky was never hidden
By the mantling clouds of night,
We should never know how lovely
Were the bursting hues of Spring,
Nor how sweet the morning carols
That the feather'd songsters sing.

Oh, 'tis well to trust the shadows,
And believe the sun is there,
Just awaiting in the distance,
Ere it bursts into a glare;
Oh, 'tis well to dream of Summer,
When the streams are winter-bound,
And the feather'd flakes are falling,
Falling cold and white around.

Oh, 'tis best to look for morning,
For the morning-tide of joy,
When the heart is dark and heavy
With the shadows o'er its sky:
Though the night be long and gloomy,
Ere it glimmers with the morn,
'Tis the darkest hour that whispers
Hope's sweet promise of the dawn



SPEAK KINDLY.

SPEAK kindly! yonder child, full soon,
Will feel the hand of care,
And learn how hard it is thro' life
To battle and to bear;
The feet may tread on flowers to-day
That yield a rich perfume,
But every footstep crushes out
Some atom of their bloom.

Speak kindly to the weary soul
Bowed down with strife or pain—
A gentle strain of pity falls
Like sunshine after rain.
When tears lie stagnant on the soul,
And cold as winter's snow,
A word of love may melt the frost,
And bid the waters flow.

Speak kindly! bitter words may wake
A fierce, defiant strain,
And kindle in the breast a fire
Love cannot quench again;
The avalanche may charm us, with
Its wild, tremendous roar,
But the small streamlet woos and wins
The heart's affections more.

Speak kindly! Never word of strife
Fell from the Master's tongue;
He hurled no vengeance at His foes,
No anger at the throng.
The word that wins the troubled soul
To holy thoughts of love
Must be a gem the angels dropped,
In pity, from above.

Speak kindly, though on rugged soil
The seed of love may fall,
Seeming to drop on barren ground,
And perish, after all:

Deep in some hungry human heart
The grain of good may lie
Like bread upon the waters cast,
To find it by-and-bye.

SHE NEVER NAMED HIM.

SHE never named him—but within her heart
A troubled pain would give
Its wild, deep, ceaseless throbbings, just to prove
How well the past could live.

She never named him—but her glad ears drank
The music of his name,

And o'er the marble whiteness of her cheeks Danced the soul's quenchless flame.

She never named him—but her earnest eyes Seemed gazing far away,

As though to pierce the mist of hope and doubt That o'er the future lay.

She never named him—but her lingering gaze With unshed tears grew dim,

Carried to Heaven in wordless eloquence, Her true heart's prayer for him.

She never named him—and the years rolled by, Till even Hope's realm grew bare,

And the long waiting left on heart and soul A patient sweetness there.

She never named him—but when calm and cold She lay in earth's deep gloom,

"Hope" was the only elegy they had Inscribed upon her tomb.



AS WE FORGIVE.

[7HILE sitting at the Master's feet one day. I heard Him say, His low tones quivering with an earnest thrill-"Thou sayest thou lovest Me, child, dost love Me still?" And I looked up, loosing the half-embrace, And scanned his loving face, Answering as one who some great gift bestoweth-"Yea, Lord, I love Thee well; dear Lord, Thou knoweth." He smiled upon me, but the smile was half a sigh, And a great tear stood trembling in His eye. He pointed to His side, and the torn flesh Held a great drop of blood, all warm and fresh. And I looked on, Upon the suffering One, And knit my brow in fierce resentment strong, And asked, "Lord, who hath done this bitter wrong? Whose the vile hand?" I said, fierce clenching mine. And then He answered meekly, "Child, 'twas thine. Loose thy clenched hands, and let thy anger go; 'Tis these have caused these drops of blood to flow-A little anger thou would'st not control. A dark resentment hidden in thy soul, And these have done the deed; And heart and spirit bleed Over the child I would have gather'd in From the dark wilderness of strife and sin. But that thou would'st not, for thou would'st not go Where I must needs have taken thee; and so Thou hadst not strength to battle and do aright When the world met and challenged thee to fight." "But, Lord," I asked, "how have I tortured Thee?" He answered, "Child, look in thy heart and see. When passion made thee blind, And thou would'st not be kind, I pleaded with thee earnestly and long; But thou would'st not forgive a brother's wrong, Thou would'st not offer him a pardoning kiss

Whose frail humanity had done amiss; And, kneeling low beside thy bed, Thy prayer fell like a blight upon thy head 'Forgive as we forgive,' I heard thee say, While yet resentment in thy bosom lay. I whispered low beside thy kneeling form, But the strong urging of the unspent storm Rose high above the words I came to say; So, after pleading long, I turned away And left thee to thy rest, Uncalmed, unblessed; And blindly still Thy tortured heart obeys thy darkened will." "But, Lord," I said, in proud defiance strong, "When he repents I will forgive the wrong. Sure it was ne'er by man nor angels taught To grant a pardon that was never sought!" O'er the rapt face, low bending over mine, Played the sweet lustre of a glow divine, And with a gesture kind He bade me see The hands, and feet, and side that bled for me; And as I bowed my head, "What of all these, oh, doubting one?" He said. "If Heaven had waited for the sinner's cry, Think you this Christ had ever come to die? Believe me, child, 'tis nobler far to kiss The hand that smote thee in thy helplessness. Than to bear out to the dark end and see Humanity against humanity. E'en though the strife be long, It is but short at best: E'en though thy foes be strong, They cannot mar thy rest. Child, child, if thou would follow me indeed, Thou need'st to bear, although thy heart may bleed; But He who bore thy sins long years ago Will lead thee by a way thou dost not know. Child, follow Me! However dark it be."

"Sweet Christ," I said,
Bowing my conscious head,
"Lead wheresoe'er thou wilt; but while I live,
Teach me to pity, help me to forgive.
Here at the Cross, where Thou wert mock'd and curs'd,
I kneel and pardon those who used me worst;
And as I hope in Heaven with Thee to live,
Forgive my faults, dear Christ, as I forgive."

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

ASK not for laurels, I seek not for fame,
Nor a world-given glory to hang round my name;
I ask not a grave with the great and the wise,
When the fingers of death shall be cold on my eyes;
Looking over my life of its evil and good,
May the Master say this—"She hath done what she could."

If ne'er for my sake, on the pillar of fame,
Shall the rising posterity spell out my name—
If the world never hears of the life that is passed,
And hardly an eye sheds a tear at the last—
May He who hath noticed each trifle of good,
In kindness say this—"She hath done what she could."

Though the crumbs I have dropped may have floated away, And my mite count as nought in the wealth of to-day, Though the lessons I teach may be feeble and small, And 'tis but a few who will listen to all, May the One who my talents hath all understood, Say, in gentle regard—"She hath done what she could."

What matters the laurel or trumpet of fame?
What matters the short-living sound of a name?
The hand that is kind, though no wonders it wrought,
Shall give not its mite to be reckon'd for nought;
'Tis enough if the Master regardeth it good,
And says at the last—"She hath done what she could."

Oh, it is not the great and the mighty alone
Shall win a high place by the great royal throne,
"Tis the trifles of life that are faithfully done
Shall count when the race of existence is run;
Knowing how I have fallen, or how I have stood,
May He say at the end—"She hath done what she could."

IN DEATH DIVIDED.

THEY tell me thou art fairer now!

I do not know;

But if the marble of thy brow

Is changed to snow,

Still is to me that beauty unsurpass'd

That clothed thy features when I saw thee last.

They tell me thou hast purer grown!

I fail to see

How angel pureness like thy own

More pure can be;
I think of thee so perfect, so divine,
That Heaven scarce can add one grace to thine.

They tell me thou art happier now!

I do not know;

But none were lighter souled than thou

Sweet years ago;

And, while I picture what thy home can be,

I wonder thou art happy without me!

And so I think and think of thee
From day to day,
Peering towards yon bright canopy
So far away;
Wondering all blindly, in a simple strain,
If thou wilt know me when we meet again.

I know thy brow is white and fair,
Thy heart as pure;
I know that thou art dwelling where
No sins allure;
And so I bind thy name upon my breast,
Hallowed by tender memories and blest.

And when we meet beyond the sea
That parts us here,
Sharing the joys so rich and free
Of yonder sphere,
I'll take thy hand, and, at our Saviour's feet,

I'll take thy hand, and, at our Saviour's feet, Say 'twas thy spirit first made Heaven so sweet.

OUR SISTER.

NAY, put aside those cruel words, and hush the slanderous tongue,

Did ever mortal travel here and do no little wrong? Our sister cannot answer now, however harshly chid, And who would hurl reproach upon another's coffin lid?

She may have sinned in wanton mood, or erred in thoughtless jest, But be her failings great or small, 'tis God will judge her best; Not we, whose souls are deeply stained with every passion rife, Can judge aright what makes or mars a fellow-creature's life.

God knoweth all; I dare not take the right that is Divine, And judge a soul whose garb may be a purer white than mine; I dare not say, or right, or wrong, the life so briefly trod: Enough for me our sister goes to answer all to God.

Why should I hurl accusing words, though true perchance they be, O'er one who, whether right or wrong, has never injured me? Stumbling along o'er life's rough way, beset with many a snare, I meet the erring and the weak, and see a sister there.

Oh, lay the silent form away, and pity and forgive Whatever failings may have marr'd the life she had to live; Point only to the brighter side of aught she did below, And leave her faults to One Whose love can wash them white as

snow.

BESIDE THE SEA.

TESIDE the restless wave

D That surges from the sea,

I sit and dream of former days,
And all they used to be;
Of childhood's early joy,
Of boyhood's bright day-dreams,
That saw no mists of life to dim
The glory of its beams;
And now the waters dash and swell,
With many a moaning strain,
And their wild, sad song,
As they roll along,
Is only a cry of pain.

I see a mother's face
Look from the white sea foam,
With the smile she used to wear
For all the loves of home;
I hear her soft voice speaking,
As the wavelets backward flow,
With the low, sweet tones that soothed me
In the happy long ago.
And now the sweeping tide rolls back
With many a mighty roar,
As if to show,
In their frantic flow,
How soon our joys are o'er.

I think again of one,
Bright manhood's early pride,
Whose love was dearer to my heart
Than all the world beside.
Ah! many a time we two have trod
This old familiar shore,
And dreamed our golden dreams of hope
Amid the waters' roar.

And now, alas, they do but bear

A strain of care and woe;
For they mock my pain
With their wild, sad strain,
As I think of the long ago.

Ah, me, I see her now,
 In all youth's blushing pride—
My manhood's joy, my chosen love,
 My beautiful, my bride!
Alas, I did not know how soon
 Life's joy would pass away,
Nor dreamed my darling's beauty was
 The herald of decay:
But hopes as frail as the white sea foam
 Went drifting swiftly on,
 And I watched the joy
 Of my life pass by,
 As I gazed on the drooping one.

Alas, the new, sweet tie,

That came to bind each heart,
But wailed the mournful evensong
That thrust us far apart;
For she, my love, my darling, sank
Beneath the strain and died,
While the wee pledge of love she gave
Lay moaning by her side.
I snatched the frail life to my breast,

And kissed its plaintiff face,
And blent my sigh
With its piteous cry,
That startled the silent place.

Ah, me, my all lay dead;
Beside that marble form
I stood, unsheltered and alone
To bear earth's roughest storm.
The surgeon's knife may rend the flesh
Till Nature writhe and smart,

But this was living death that burnt And wrestled in my heart.

I had but one wee, tiny thing

In all the world to prize. For wordless clay My loved one lay, Before my tearless eyes.

All night, in speechless grief, I hung above her clay, While the little babe she left me wailed Its tiny life away.

Ah, then I laid my blighted ones Together, wrapped in death, And dared to murmur at my God Who left me still with breath; And wildly on the rocky shore

> I heard the waters break, As if, to share My heart's despair, They struggled for my sake.

And now alone I stand Upon the dreary beach, And stretch my arms out to the life. And love I cannot reach. To happier ears the waves may seem To laugh in pleasant glee, But 'tis a requiem song that comes Across the deep to me. The years have fled, and still may fly,

They bring not in their flow Love's lingering kiss, And young hope's bliss, That perished long ago.



I HAVE BEEN HOME.

I HAVE been home again, over the years
Clouded by sorrow and darkened by fears;
Home, through the mists and the silence of space,
Back to the warmth of each loving embrace,
Back to the trust and affection of old,
Choicer than diamonds, and purer than gold.

I have been home again, home far away
From the deep shadows and clouds of to-day;
Home, from the grinding and crushing of care,
Flashes of madness and pangs of despair;
Home, from the mirth that is hollow and vain,
Watered with tears and cradled in pain.

I have been home again; mother was there, Smiling in peace in the old rocking chair, Kindly she fondled the curls on my brow, Whitened by care and perplexity now; Softly I heard her pray, gentle and mild— "Father of mercy watch over my child."

I have been home again, home where the day Glided in peace and contentment away, Wrapped in the quiet and calm of repose, Far from this city of bustle and woes, Home, where the woodbines and roses were bright, Clad in the garb of a Summer delight.

I have been home again, leaving behind All that was hurtful, or harsh, or unkind, Flinging the dark years far back, I have trod Paths that were purer, and nearer to God, Basked in affection and love that I knew Never was aught but devoted and true.

I have been home again, home in the night, When God's great curtain fell over the light; Home, for a glimpse of a beautiful spot, Never in life to be wholly forgot; Home, to the true, and the pure, and the kind, Leaving the false and the fickle behind.

I have been home again, fancy's bright wings Flew to the spot to which memory clings; Short was my sojourn and brief was my stay, Yet was it sweet to have rambled away. What though temptation returns with the light? I have been home on the wings of the night.

IF YOU KNEW.

IF you knew how, weakly human,
I have yielded in the fight;
That I found life's task too irksome,
And I failed to do it right;
If you looked life's garment over,
With its stitches all awry,
Do you think you still should love me—
Should you, would you really try?

If you saw within my bosom
All the dead I try to hide,
All the grim unsightly corpses
That are rotting side by side;
If you looked beneath the flowers
That are lightly spread above,
Should you lay them back in pity,
And regard me still with love?

If you saw the ghostly shadows
That are treading o'er and o'er,
Where the dust of time has clustered
Thick upon the uncleansed floor;
If you saw the blush that gathers
On the monarch memory's brow,
Should you speak to me in kindness—
Could you, would you love me now?

If you saw the blots and blunders
That have marred life's pages through;
How its lines are all uneven,
And its white a doubtful hue;

H

How life's pleasant rhymes are written
With a crooked and tarnished pen—
Would you close the record kindly?
Would you care to praise me then?

If you knew the many failings
Which no eye but God's hath seen,
Saw the heart's imprisoned leper
Crying out, "Unclean, unclean;"
If the dead past rose before you,
With its errors great and small,
Could you take my hand in friendship
And be gentle to them all?

GO NOT IN ANGER.

OH, go not in anger, though harsh words were spoken
That fell on the soul with a withering blight;
Must the love-link for ever be ruthlessly broken,
And faith hide her head in the shadows of night?

Though led to the verge of a passionate blindness, We revelled awhile in the burning of pain; Oh, turn not away with a thought of unkindness, But smile and forgive me, and kiss me again.

Oh, go not in anger, who knows that we ever May meet to atone for the fault of to-day; So frail are life's ties, and so easy to sever, While all things are failing and passing away.

And who would live on, life's fierce turbulence meeting.

To dream of affections all crushed in their bloom,

To miss the fond hand-clasp and long for the greeting

All thrust in the depths of oblivion's tomb?

When the flowers of our tender affections are blighted, All withered for life by the storm of a day; When love with the seethings of scorn is requited, And faith rends her blossoms and flings them away. Oh, 'twere better to bury the cause of annoyance, And smother the words that are idle and vain, Than hur, at each other the shafts of defiance, And gloat o'er the words that are certain to pain.

Oh, go not in anger; whatever was spoken
Was only the outcome of passion and haste;
The apple of discord between us was broken,
And oh, 'tis so bitter, I like not the taste.

So forgive the harsh words that were spoken in madness, Forget, if thou can'st, all this passion and pain; And linking love's chain with a feeling of gladness, Oh, go not in anger, but kiss me again.

ONLY A BEGGAR.

SEND him off, send him off—why it gives one the blues;
I'm glad I don't stand in such ricketty shoes;
I'm sickened of poverty's pitiful cries,
For of course it's all humbug, and half of it lies;
I like a good fellow that's jovial and gay,
Not such parish-struck mortals—go drive him away.

Poke the fire till it blazes, and pull down the blind—That creature's got used to the rain and the wind; He's a scamp, there's no doubt, and a lazy one, too, Or he'd bustle about and get something to do.

I'm told he has talents, but doubtless he brags—Who ever heard tell of a genius in rags?

No doubt he's got deep into somebody's debt, With no friends at his back and his pockets to let, With a dozen small brats that are hungry and bare, With no food in their stomachs and nothing to wear; And, of course, there's a wife with a babe at her breast— Bah! send him along, we can guess at the rest.

He's got down, I suppose, till he's poor as a rat— What's the use in the world of a fellow like that? His talents, indeed, may be only pretence, There's nothing goes down like pounds, shillings, and pence. Though the skull may be thick, and the brain may be small, 'Tis the pocket—the pocket is monarch of all.

ONLY IN DREAMS.

ONLY in dreams, they float to me,
Sweet thoughts of all that used to be,
When pleasure woke me with a kiss,
And I was friends with happiness.
I stretch my hands out yet and try
To catch the ghosts that hurry by,
Amid the mist, by memory's streams—
Only in dreams.

The joy-light of the far-off days
Has lost the beauty of its rays;
The bird of hope that used to soar
Hath clipped wings that can fly no more;
The Summer flowers have died away,
And all the world is sober grey;
I bask where life's sweet sunshine gleams
Only in dreams.

Ah, me! my store of fairy gold
Hath slipped my feeble, tardy hold;
The friends who loved me years before
Will kiss and love me never more;
A pauper here, I beg my joy
Of strangers as they pass me by;
And friendship's rosy sunshine beams
Only in dreams.

The home I left, when life was fair,
And not a cloud had gathered there;
The kiss that soothed my childhood's breast
And sanctified my hours of rest;
All, all are o'er—I feel not now
A mother's kiss on lips or brow,
Save when I tread by memory's streams—
Only in dreams.

Only in dreams—in hours of night,
That turn to tears by morning light—
Only in dreams, that tax my brain
With memory's melancholy pain,
Comes back the good, and pure, and kind,
Left on life's road so far behind;
I gather flowers by memory's streams
Only in dreams.

WHY?

OH, why must we travel with earth-stained feet,
Where the cold blasts howl and the fierce storms beat,
Across a trackless way to grope,
Led only by the stars of hope;
With only a tear for times gone by,
And a dread lest the hopes of to-day should die,
And a sigh for the future, dark and bare,
Lest the ills we dread are waiting there?

Oh, why must we stand all idly by

And watch the flight of our dearest joy,

Folding the hands up close and tight
Lest they grasp the skirts of a fair delight;

And the bosom yearns, all numb and cold,

For a vanished dream and a thread of gold,

As we take the gift of a sterner fate

In lieu of the beauty we found too late?

Is it well we should struggle, and best we should fight,
Where the boughs trail over from wrong to right;
While we grope, and grope, and cannot know
Which is the way we had better go;
Is it best that we see not on before,
Nor know what destiny hangeth o'er;
But hoping and smiling from day to day,
Watch still for the clouds to roll away?

Ah, me! if we could but wait and hold
Life's slender threads of fairy gold,
And still in faith toil on, and trust
To find a diamond in the dust;
Or if our Father's hand should raise
The curtain of our future days,
Oh, methinks, too weak to bear the fight,
We should die in gazing on the sight.

OVER THE CRADLE.

OH! little feet, where ye may roam
In years to come, from love and home,
I may not know, I cannot tell;
But, oh! may Heaven guide ye well
Along life's way, where trials lie,
Safe to the golden courts on high.

Oh! little fingers, lightly pressed
Listlessly o'er a sinless breast,
What deeds of yours in future days
Shall earn the world's reproach or praise?
I do not know, I cannot tell,
Yet may ye do life's business well.

Oh! little lips, how will ye con
Life's lessons o'er when years are gone?
Angels might kiss ye now, nor stay
To wipe the taint of earth away;
Life's future song I cannot tell,
Yet may my darling sing it well.

Oh! little one, upon my breast
I hold thee in thy infant rest,
Nor see, nor know if future years
Shall bloom with joy or droop with tears;
Of this—this only—fondly sure,
At least, my darling now is pure.

Oh! little one, though time may blight The wreath of hope I twine to-night, Thou may'st tread, as I have trod, The paths that lead from home and God; I'll ask of Him, who sees each fall, To pity and to pardon all.

CREMATION.

WHEN I pass right away
From the cares of to-day,
And close my eyes never to wake,
I would crave just one tear
From the friends I leave here,
For love and for memory's sake:
I seek not for praise,
For life's many dark days,
From whoever may love or may hate me,
I ask but for this—
When you've kissed your last kiss,
Oh! for pity's sake, do not cremate me.

I shall not fear to lie
'Neath a dark midnight sky,
With my troubles forgotten and dead,
And I ask no display
O'er my poor empty clay,
And no monument over my head;
Give me none of earth's store,
When my journey is o'er,
'Twill not heighten the joys that await me;
Lay me down in a grave
Where the green grasses wave,

Forget, if you will,
When I'm lonely and still,
And another has taken my place;
It will cause not a sigh,
If you pass my grave by

Do aught, only do not cremate me.

With a smile beaming bright on your face;
I'll repose underground
Without making a sound,
Or haunting the living who hate me,
Contented to lie
With my face to the sky,
If you'll bury, but do not cremate me.

Let the worms have their fill,
And enjoy, if they will,
The banquet, though poor it may be,
They may trail their dark slime
Through the passage of time,
'Twill not matter a tittle to me—
But my ashes, alas!
Covered o'er with a glass!
Who knows what fresh griefs might await me?
And the children would cry,
As in fear they crept by,
So, for mercy's sake, do not cremate me.

I'd be buried on land,
By some dear friendly hand,
Or be borne o'er the waves in a ferry;
Whether sunshine or rain,
I will never complain,
But do not cremate—Lizzie Berry.

HUSH, BOY.

H USH, boy! put by that bitter taunt,
'Twill bring no real good;
Life's simpler language, gently used,
Were better understood.
Thy harsh reply may probe and hurt
A breast too fondly warm,
And love may bear and suffer till
It perish in the storm.

Hush, boy! the arm that led thee once Perhaps may falter now, And the bright locks be changed to snow

Above a faded brow.

Those eyes, once gay and bright as thine, Now dim perchance may be;

But, boy, remember they have watched Long sleepless hours for thee.

To you each harsh, ungrateful word
May have a manly sound;
But, oh! the stone in anger thrown
Will hurt in the rebound.
When she who seeks to guide thee now
Has passed in death away,
Thou'lt gather fruits from every seed

Of passion sown to-day.

Hush, boy! nor wound that loving heart,
In earnest or in jest;
The noblest men this earth hath known
Have loved their mother best.
'Tis braver far for thee to try

And act the guardian's part, Than plant a thorn in wanton mood Within a mother's heart.

IN FAITH.

If God should give a cup to thee and say,

"Child, I have mixed it," would you turn away

Like a spoilt child, and with a pouting frown,

Demand the sugar lump to tempt it down'?

Poor feeble child, the weak flesh seems to shrink

Aught but its fill of life's most tempting drink;

And yet the bitter, mingled with the sweet,

Is needed here to make this life complete.

If God should give the thing thou callest best,

Thou would'st receive it with a thankful breast;

To His wise will contentedly resigned. Thou would'st exclaim, "Oh, Father, Thou art kind!" And yet, perhaps, the good so given would bring A disappointment and an after sting: And thou would'st turn away, heart-sick and chill, To find 'tis but a sugar-coated pill. God knoweth best; but yet 'tis hard to hold Life's copper, while we long to find its gold; To see another take, with easy chain, What we would give the half of life to gain. Oh! 'tis so hard to still the struggling breast. And make ourselves believe that all is best: And yet, though life's deep billows ebb and swell, We know Our Father doeth all things well. Child, take the cup, and drink whate'er it be, 'Twas God's great mercy mixed the draught for thee. It must be right, though hope lies locked in sleep, And faith goes wading through afflictions deep. Hereafter thou wilt see how wise and good Was the kind hand that measured out life's food. Calmly content, when faith's fair heights are won, To drink and say, "Father, Thy will be done."

CHRISTMAS.

WHILE the angels are singing glad tidings on high, Secure in the peace that no grief can alloy, Let us join in their songs, 'mid our sorrow and pain, And welcome old Christmas amongst us again.

Ah, me! there are many, so many we miss, Whom we greeted last year with a smile and a kiss; Some, far, far away, are still with us in love, And others are safe in that fair land above.

And wee little lives have come fluttering in,
White foam on an ocean of sorrow and sin;
Let us welcome them now and be glad for their stay,
In the name of the infant we worship to-day.

Oh! glad were the shepherds, the shepherds of yore, As they tended their sheep when the daylight was o'er, For they dreamed that the night of dark sorrow had ceased, As they gazed on the star, the bright star of the East.

Alas! for the world is still laden with care, And hearts have grown sick of the burdens they bear, And we pause to enquire, 'mid the shouts of the glad, What Christmas must mean to the hungry and sad?

Oh! ye who have pockets well-laden with gold, Have a care for the humble, the sick, and the cold; Let pity be tender to Poverty's call, And peace and good-will crown the actions of all.

Bring in Father Christmas amongst you once more, With trophies to garland the year that is o'er; May friendship be faithful, and love be all truth, And age have a smile for the follies of youth.

Let the bough be just low enough not to be missed, With plenty of rosy young lips to be kissed, And the wee ones be glad in their innocent glee, With the sugar-made bliss and the gay Christmas tree.

Give granny her spectacles shining and bright, That her eyes may take in the glad smiles of to-night, And let age all the tales of young manhood unfold, In a snug cosy corner secure from the cold.

Make a place in your midst for the care-burdened stranger, In the name of the infant laid low in a manger, And that all may be hearty, and happy, and merry, Accept the best wishes of—Yours, Lizzie Berry.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

H, pallid old year, we are watching thee go. Among memories of pleasure and twinges of woe! Thou art feeble and faint, while thy fluttering breath Is touched with the hush and the silence of death. Oh! dving old year, we had welcomed thy birth With greetings of love and good-will upon earth; We had hoped for so much when thy cradle of snow Held the wee baby year of just twelve months ago. Well, well, 'tis not right to reproach thee to-day, Now the reign is fast slipping for ever away. Though the pleasures thou brought were but doubtful and small. And tears and repentance have paid for them all. So we kiss thy wan cheek as we wish thee good-bye, In the grave of the past and its shadows to lie; And whatever thou had'st to bestow or impart. Shall linger for life in the depths of the heart. Oh! weary old year, if we did thee a wrong, If we slighted thy hours as they hurried along, If we brought thee dishonour, or owe thee a debt, We can only repay with a tear of regret. Adieu! 'tis all over. Thy sorrow-crowned brow Is damp with the death-dew that covers it now; And so thou wilt carry thy record away To confront us again at the great Judgment Day. With a tear for thy death, and a smile for the birth Of the wee coming year that is dawning on earth, We will lay thee to rest where dear memory is green, Among hopes still unbroken and joys that have been. Come in, then, New Year, we will greet thee with glee. And trust to the future whatever it be: While hearts and lips utter their greetings sincere— "May God send us all a glad, happy New Year."



GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.

WHILE time and tide roll o'er this world of woe, While seasons pass, and years do come and go, While sun or moon shall give their welcome light, Or darkness hide the secrets of the night, While helplessly life's slippery path we tread, Father in Heaven, give us our daily bread.

While living brings bereavement, grief, and loss, And wearily we bend beneath our cross, While hopes deceive us, and affection dies, And tottering castles fall before our eyes, While sipping sorrow with a quivering dread, Father in Heaven, give us our daily bread.

While wavering life hangs on this feeble breath, And sickness takes the clammy hand of death, While hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows sway The vital spark within this drooping clay, While seeking flowers we gather briars instead, Father in Heaven, give us our daily bread.

While Summer glories dawn, and fade, and die, And Winter's blasts around us howl and cry, While Spring's warm hand reveals the sleeping flowers, Or Autumn tries its desolating powers; From time to time till life's last sigh hath fled, Father in Heaven, give us our daily bread.

I KNOW A NOOK.

I KNOW a nook, where we may rest anon,
When life has slipped its fetters one by one,
And all earth's vain perplexities and woes
Assail in vain our haven of repose.
Oh! 'tis so sweet to think that by-and-bye
Cares shall be o'er and tears shall all be dry,
And not a scion of the old, old pain
Shall rend the curtain of repose again.

For 'tis so hard to struggle and be strong,
Nor turn again upon a rushing throng;
So hard to fritter out one's precious days
In bowing to and learning life's harsh ways.
Some folly lures us where we should not go;
Some false step hurls us in a pool of woe;
Some falsehood robs us of our dearest trust,
And casts our idol in the common dust;
Death rends the ties that heart to heart unite,
And day by day we lose the soul's pure white;
Life's morning finds us joyous, glad, and brave,
But ere the eve we hunger for the grave.

I know a nook, a little spot of ground
Where wild birds twitter, and where flowers abound—
A spot where folly would not dare intrude
To break the hallowed peace and solitude!
There sorrow sleeps, and hunger is no more;
Life's toils are ended, and its struggles o'er;
The broken heart forgets its crushing blight
In rest far sweeter than an earthly night.
There may we slumber in a perfect rest,
With not a grief to hurt th' unconscious breast;
When God shall bid the eyes no longer weep,
And give us His beloved's holy sleep.

TWILIGHT.

ALONE,
I am thinking, darling,
Of pleasures that used to be;
Alone,
I am drinking, darling,
From the fountain of memory;
For the clouds roll back,
And across life's track
A ray from thy spirit's light
Darts along,
With a song

From the kneeling throng,
And I fancy thy robe of white

Seems fluttering out from the star-gemmed train,
As though it would take me in,
And fold me away from the grasp of pain,
And away from the power of sin.

Ah! gentle one, with thy spirit's light,
Wilt thou guide me over the gloom of night?

Alone,
I am dreaming, darling,
Of the glory that must be thine;
Alone,

There is streaming, darling, A ray from thy life divine, Till it floods my breast, With a hallowed rest,

And I know thou art watching near,

For I seem, In a dream,

To have crossed the stream,
Away from the discord here;
And I feel thou art taking my trembling hand,
And leading me gently in
To a Saviour's smile in that better land,
And a life from the taint of sin;
Ah! gentle one, by thy spirit's light,
Guide me safely away from the gloom of night.

DO NOT FORGET ME.

DO not forget me! there surely remaineth
Something that tinges the past with a glow;
What if, sometimes, dear remembrance paineth,
Lurked there no bliss in the sweet long ago?
Is there no joy 'twould be well to remember?
Is there no link still untarnished and whole?
What though we quake in the snows of December,
Summer's fair roses may bloom in the soul.

Do not forget me! though alien and broken,
Find I so few in the wide world to trust,
Yet 'tis not well, though no words may be spoken,
Faith should go trailing its boughs in the dust;
Think of our past and the hopes that it brought us,
Think of the castles we reared in the air,
What though experience her lesson has taught us,
Shall we regret that existence was fair?

Do not forget me! unworthy thy kindness,
Yet would I plead in the name of the past;
Censure my weakness, and pity my blindness,
Yet let affection be true to the last.
Think of me sometimes, and when thou art praying,
Murmur my name with a pitying love;
Wandering and wayward in dark places straying,
Yet may we meet in the haven above.

A PLEA FOR THE WAIFS AND STRAYS.

H! gentle hearts, will ye pass them by,
Waifs and strays of the city;
Leave the thin, pale forms in the street to lie,
With never a thought of pity?
Children of sorrow, want, and sin,
Heirs to a life of wrong;
Is there no love will call them in,
Out of the scoffing throng?
Must the children lie
Beneath God's great sky
And search in the mire and dust
For the crumbs of bread,
Where the dogs have fed,
Or gloat o'er a stolen crust?

Oh! the little forms are lean and bare, Waifs and strays that are crying For the refuse pieces wealth might spare, Away in the dust-bin lying; And yet, and yet, does no one heed
Whether they faint or no?
Will no one do a noble deed,
And soften human woe?
Must the wee one pay,
Day after day,
For a life that is worse than death;
And bear the brand
Of a father's hand,
Or a curse from a mother's breath?

Is there no love will search them out,
Waifs and strays that are pining,
None who will hear thro' the drunken shout,
Voices of infants whining?
He who once blessed the children here,
He who so loves them there,
Will He not note each love-dried tear
And every lighten'd care?
Oh! mark the word
Through ages heard,
Ye who have wealth in store,
Lest your talent lie
In a napkin by,
And gather nothing more.

I WISH.

I WISH I had the power to break
The sordid bands that bind
Their vile corrosive fetters round
Each narrow human mind.

I wish I had the power to lift
A weary fallen brother,
And strike in every breast a chord
Of love to one another.

I wish I had abundant gold

To scatter on my way,

To help the honest starving poor,

And banish need away;

To house the homeless little waifs
That shiver through the street,
And give the wan, neglected ones
Sufficient food to eat.

I wish I had the power to cheer
The head low bowed in sorrow,
And teach the weeping ones to hope
For better things to-morrow.

I wish I had the power to soothe The children's wants and woes; To comfort Nature's every need, And hush them to repose.

I wish I had an angel's wings, That I might bear above The little wailing sufferers Who know no mother's love.

I wish, ah me! I wish the world Had less of sin and trouble; That every wretched home were bright, And every joy were double.

ONWARD.

THE past is gone by, let it perish,
'Tis idle to fret and repine;
Whatever of earth we may cherish,
'Tis touched by the hand of decline.

If we reared an ideal of beauty,
And watched the grand edifice fall,
It was only life doing its duty,
For there must be an end to it all.

It were folly to bend to our losses,
And weep for the flowers that are o'er;
Though we still have our burdens and crosses,
We believe there's a Summer in store.

Did we err in the past? did we stumble? No regret can atone for it now; Though sorrow sits gloomy and humble, With the ashes of hope on her brow.

It were better to bury the blunder
Far down in the shadows away,
And rend the dark fibres asunder,
Lest they strangle the joys of to-day.

If time of much joy hath bereft us,
And the gold of life's morning is gone,
If the roses of youth have all left us,
And the evening is hurrying on.

What's the use of repining in sorrow?

To-day has its duties and joys;

It were best to press on to the morrow

In hope of a happier prize.

There's a future far brighter before us
Than ever we knew in the past,
There's a Heaven smiles peacefully o'er us
That yet may be ours at the last.

We are nearer the perfect reposing,
We are nearer the sorrowless shore,
When the shadows of evening are closing,
And the bustle of living is o'er.

Still onward and forward for ever,

Losing hold of whatever has been,

There are better things over the river

In the land that no mortal hath seen.



OUTSIDE THE GATE.

THERE is an hour, when from ourselves
And our poor cares we soar,
And seem to catch the holy light
That floods the golden door;

To leave the sordid ends and aims
That vex this mortal sphere,
And take a foretaste of the joy
That doth not yet appear.

And, lingering by the outer gate,We crave a nearer view,And almost fancy earth's frail threadsAre nearly broken through.

We feel how small the need of tears O'er dear ones entered in Beyond the mortal pain of death, And out of reach of sin;

While fast, so fast, this fragile life
Is slipping from our touch,
And Heaven will give us back again
The loves we prized so much.

A little longer plodding on, A few more tears to weep, And every pain of mortal life Shall sink in endless sleep.

A few more crosses to be borne,
A few more duties done,
A few more clouds, whose leaden hue
Obscures the brighter sun.

Ah! then these outer, lingering looks
Shall merge in endless day,
And He who bids us weep below
Shall wipe our tears away.

THE DEAD PAST.

H USH, hush! I have buried the beautiful Past,
Far down in my bosom I laid it;
And memory will sigh as the Present stands by,
With its foot on the grave that I made it.

Ah me! for we know not how lonely is life
Till the sorrow-clouds gather above us;
And we struggle and cry, as the crowd passes by,
With few in the wide world to love us

The friends that were truest, and purest, and best, How little we thought of their kindness, For we gather life's flowers in its sunniest hours, And fling them away in our blindness.

But when far, far away from the loves of the past, We listen to memory's story, Life's pleasures come back o'er the sorrow-trod track. In the garb of a long-ago glory.

And the home that we left, and the love that we scorned,
And the voice that we brooked not to chide us,
We long for them all when pleasures grow small,
And the ghost of hope dwindles beside us.

And yet, oh! how vain is each pitiful wail, How empty the longings we cherish; For life passes by, and our bubbles must die, And all things, save Heaven, must perish.

Ah! the youth that is over, the friends we have lost,
And the joys now in sorrow enshrouded,
We shall find them complete when in Heaven we meet,
By no tears and no sorrows beclouded.

So heart, weary heart, take thy burden of care,
And leave the dead Past and its pleasure;
For we know not what joy may be ours by-and-bye,
If we lay up in Heaven our treasure.

OUR DARLING.

No gold would buy thee, darling, No gem, however rare, Would tempt us to resign thee To any other's care.

At every crook and turning Fresh obstacles we meet; And 'tis a daily struggle For food enough to eat.

And yet, oh! little darling,
Though life be hard and rough,
The One who sent thee to us
Will find thee food enough.

Nay, love, no gold would buy thee,
Though thou hast brought us care,
God would not give a burden
Without the strength to bear.

Thy little wants He knoweth, And every struggle sees, And for our daily portion He giveth what He please.

He laid thee weak and feeble
And helpless on my breast,
And there, at His command, love,
I'll close thee in to rest.

Though dark earth's way, and dreary
Thou art for life our own,
And we will hold our treasure,
And yield to God alone.



JUDGE ME NOT.

OH! judge me not, only my Saviour knoweth
How dark the way through which my spirit goeth,
How thorns and thistles, o'er my way entwined,
Have torn my feet and pierced both heart and mind,
How I have wept, as only they can weep
Who have a silent grief that cannot sleep;
Spite of my nature, soiled with many a blot—
Oh! judge me not.

Oh! judge me not, though human follies bound me,
Though subtle charms have wound their coils around me,
And all things prove that, spite of thought and will,
I am, at best, a human creature still;
A fragile sinner, with a heart that knows
Its own dark shadows and its own deep woes,
Open to One who seeth every blot—
Oh! judge me not.

Oh! judge me not, my Saviour all things knoweth, He sees the tear that in dark secret floweth, He sees the anguish of the feeble soul, And makes a wound that He may make it whole; He knows how much the tortured heart can bear Of disappointments and of crushing care; Leaving to Him the power to cleanse each spot—Oh! judge me not.

Oh, judge me not, but for the faults that lie Hidden or open to thy righteous eye, Kneel thou in pity at our Father's knee, And ask His mercy and His care for me; Pleading the Saviour's power to make all clean, Who loved on earth the fallen Magdalene, Leaving our righteous God to cleanse each blot—Oh! judge me not.



LIFE'S MILE-STONES.

AM passing by the mile-stones,
One by one, and count them o'er,
Peering through the misty distance,
Wondering, are there any more?
Oh, I cannot see the city,
And the night is growing late,
And I wonder, oh! I wonder,
Am I near the golden gate?

I am fretting, idly fretting,
Over sorrows vague and small,
And I seem to pass the mile-stones,
Without plucking fruit at all;
I have wound my thread up loosely,
I have picked no golden grain,

And my load of tares disgust me, And my thistles give me pain.

And the night is closing round me,
And I cannot, cannot see
If there's yet another mile-stone,
On the road of life for me;
Oh, the petty cares of living,
As among life's rocks I climb,
How they clog my feet and fingers
In the harvest-field of time.

And I weary, oh! I weary,
Longing, longing for the day
When, before the golden city,
Clouds and mist shall roll away;
There are dear ones fondly waiting,
In that far-off land, I know,
Who have washed their earth-stained garments,
And have made them white as snow.

And though Time's grey mile-stones weary,
As along life's way I wend,
Yet I know they bring me nearer,
Slowly, nearer to the end,

And I'll lay my burdens from me, Tares and thistles though they be, When my Saviour, sweetly smiling, Holds an open door for me.

LOVE'S REQUIEM.

Why must it be,

That ever sweeping over heart and brain,
I hear the music of thy voice again,

And dream of thee?

The dying day

Foldeth all else beneath night's mighty wing,
But cannot shroud, among life's minor things,
Love's light away.

And yet the strain—
The melody and sweetness of thy voice,
That seems in tune with all things that rejoice—
For me is vain.

I cannot stay
The ceaseless torrent of wild thoughts that bring
Love's sweet elixir from a soul-fed spring

From day to day.
But this I know.

'Twere better never to have met thy gaze,
Whose light still lingers o'er these later days
With quenchless glow.

I cannot bear
To take thy image from my heart and pour
Lethe's dark waters of oblivion o'er
A shrine so fair.

And yet a knell
Rings in my heart, and soul, and brain, and this
Is the sure end of all my fancied bliss—
Farewell!

4

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

CITTING in the dim night watches, Looking life's long journey o'er, Comes a soft and soothing whisper, From the bright and distant shore. Loved and lost ones, long departed To a fairer life than this, Woo me with a spirit greeting, Win me in a phantom kiss. Faces kissed in death's calm beauty, In the silent long-ago, Rise before my fancy, radiant With a soft, angelic glow; And I feel my treasures, floating Down the pathless way of light, Hover round when I am watching Through the sleepless hours of night. Flowers the angels plucked in pity, To adorn the courts on high, While I wept in mortal blindness, And rebelled that they should die. How their fragrance, sweeter, rarer, Floods my soul with holy light, For I know no hand can pluck them And no frost of earth can blight. And my soul arises stronger, For the midnight's mystic spell, For I know my loves are waiting In the land where all is well. And I see my many crosses, Borne in bitterness and tears, Wreathed in flowers that shall not wither Through the flight of endless years. So I take the daily burdens That the Master bids me bear. Till in Heaven I meet my treasures,

And repose for ever there.

DEATH.

CO still, so white! Is this the end Of all the hopes and fears we blend Together here, with restless brain. Through hours of toil, and thought, and pain, The racking misery of doubt. The joy we would not live without; The glowing hopes, the crushing fears, The burning drops of sorrow's tears. Life's gathered blisses few and small. Is this the peaceful end of all? Sure, it were sweet to put away The veering phantoms of to-day, For such a holy, quiet sleep, Round which no ghostly shadows creep, No yearning love that will not lay Delusion's troubles all away; No pain, no doubt, no loss, no fear, No midnight dread nor waking tear, With strong tenacity we cling To every hope that life can bring, While bubble after bubble dies And leaves us still with blinded eves. And yet—with every struggle o'er, And not a care to vex us more, 'Twere sweeter than all earthly bliss To lie in such a sleep as this.

MONEY GRUBBING.

THERE'S a blue sky up above us,
If we would but stop and look,
Lay aside the dingy ledger
And the grim old law-crammed book;
There's a dome of splendour o'er us,
Where the white clouds float along,
But we turn away and bustle
To be foremost in the throng—
Money grubbing.

There are spots on earth so lovely
For the human eye to see
That we wonder if in Heaven
Can richer beauties be;
But the log upon our spirits
Fetters close the weary wings,
And we turn away impatient
To embrace earth's meaner things—
Money grubbing.

Etiquette must have allegiance,
Politics may rack the brain,
Fashion drags her slaves behind her
By an unrelenting chain;
And the night mists gather round us
Ere the toils of day are done,
And we reckon up our blessings
By the solid cash we won—
Money grubbing.

Money grubbing, late and early,
Till both heart and brain are sore;
But we buckle up our courage,
Grasping yet a little more;
And we cannot stay to notice
How the sun sets o'er the hill,
Hearts and brains and hands so busy
With the aim that keeps us still
Money grubbing.

There's notime for petty dreaming
In this world of change and show;
Its business and its commerce
Rush along with ceaseless flow;
We are wearing brain and muscle,
As life's whirlpool spins us round,
While we search for gold and silver,
Digging on Tom Tiddler's ground—
Money grubbing.

One might fancy that the glory
And the bliss of yonder sphere
Would be meted out and measured
By the wealth we gather here;
Silver hoards must change for golden,
Hundreds grasp for thousands still,
Glittering thousands aim for millions,
And we toil with heart and will—
Money grubbing.

"IT IS FINISHED."

I T is finished! it is finished!

Low the dear head droppeth down,
After all the cruel mocking
And the martyr's thorny crown,
After all the years of struggle
And the nights of sleepless prayer,
After all the many sorrows
That He came to earth to bear,
From the lips so pale with anguish
And the heart so wrung with woe
Came the deathless words that thrill us,
From the shores of long ago—
It is finished!

It is finished, love hath conquered,
Every mortal pain is done,
More than mortal pain and sorrow
Bowed the head of God's dear Son;
Not alone the kiss of Judas,
And the cross He meekly bore,
Not the nails that rent His body,
Nor the crown of thorns He wore,
Wrung the latent cry He uttered
And the grief drops to His eye;
"Twas a broken heart's keen anguish
Quivered in that last, great cry—
It is finished!

It is finished! it is finished!
And the debt so vastly wide,
Hath been swept away for ever
In the stream that left His side;
What though you and I have wandered
In forbidden paths away,
In that open side remaineth
Still a cleansing drop to-day.
At the Cross of Calvary kneeling,
Gazing on that face of woe,
We may hear the words He uttered
In His anguish long ago—
It is finished!

It is finished! Oh! the anguish And the torture of that hour. When the King of Terrors shook Him With his mighty, crushing power, And the dome of Heaven was darkened. And the thunders rent the air. And the Temple's veil was severed Like a mortal in despair; When, in wild, appealing anguish, Went the wrung heart's piercing cry, As a lost soul might have uttered At the closed doors of the sky. Every sorrow He hath tasted, Every grief, whate'er it be, When upon the cross He suffered, As He cried for you and me— It is finished!

DROWNED.

AH, me! she had smoothened the wind-tossed hair
And kissed the cheek so round and fair,
And smiled as the restless little feet
Ran gaily out in the busy street;

She watched him scamper and dance along, With a boy's glad shout, and a snatch of song, And turned from the window with moistened eye, And murmured a prayer, "God bless my boy."

A warning dread, that would not rest, Hung phantom like about her breast; The shadow of a coming woe, Whose shape and form she could not know. She knew not why, but her heart would ask, As she went about each household task, How she *could* exist, if God took away The bright-eyed boy who had gone to play.

A dull, prophetic anguish stole Across that mother's listening soul, A wordless fear all undefined, A waking dream, a vision blind, A restlessness that made her sigh And watch the coming of her boy, And wonder, with a thrilling pain, If he would never come again.

Outside the door came the tramp of feet,
And crowds came thickly in the street,
And the waiting woman bowed her head
With a thrilling fear and a burning dread;
And the low words came in anguish wild—
"Oh! Father of Heaven, do they bring my child?"
While the crowd outside rose a murmur'd din,
As they slowly carried the burden in.

Tangled and limp were the locks of gold,
And the rounded limbs were stiff and cold,
And the open eyes too blind to see
His mother's tearless misery.
With loving hand she strove to warm
The lifeless, dripping little form,
And, kneeling by her boy, she said,
"It cannot be; he is not dead!"

Not dead—Alas! her piteous cry Could never rouse the sleeping boy, Whose restless feet had strayed too near The borders of another sphere, And, slipping out, untaught, untried, Had landed on the other side; And the strong arms that tried to save But took him from his watery grave.

'Twas but a struggle and a sigh,
And the blue waves had claimed the boy,
And she who kissed the marble brow
Had never loved him well as now;
For human hearts are slow to tell
And learn how much we love, and well.
Now oft where the waters in pity sigh,
The mother laments for her lost, dear boy.

BUBBLES.

OH! the soap and water bubbles
That I blew in childhood's hours,
When I only tasted troubles
In the brightest April showers;
How they floated for a moment
In their colours bright and gay,
Like my foolish hopes and fancies
That were bright and frail as they.

I have thought about the bubbles
Since my childhood's days have fled,
And the world's tempestuous troubles
Have perplexed my brain instead;
Ah! methinks they typed the gladness
And the pleasures of to-day,
In the many hues they gathered,
And then dropped in mist away.

I have blown life's later bubbles
In the busy walks of care,
But they always bring new troubles
As they burst upon the air;
For I cannot see them vanish,
As I did in childhood's day,
Without weeping just a little
As I watch them drop away.

And to-day the children's bubbles
Set me thinking, with a sigh,
Of the future host of troubles
They must grapple by-and-bye;
When, like mine, the airy nothings
Shall in tears and toil be blown,
And the disappointed bosom
Nurse its phantom dreams alone.

Let them laugh a little longer
In their soap-and-water bliss,
It, perchance, may make them stronger
To defy life's Judas kiss,
And, like me, when life grows darker,
With the sorrow-clouds o'ercast,
They will turn, with clinging fondness,
To the bubbles of the past.

GREY HAIRS.

OH, threads of white,
Your name is legion on my brow to-night;
How bright ye shine,
Telling me of a youth no longer mine.

I smooth ye down,
White monitors that gleam among the brown;
I had no thought
That youth's glad beauty was a joy so short.

Oh, churchyard mist,

Hanging about a brow old time hath kissed,

Must I resign

Life's Summer flowers to fairer heads than mine?

Yet let me shed
Just one sad tear o'er days for ever fled,
Then can I gaze
With calmness on life's sere and yellow days.

Youth's rosy glow

Hath from my cheek departed long ago,
And on my brow

Are earth-traced lines of care and sorrow now.

Oh, threads of white,

I shall not try to put ye out of sight;
Shine in my hair,
Since time's own warning fingers placed ye there.

How should I know

That I had reached the time of Winter snow,

If never sign

Came to disturb this Summer-tide of mine?

'Tis better so;
I need not fear to face the Winter snow,
While every stride
Brings me yet nearer to my Father's side.

So locks of grey
I greet ye kindly, tho' with tears, to-day;
My garland ye
A fitting wreath for days that used to be.



FAREWELL.

PAREWELL! if in the coming years
We two should ever meet,
The memory of our present pain
Will make the moments sweet;
Perchance in time we may lament
The anger of to-day,
And long to take each other's hand
And kiss the wrong away.
Though you and I must part in haste,
And every tie resign,
The first harsh word I may have said,
The last shall not be mine.

Farewell! who right or wrong may be,
The future yet may prove,
When distance lays a barrier down,
Affection fain would move.
Though we, in passion's burning heat,
Our future may defy,
We yet may learn, when all too late,
True love can never die;
And when a yawning distance wakes
Love's fire within the heart,
We shall despise the foolish pride
That thrust two lives apart.

Farewell! when passion's burning heat
In ashes dies away,
A pain will live within each heart,
For all we said to-day;
In calmer moments, when the soul
To gentler thought is stirred,
We'll hate the pride that could withhold
A kind, forgiving word.
If we must leave love's silken thread
With rough and jagged ends,
Still take my blessing on your way,
And let us part as friends.

LITTLE MOTHER.

With a thousand household cares,
From the time her trailing bed-gown
Sweeps the bottom of the stairs,
Till the golden head lies pillowed
In its happy childish rest,
And the guardian angel watches
That no phantoms mar the rest.

Little mother's cares are many,
With her children large and small;
Polly's got the scarlatina,
Florrie won't be still at all;
Nelly's such a naughty creature,
Never wants to go to school;
And Janette's head is broken
From a tumble off a stool.

Little mother plans and wonders,
For she don't know what to do,
Like the ancient dame who huddled
All her children in a shoe;
Then she scolds the naughty Nelly,
Saying, with a winsome sigh,
"When I buy another baby,
I believe I'll have a boy."

Little mother, dimly living
In a naive prophetic way
All the household cares and trials,
That might be another day;
Weaving, with unconscious fingers,
Threads to use in future years,
When the nursery is teeming
With its living hopes and fears.

Little mother, happy dreamer,
With a taste of womanhood,
Stepping out to meet the future
With its struggles rough and rude;

When life's real cares have planted Thought upon that sunny brow, May the soul be still as earnest, And thy heart as pure as now.

BLOTS AND BLUNDERS.

On the page of life and duty, that we ought to keep so white; And we try to hide the blotches, with a superficial care, But the blots are blots for ever, and the marks are always there.

Oh! the many jars and discords we are making in our song, Till the melody is broken, and the tune is drifted wrong, And we yell a little louder, just to try and hide the slip, But the broken music lingers in a quiver on the lip.

Oh! the many crooked stitches in the task we may not shirk,
Though we fain would scamp a little of the hardest of our work;
But the stitches grin upon us, and we have not kept them white,
And we wish we could but put it somewhere from the Master's
sight.

But the badly-written ledger must at last be handed o'er, And the song so harshly rendered shall be ours to sing no more, And the seam, so soiled and crooked, shall be opened to the light, And the Master asks us sternly why we did not do them right.

Oh! methinks in fear and sorrow, we should bow a guilty head, If we might not cleanse the garment in the stream on Calvary shed, But we'll leave the song unmended, and the task we could not do, And we'll bring them all to Jesus, for His love to pull us through.



ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR.

ONE, two, three, four,
God bless them all;
One on the golden shore
Never can fall;
One nearing manhood's days,
One aping older ways,
One in the cradle still,
Claiming its own sweet will;
Oh! let whate'er befall,
May Heaven bless them all!

One, two, three, four,
God bless the lad,
Meeting the fate in store,
Fearlessly glad;
Heaven guard his feet, and guide
Over life's sweeping tide,
Giving him grace to choose,
And wisdom to refuse,
That as earth's shadows fall,
He may have strength for all.

One, two, three, four,
Far, far away,
One on the cloudless shore
Smileth to-day;
Softly the angels came,
Calling my darling's name,
And from my loving breast,
Gently they woo'd my best;
Oh! in the mansions fair,
May I yet meet her there!

One, two, three, four,
God guard the child,
Tripping the meadows o'er,
Gleeful and wild,
Bounding with sparkling eyes
After the butterflies.

Weeping his April tears, Prattling of manhood's years, Still with unclouded joy, Heaven bless my happy boy!

One, two, three, four,
Wee little bud;
Oh! be life's mystic store
Evil or good,
Still may our Saviour sweet
Hold up my darling's feet,
Lest she should walk amiss,
Trusting earth's painted bliss;
Safely from taint of sin,
Oh! Jesus, fold her in.
And when this life is past,
Safely in heaven at last,
Oh! may I meet once more,
My one, two, three, and four.

TELL HER NOT YET.

TELL her not yet; the patient heart,
So full of gentle trust,
Can scarcely bear to see it's hopes
Crumble to common dust.
Dash not her idol from its throne,
Though frail, alas! it be,
That mother deems in all the world,
No son so brave as he.
"Tis soon enough for her to wake,
And weep another day,
When reason shatters love's frail god
To grains of common clay.

Tell her not yet; her mother soul Hath trusted him so long,
Hath deemed his honour blameless, and
His soul above all wrong;

Her heart hath built its brightest hopes
Upon her darling's name,
And fancy twined about his brow
The laurel wreath of fame.
But now, alas! his own rash hand
Hath rung hopes passing knell,
And dashed the castles she had built
For one she loved so well.

Tell her not yet; life's eventide
Is ever dim with fears,
And who would dash its autumn flowers,
And quench its light in tears?
Our pitying Father yet may send
His messenger of rest,
Before the shadow of his shame
Hath fallen on her breast.
This moving mass of human life
With panting sorrow teems,
And sin's dark rocks too often wreck
A mother's golden dreams.

IF HE SLEEP, HE SHALL DO WELL.

CLOSE the tired eyes, sweet Christ, and bid him rest,
With no wild pulsing sorrow in the breast;
Bid him forget life's many crushing woes
That marred his fitful seasons of repose;
What though earth's billows wildly heave and swell,
Yet, if he sleep, he shall do well.

Life has been full, so full of thought and care, Crosses to struggle with, and loads to bear; So hard and rude the many hills to climb, So rough the billows on the sea of time; Now, sweetly resting under death's calm spell, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well.

We are but children, worried here with thought, And petty wonderings that come to naught; Thou gives us our toys, that vex and tease, To keep, deface, or use them as we please, And they have charmed him for a little spell; Now, if he sleep, he shall do well.

He shall do well, if with a pity mild,
Thou lookest kindly on Thy erring child;
Meeting him lovingly, as we might say,
"The lad has thrown his broken toys away."
Safe on Thy breast, earth's waves may rudely swell,
Yet, if he sleep, he may do well.

TO A BOY.

OD help thee, my boy; there's a battle before thee,

A name to be made, and rare honours to win;

There's an angel of goodness that hovereth o'er thee,

Would guide thy wild feet from the meshes of sin.

Oh! boy, would you win, you must manfully try,

For there's charms to allure you wherever you go;

"Twill be easiest at first, when temptation is nigh,

To stand to your colours, and bravely say "No!"

Be earnest, my boy; it is you who are laying
The stone on which manhood its structure shall rear;
The heart's honest promptings for duty obeying,
Shall pave thee the way for a noble career.
Be honest and truthful, whatever you do,
'Tis the passport to greatness and power;
The lip that is faithful, the heart that is true,
Shall not quail in suspicion's dark hour.

There are histories of men who in doing and striving,
Have bent a strong will to the purpose at aim,
Still bravely pursuing, still nobly contriving,
Till they stood on the top of the ladder of fame.
Though a record of greatness you never may win,
Nor tread where our heroes have trod,
You may gain the applause, as you struggle with sin,
Of your own honest conscience, and God.

Remember, my boy, 'tis not wealth or position
Can give you a place where the mighty ones stand;
Our nobles have sprung from a lowly condition,
And learned to obey e'er they came to command;
"I can't," will not do, "I will," that is best,
Whatever the object in view;
And the hand that obeys the heart's highest behest,
Shall reap the reward of the true.

CYNIC, HUSH!

CYNIC, hush! if you should wander
Where a hidden serpent lay,
Should you guess the reptile waited?
Should you turn unhurt away?
Have you a keener sense of danger,
And a stronger will to fight?
Are you firmer in temptation,
Yielding only to the right?

If you have a will that only
Boweth to a nobler power;
If you have a strength that standeth
Firmly in temptation's hour;
If you never weakly wandered
Where the poison-flowers grew,
Can you not in gentle mercy
Kindly pity those who do?

There are those who long intensely
For the noble and the right,
But the earth logs are too heavy,
And they dare not face the fight;
And the cynic, coldly righteous,
And the Pharisee's proud scorn,
Make them hide the soul's great yearnings,
Humbled, helpless, and forlorn.

Cynic! though you may be stronger,
And your name be void of taint,
Did the Lord of earth and heaven
Only come to serve the saint?
He who gave thee strength to conquer
Life's temptations one by one,
Bids thee help thy weaker brother,
Bravely gird his armour on.

LOVE'S IDOLATRY.

KNOW not why my soul so clings to thee With the wild yearning of intensity: I cannot tell when first this love was new. I know not when it came, or how it grew: 'Tis not that thou hast mind of greater worth Than have the common sons of Mother Earth: 'Tis not that ever yet applause or fame Hath given pride or honour to thy name. No eloquence of thine, no thrilling theme Hath steeped my senses in this witching dream; Thou ever wert thy quiet self to me, Other than that I had not cared for thee; Yet from thy eyes my soul hath caught a gleam That stirs the sluggish current of life's stream. And, listening to thy voice, I seem to feel A rush of music o'er my spirit steal; And when my hand is prisoner in thy own, I feel this earth holds but we two alone; Or right, or wrong, or good, or ill it be, My heart hath centred all its love on thee. From whence the charm I know not; on thy face There is no beauty, and no special grace; Out from thy eye no dazzling flashes dance To thrill the soul or chain it by a glance, And never ear, save mine alone, hath heard How music lingers on thy every word; And never, sure, before hath mortal tried To think thy vices have a golden side.

But I have laid thee on the flower-wreathed shrine, Love reared within this foolish breast of mine; Looked on thy virtues with a ready eye, And smiled to pass thy little failings by. It may be madness, or it may be worse, A life-long blessing, or a future curse, I cannot tell—I know no more than this: Thou art my world, my all of worldly bliss; Thy soul hath touched a kindred chord in mine, For joy or sorrow I am ever thine.

MRS. GRUNDY'S SOLILOQUY.

SWEEP my own doorway clean every day,
For you see I must set a good pattern,
For really my neighbour just over the way
Is such an inveterate slattern.
The scraper's gone rusty, the knocker as well,

The scraper's gone rusty, the knocker as well,
And the door-knob don't offer to shine;
But I look to my own, and let others alone,
For, you see, it's no business of mine.

I don't reckon to peep, like some people I've seen,
To learn what my neighbours have got,
It's plenty for me to keep tidy and clean,
And find something to put in the pot.
But to see what great joints are cooked over the way,
And then they sit over their wine;
I'm sure I don't know how much money they owe,
But, of course, it's no business of mine.

I should hate to be seen with my cap all awry,
And my head just as rough as a bear,
Staring out in the road to see people go by,
And know what sort of clothing they wear.
But I question, indeed, if the bills can be paid,
When folks dress out so mightily fine;
But I know what I hear, and I don't interfere,
For, you see, it's no business of mine.

I sweep my own doorway, and poke my own fire,
And let everyone do as they please;
They may drag their gay dresses along in the mire,
Or wear them short up to the knees.
But I couldn't help seeing that horrid Miss White,
When she came out in feathers so fine;
For her front hair was bought, and her back hair cut short,
But, of course, it's no business of mine.

LITTLE SOULS.

T seems to me earth's narrow ways
So warp the human mind,
We rush to gain its shining gold,
And leave our best behind.

The common cares of daily life
Hold such incessant sway,
That higher, holier, grander things
Are left to die away.

The rush and crush of toil, to catch
The earth dross as it rolls,
So warps our better life within
And makes such little souls.

Such little, sickly, common souls,
That when we kneel to pray,
The earth dust clings around our hearts
And soils the words we say.

Such little souls, that fain would lie In easy, calm repose, Basking in fickle Fortune's smiles, And sheltered from its woes.

Souls that are far too mean to shew The royal badge they bear, And God, himself, can hardly see His own grand image there. Stunted and warped from long neglect,
As greedy passion rolls
And crushes down our better life,
We make such little souls.

LOVE.

WHENCE comes it? Nay, I cannot tell,
'Tis the profoundest mystery
That ever touched the human heart,
Or thrilled the page of history.

It comes a blessing, or a curse,
A sorrow, or a gladness;
It fills the heart with light and life,
Or steeps the soul in sadness.

It gives no herald of its birth,
But in its own completeness
It wraps the list'ning heart around,
And fills the soul with sweetness.

It cometh all unsought, unasked, A fair, unbidden stranger, And we are blind, and cannot see The elf is labelled "danger."

Love is a real, earnest thing,
Though some profess to doubt it,
And that is all the wisest head
Can find to say about it.

No shape, no form, nor sight, nor sound, Nor whence, nor why it knoweth, It cometh to the sleeping breast, It comes, but never goeth.

Love cannot die; though earthly dust Hath soiled its pristine brightness, There still remains about its robes A touch of heavenly whiteness.



Though human hearts must cease to beat,
And human ties must sever,
Love, like eternity, shall last
For ever and for ever.

I LEFT THEM ALL FOR THEE.

I LEFT them all for thee, dear,
The tender and the kind;
I bid my girlhood's home adieu,
And left them all behind!
And though I would not break the link
That binds my lot to thine,
Affection turns with tenderness
To all that once was mine.
Oh! speak not harshly to me now,
I could not bear to see
A flash of anger in those eyes
That should be kind to me.

I left them all for thee, dear,
And though my eyes are wet,
'Tis not because I view my lot
With feelings of regret.
Though girlhood's days have slipped away
Across life's beaten track,
I do not murmur at their flight,
Nor wish to call them back;
Content to take my destined part,
And brave the cares that be,
While thou wilt keep for every day
Thy gentlest words for me.

I left them all for thee, dear,
To tread life's vast unknown,
Glad to rely upon thy love,
And lean on thee alone.
And though my memory often turns
To joys that used to be,

There comes no yearning thoughts to wean My clinging soul from thee.

I ask no other love than thine Around my heart to bind,
While passing years and pressing cares Shall prove thee true and kind.

OUR SORROWS.

THEN some great sorrow, like a storm Upon a Summer day, Sweeps o'er the smiling soul, and strips Its happiness away; When moaning misery sternly nips Young passion's fairest bloom, And hope lies prone at sorrow's feet, For joys that died so soon; The writhing heart must groan awhile, And nurse its deep despair, Till Heaven's own angels touch the wound, And whisper comfort there. Then, like the flower that seeks the sun When thunder-storms are o'er. The heart looks upwards with a trust More fragrant than before. Tis but the cleansing of the gold That hurts us so to bear; Tis but the bringing out the dross To find the metal there. We murmur when our trials come And dark bereavements fall. Forgetful that our Father knows, And in mercy sends them all. And when our lighter pleasures fail, And some frail fancy flies, There comes a whisper to the soul To tell of purer joys. 'Tis God's great mercy takes us o'er The ways of darkest night,

That he may lead us after all,
In richer paths to light;
There is no anger in the blow
That breaks our idol here,
'Tis only that we frail ones hold
Our little joys too dear.
And when the hand of sorrow leads
To purer, richer joys,
We find the things we thought so hard
Were blessings in disguise.
The keenest grief our Father sends,
That makes us writhe and smart.
May be an angel in disguise,
To purify the heart.

WRONGED.

RAREWELL! we shall not meet again;
The past, with all its pain,
Hath burnt its record in my heart,
Its memory on my brain;
We may forgive the wrongs that make
The soul to writhe and smart,
But memory cannot die, till death
Shall still the throbbing heart.
If some rare gem of thine were hung
Upon a broken chain,
Thou surely would'st not leave it there,
And trust the link again!

Farewell! our hands we need not clasp,
Since parting yields no sigh,
There is no fervour in the grasp,
No pain in our "good-bye,"
Save that which disappointment feels,
When Hope's fair pillars fall,
And we descry we did but nurse
A phantom after all.

Forget, I cannot; memory must
Through all the future live,
Time's hand may blot the page, and Heaven
Shall teach me to forgive.

Forgive thee! yea; may He whose deeds
That lesson sweet hath taught,
Teach me, though human feeling bleeds,
To pity as I ought.
Nor you, nor I, have perfect been,
'Tis such a human thing
To chase the wasp in bitter mood
When we have felt its sting.
Forgive thee, ah! I dare no less;
Oh, may I pardon thee,
For all the anguish of the past,
As Christ forgiveth me.

THE WORDS WE SAY.

OVE'S thread is such a brittle thing,
So easily broken,
An angry answer with a hidden sting,
A harsh word spoken,
May lay Affection's garden bare, and sever
The links that should have lasted out for ever.

One lightning flash may cause a thousand tears,
And lay in ruin

The work that took the labour of long years
Of patient doing,
And the poor trembling soul looks on in horror,
Seeing in every flash some falling sorrow.

Ah, me! we will not stop to say
Our words more kindly,
But roughly brush the bloom of love away,
And deal out blindly
The heart-stabs that shall break the threads of trust,
And drag affection's tendrils in the dust.

Oh! 'tis so hard to do the right
When passions blind us;
When pride, in her defiant power and might,
In fetters binds us;
And so we stone sweet Love by harsh replying,
And then lament because we find 'tis dying.

'Twere best to think a moment, ere
The words are spoken,
Than have to shed an after bitter tear
When Faith is broken;
Human forbearance cannot last for ever,
And Love once lost can be recalled, oh, never.

Oh! gently hold the fragile link
From heart to heart,
Nor harshly dare to speak, nor lightly think,
Till rent apart,
The silken treasure slips the tardy touch,
Snapped in a moment by a word too much.

GONE HOME.

Gone home! oh, wee white lamb, Resting so calm and still, A bud picked at the foot of life's rude hill, A thought from God, recalled again, lest we Should rob it of its first sweet purity.

So calm! oh, little face—
An angel stooped to kiss,
Will it be fairer in the land of bliss?
Poor human fancy fails to picture now
What can be sweeter than that placid brow?

So white! oh, little hands,
Like lilies laid on snow,
There is no work for ye to do below;
Only an angel ministry divine
Were fit for small white hands as pure as thine.

So still! oh, little feet
That will not roam away,
God-kept and pure, with those who cannot stray;
Only upon the golden streets above,
Thy feet shall trip on errands sweet of love.

Oh! sleep that knoweth not Of all our grinding care, Our restless dreams that hover near despair; We miss the little face so mute and small, So glad our darling has escaped them all.

Sleep on! oh, little one,
These tears are not for thee,
But for the void that here will have to be;
A selfish love that staggers 'neath its cross,
Glad for thy gain, yet weeping for our loss.

'Tis well! oh, little one,
Because it could not be
Aught else but well when Jesus calls for thee;
So faith lies humbly prostrate at His feet,
So glad to give to Heaven a gift so sweet.

MY BURDENS.

I CAN bear my burdens,
Though sometimes my spirits sink.
And I think the cup is bitter
That He bids me drink;
Yet, although He loads me
With afflictions great and small,
He will give me strength to struggle
And endure them all.

I can bear my burdens,

For I know they will not be
Heavier than my Father seeth
Will be good for me.

What though I am laden
With a host of cares and woes,
Though life's day be long in passing,
It is sure to close.

I can bear my burdens,
If He holds me with His love,
For I know that I shall lose them
In His home above;
He will take them from me,
When at length I hear Him call,
And will lead me where there cometh
Not a care at all.

I can bear my burdens,
If my Master wills it so,
While, when I am faint and weary,
To His feet I go.
Patiently, and bravely,
Let me wait until I see.
Jesus, in His hands of mercy,
Holds a crown for me.

OUR LINKS.

THERE is no link unbroken here for ever,
There is no endless union below,
Daily life's tide bears to the gracious Giver
Something it brought a little time ago.

Still, onward ever, roll the mighty surges,
Backward and forward with their motley freight,
Ringing with marriage songs, or funeral dirges,
And bringing what we weakly call our "Fate."

Some joy deserts us as the tide recedeth,
Some idol sinks to rise again no more,
And while the heart o'er its new anguish bleedeth,
The waves roll on and sparkle as before.

We were not meant to cling to this world's pleasures, Nor hold its idols with too close a hand, Lest, laying up on earth our soul's dear treasures, We block the gateway to a brighter land.

We are so apt to pile Earth's joys before us, Counting them over with a clinging pride, Till the incoming billows, breaking o'er us, Carry them over to the other side.

God doeth well; He bindeth or He breaketh, And sorrow is the servant of His love; Perchance He will return the joy He taketh, Refined and chastened in His home above.

There are no links that here can last for ever, No earthly bonds but time is sure to rend; The tenderest ties of love are made to sever, As time and tide go sweeping to the end.

We hold our hands for some new mode of pleasure, Or weep to watch our dearest pass away, Till, wearied out, we drop our every treasure, And sleep like children who are tired of play.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE TO HER CHILD

Hush thee, my little one, she said,
Hush thee thy baby prattle,
For thy father is far away,
On the terrible field of battle;
Away, among dangers thick,
Where shot and shell are flying;
Perhaps he is wounded and sick,
Perhaps he is gasping and dying;
Perhaps he is lying now
Cold, stiff, and dead, and gory,
Another victim laid
On the pitiless shrine of glory

Oh, hush thee, my darling, hush!
In the record of the slain
I have found thy father's name, child,
And he never will come again;
For thy father has fallen low, boy,
With a bullet through his brow,
And his wife is a soldier's widow,
And his babe is fatherless now;
Oh, I cannot see what glory
Cor country thus shall gain,
To me 'tis a bitter story
Of murder, tears and pain.

Oh, hush thee, my darling, hush!

I have no one now but thee;
In thy bright hair and brighter eyes
Thy father still I see.
He sleeps upon foreign soil,
And when the strife is done,
'Twill little comfort you or I
To read of victory won.
Tho' our men may win the fight,
While booming cannons roar,
The victory isn't worth the life
That comes to us no more.

WITH ALL THEIR FAULTS.

WITH all their faults, we gather in our dear ones,
Our fondly-loved and near ones,
In gentle pity, when the storm is passed,
And love comes out a conqueror at the last.

With all their faults, in spite of wry grimaces,
We kiss the well-loved faces,
Feeling ashamed, when passion's heat has fled,
We had not been more wise in that we said.

With all their faults, they are our own so truly,
And though at times unruly,
We cannot rend the links of love apart
That Nature's hand has bound about the heart.

With all their faults, the faults that daily grieve us,
We would not have them leave us;
But pitying the strength so prone to fall,
We take them to us and forgive them all.

With all their faults, we hold our arms out ever,
Thrusting them from us never;
Because, however weak and wayward grown,
We know and feel that still they are our own.

With all their faults—ah! if we deal so kindly,
When dear ones wander blindly,
When we go stumbling in the mire and fall,
Shall He not pity who hath made us all?

With all their faults, when Nature errs in blindness,
Our Father still in kindness
Looks on our stubbornness and wayward will,
And calls His erring children to Him still.

With all our faults, He has not less compassion
Than we of frailer fashion,
And if we pity when our dear ones fall,
Shall He do less who careth for us all?

WHERE ART THOU?

I AM sitting all alone, dear,
In a dreamy, spirit haze,
Thinking of the bygone gladness
Of our younger, brighter days;
Thinking, wondering, hoping, fearing,
With Time's shadows on my brow,
I am here, and I am lonely—
Where art thou?

I have put my bright hopes from me,
As a dream that could not be,
Since the whole of bliss was centred
In the joy I found in thee,
And perchance 'tis idle dreaming
Among memory's relics now,
But I wait, and watch, and wonder—
Where art thou?

Oh! perchance thou hast forgotten,
As life's ways have broader grown,
And the musing, and the loving,
And the dreams are mine alone;
We had twined our hopes together,
And though widely severed now,
Still I sing to Love's soft music—
Where art thou?

Fare thee well, thy heedless fingers
May have dropped the silken thread,
And thy heart have made its music
To some newer theme instead.
Oh! I know not what is lying
'Twixt our fates and fortunes now,
I am here, and I am lonely—
Where art thou?

OUR IDOLS.

WHEN we wake from a dream of the blindest devotion, And find our dear idols are nothing but clay; When fancy is spilt upon fact's mighty ocean, And the sands where we built have all fritter'd away;

When the shrine in our breast holds a god that is shattered, And we find that our dearest is human and frail; When the wings of our idols are woefully battered, And its earth-draggled garments so hopelessly trail; 'Tis bitter enough to awake from our dreaming,
And fling our delusions for ever away,
To find there was hidden, 'neath promise and seeming,
The frailties and follies of stumbling clay.

Ah, me! we will err in our foolish devotion,
And blindly adore some poor tempted one here,
Till their virtues are spilt upon life's mighty ocean,
And we lose our firm trust in the being most dear.

'Twere better to bury the hopes that deceived us,
And look on our dear ones as human and weak,
Folding down the life-page on the spot where they grieved us,
And kiss the bright tear from the feeble one's cheek,

And love them again; not as those whose uprightness
No sin can pollute, and no folly can taint,
As the devotee pictures how pure is the whiteness,
And spotlessly perfect the robe of his saint.

'Twere wisest to pity with gentle compassion,
And when they have fallen to lift them again,
To pull down the shrine of idolatrous fashion,
And honestly love all as women and men.

LEAVES.

PALLING and whirling, and fluttering down,
Beautiful leaves, all crisp and brown;
Decking the grave where the Summer lies,
Under the grey of the Autumn skies,
Sighing and moaning, while Nature grieves—
Leaves, dry leaves.

Beautiful leaves that the Autumn's breath
Woos to a blush and then kisses to death;
Greenness and beauty seeking decay,
Summer's rare loveliness fading away,
Shroud for the Summer, grim Autumn weaves—
Leaves, dead leaves.

Spring left its buds and blossoms gay,
Summer has passed from its reign away,
Autumn comes shaking the dry leaves low,
Ready for Winter's pure garb of snow,
Shroud for the year which the frost king weaves—
Leaves, all leaves.

Life has its Springs, and its Summers too,
Beautiful flowers of brightest hue;
Life has its Autumn of blasting care,
Stripping the heart till it leaves it bare;
Hopes drop away while the sick heart grieves—
Leaves, dead leaves.

Yet, when life's Summer joys are past;
Yet, when the Autumn comes at last;
Oh! be the tossed soul purified,
And white as the snows of the Winter tide;
Stripped of the garments folly weaves—
Leaves, all leaves.

WE DO NOT DREAM.

WE do not dream the words we say
Will take such depth of root,
And bear for us, another day,
A load of bitter fruit.

We do not dream the deeds we do, In thoughtless haste and jest, Will deal a stab of anguish through Some gentle human breast.

We do not dream the thoughts that flow Around the wandering brain To idle weeds of sin will grow, And yield us after-pain.

But thoughts, and words, and deeds of ours, How full they are of wrong; 'Tis like a blight upon the flowers, Or rupture in a song. We nurse the thought that no one knows, And yet, in coming years, To good or evil act it grows, And brings us joys or tears.

We say the words in heedless haste, That passing feelings suit, And then we murmur at the taste, And do not like the fruit.

We do the deed that brings us bliss
Or takes the good we need,
With scarce an hour of thoughtfulness
To ponder o'er the deed.

Ah, me! in telling out life's tale
By word and deed and thought,
Our feeble strength is prone to fail
To serve us as it ought.

The little acts of daily life
They make or mar our joy;
Like bread upon the waters cast,
We find them by-and-bye.

WITH THOSE THAT WEEP.

WAS trying to be merry,
And to sing a lighter strain,
When I heard a voice beside me
Pleading in a tone of pain—
"Lady, I have little children
Vainly asking food to eat;
They are crying, cold and hungry,
While I beg along the street.
Lady, he who should have fed us
Left us here to starve and pine,
And I had no food this morning
For these little ones of mine."

So the joyous thoughts fell from me, For I could not bear to jest While a weight of care was pressing On a fellow-creature's breast.

Once again the mood came o'er me, And I pushed my clouds away, Taking up my pen to revel In a mirth-inspiring lay: But a wail of anguish reached me, Breathed with horror-freighted breath— "Some poor fellow, cut and mangled On the railway, crushed to death, And at home are little children Who must needs be clothed and fed, And a mother far too feeble To provide them daily bread." So my stream of joyous fancies In an instant fled away. And I turned my song of gladness To a dreary requiem lay.

Oh! the world is full of wailings, And the piteous cries of pain Swell above earth's lighter music. Like a discord in the strain: And we cannot check the sadness That across the spirits steal, For the wrongs we cannot comfort, And the woes we cannot heal. 'Tis not well to sing earth's music Till our hearts grow deaf and blind To the tears, and prayers, and pleadings Of a suffering human kind; Strike who will a strain of gladness, I must pity those who weep, Till the brighter bliss of Heaven Hushes earthly woes to sleep.

NIGHT.

DEAUTIFUL night, clasping the great world in From noise and clamour, and the toil of day, To still sweet restfulness, and gentle calm That cometh to the weary child of toil Like water in the desert wild, or joy After long sorrowing. So tired of all The business and unrest of busy day, The vexing phantoms that we could not catch, The evils that o'ertake us unawares, The hopes, and doubts, and dreads, and fears of life, So tired of all. Oh! it is sweet to watch The sombre curtain from God's mighty hand Unroll its vast unmeasured folds around, Hushing our souls to quiet thoughtfulness, That, spite of all our wayward wanderings, Our Father knows His children have grown tired: And just as we tuck our wee ones away. In loving pity for the follies done, And kiss the upturned lips, and stop to say-"God bless them, spite of all!" So He, our Father, lofty in His love, Covers us over with His mighty wing, And whispers peace. Peace to the troubled soul, Peace to the toil-worn hands, and aching eyes, The throbbing head, and weary whirling brain; Peace 'neath the star-gemmed canopy of Heaven, Sweet peace on earth, God-sent, refreshing calm, Beneath the close-drawn curtain of His night.



"BE YE KIND TO ONE ANOTHER."

SOFTLY, sweetly comes a murmur From the ages passed away, Teaching us a holy lesson
To be practised every day;
Whispers that the callous bosom
Vainly tries to hide and smother,
But the voice is ever pleading—
"Be ye kind to one another."

Human eyes are prone to blindness,
Dazzled by a golden glow,
And the pleasant chink of silver
Drowns the sigh of human woe;
But a still small voice within us,
Pleading for a weaker brother,
Gently tells of One who taught us—
"Be ye kind to one another."

Fiery flashes of resentment,

How they cloud the human soul,

While the waves of hate and anger

O'er the heart's affections roll;

And we will not heed or pity,

In our eager haste to smother

Love's sweet voice that faintly pleadeth—

"Be ye kind to one another."

Oh! 'twere wise to heed the lesson,
In a world so rude as this,
Taught by One whose pure lips never,
Never taught us aught amiss;
Help a struggling fellow-creature,
And forgive an erring brother,
'Tis the Master's hallowed teaching—
"Be ye kind to one another."

LITTLE THINGS.

TWAS but a trifling action, Born of a kindly thought, A little word of pity By God's dear angels taught; A deed that passed unnoticed, Unheeded and unknown, Save by the heart it gladdened, And God's great eye alone; A trifle unrecorded Before a listening throng, An act that gained no record In thrilling prose or song. But the angels stooped to listen To the tale of sore distress, And Christ approved the doer Of the deed of kindliness. Oh! there is gloom and sorrow Around us every day, That gentle hands and fingers Might help to chase away; Souls that are bowed and bleeding, And yielding to despair For lack of human pity And dearth of human care, And He who sees each mourner Knows, and remembers too, How much we have accomplished And how much we ought to do. 'Tis little deeds of kindness That no one else may see, And gentle words of sweetness He asks of you and me; And though some shining action Eclipse our lesser light, The God who understands it Is sure to put it right.

CHRISTMAS.

THERE'S a song of joy and gladness
Stealing softly o'er the earth,
And a mellow flood of rapture
Ringing out in hope and mirth;
There's a theme of joyous greeting
Swelling far on every side,
Telling out the happy measure
Of another Christmas tide.

Wee ones poke in ponderous parcels,
Wondering what is hidden there;
Mischief peeps in grandad's pockets
While he doses in his chair;
Happy maidens, coyly blushing,
Hang the mystic bough above,
With a little eager flutter
And a lingering dream of love.

Motherhood is staidly quiet
O'er the tasks that must be done,
Worried with so many duties,
Wearied of such noisy fun;
Yet, she gives the children license
For a little ruder play,
Saying, in a dreamy manner,
"'Tisn't Christmas every day."

Little tongues are gaily chatting,
Without weariness or pause,
Of the presents and the puddings,
And the wondrous "Santa Claus;"
And the mother plans and listens
To the little ones' delight,
Thinking of the hungry stockings
That must needs be filled to-night.

Granny nods in silent musing, Roused by many a noisy shout, And they wonder what does granny
Find to-night to think about;
And the maiden, softly singing,
With her bright eyes all aglow,
Lives through all the hopes and fancies
Granny had so long ago.

Hark! a footstep brings the warm blood
To the aged, furrowed brow,
And her boy is bending o'er her,
Brown, and strong, and bearded now;
And the dim eyes flash a welcome
With a wealth of honest pride,
For the boy who, long expected,
Brings her joy at Christmas tide.

Hark! another sound of footsteps,
And a greeting fond and low,
And a lover leads a maiden
Underneath the mistletoe;
Mother feigns a little blindness,
Granny chats beside her boy,
While the maiden, coyly happy,
Welcomes home her Christmas joy.

Hark! the music loudly pealing
From the belfry old and gray,
'Tis the herald for rejoicing
On another Christmas Day.
Oh! may all earth's woes be lighter,
And the tear of sorrow dried,
And the God of earth and heaven
Give us joy at Christmas tide.



OH, MOTHER EARTH!

OH, mother earth! Thy children are a-weary,
Struggling and sorrowing through colossal woes,
Plodding o'er ways all sorrow-girt and dreary,
And pleading, pining, longing for repose;
Longing for night when day's full glow is o'er them,
Praying for morning when the night is here,
Rushing to meet whatever lies before them,
And greeting life's wild gladness with a tear.

Oh, mother earth! The voice of want is crying,
Thy children languish on thy throbbing breast,
Wooing thy arms to hush their piteous sighing,
And fold their sorrows into calm and rest;
Here is no rest, thy bosom, like the ocean,
Rises and falls in waves of weed and foam,
Bearing us ever on in wild commotion,
And whispering softly of a distant home.

Oh, mother earth! Thy trusting child is cheaten, Crushed in the struggle and the toil for pelf, Like an old carpet, trampled on and beaten, Until it bears no likeness to itself; The best of heart and soul is held as lightly As the hard stones we tread beneath our feet, Till battered, shapeless, sin-stained and unsightly, It lies a footstool for another's feet.

Oh, mother earth! thy green hills glow with gladness,
And birds and bees are happy in their song,
Only thy children weary thee with sadness,
Till echo answers back the cry of wrong.
Why must it be that hearts are trodden under
As something made for idle sport and jest?
Till the worn body bursts its bonds asunder,
And lies, oh, mother earth! upon thy breast.

WHATEVER HER FAULTS.

"WHATEVER her faults, we forgive her,"
Say this in a gentle tone,
When over the mystic river
My soul to her rest hath flown;
Whatever my failings and follies,
And many, ah, many they be,
When I cannot defend or explain them,
Oh! be gentle and tender to me.

"Whatever her faults, we forgive her,"
Say this when I sleep in death,
When back to the bountiful giver
I have yielded my fluttering breath;
When troubles are powerless to touch me,
And life's sorrows have run to the end,
When I see not the frown of the scorner,
And hear not the voice of a friend.

"Whatever her faults, we forgive her,"
Say this with a pity true,
And ask that, beyond the river,
Our God may forgive me too;
I ask not the praise of the many,
When I leave the world's follies behind,
If only a few will defend me,
And only a few will be kind.

"Whatever her faults, we forgive her,"
Say this, for ye cannot think
How sharp are the swords that sever,
How strong are the threads that link.
Oh! pity, with Christian kindness,
The faults that are open to view,
And may He who in secret seeth,
Forgive all that is hidden, too.



PARTED.

TAKE back thy tender words,
Lovingly spoken,
Take back thy promises,
Wantonly broken.
Why did I heed thy vow?
Why did I trust?
Feeble and blighted now,
Faith trails the dust.

Take back the love you said
Never could alter,
Take back the heart I thought
Too true to falter;
Lips that were used to tell
Love's thrilling tale,
Eyes that could feign so well,
All, all are frail.

Low at the altar our
Life's vows were plighted,
Under the eye of God,
Hands were united;
Will He forgive us now,
We who have trod
Over each solemn vow,
Mocking our God?

Take back the ring you gave,
Hide it for ever,
Type of *ternity,
Ending, ah! never;
We, by a broken vow
Coldly estranged,
Love not the emblem now,
All life has changed.

Take back thy freedom, thy Fetters are broken,

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Love, dead and buried, asks
Naught as a token;
I, who have wept to know
Shame and regret,
Yet will forgive thee, though
Never forget.

MARRIAGE VOWS.

OH! not in thoughtless humour,
In light and careless way,
As though the tie were only meant
To last a Summer day;
The life you spend together,
Perhaps may not be long,
But better die to-day than link
Life's lasting fetters wrong.

Oh! bind love's wreath in kindness,
And tend the flowers with care,
Lest blight should gather in the leaves,
Or canker cluster there;
Oh! take the promise wisely,
Nor lightly, rashly say
The words no after-flood of tears
Can ever wash away.

The blunder may be common,

A theme of daily life,
But who would lay their freedom down

To be the slave of strife?

The vow too lightly uttered,

The soul too easy vexed,

May spoil the bliss this world might give,

And jeopardise the next.

Tis hard to live in bondage And fetters every day, And yet to love the very links That wear the soul away; Think, ere the words are spoken,
And take the step in prayer,
And God will well approve the deed,
If heart and hand are there.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

THERE'S a rift in the clouds, and the storm has passed,
And the sun breaks over the earth at last,
And the birds rejoice with a glad surprise,
And the flowers look up through their tearful eyes,
And the air is filled with a pleasant hum,
Like a herald sweet of the joys to come.

There's a rift in the cloud, and the storm-sick crew So gladly welcome the tinge of blue, And talk again of the land afar, And the dear old home where the loved ones are, And they watch in hope for the nearing shore, While the breezes carry them home once more.

There's a rift in the cloud, when our torn hearts weep, And the storm of sorrow sinks down to sleep, And we calmly gaze on life's chaos wild, With the perfect trust of a little child, When the angels, seeing us blindly grope, Drop warm in our bosoms the seeds of hope.

There's a rift in the cloud when a loving kiss Blots out the record of aught amiss, When gathered in to affection strong, There comes no taunt of the old, old wrong, And the deed that rent love's links apart Is buried low in a dear one's heart.



OUR HASTY WORDS.

HOW bitterly they echo
From the dim past's sounding shore,
Among the rush of busy life,
Above its mighty roar;
How often, oh! how often
We seem to hear again
The words we knew were all too sure
To give another pain.

We chase the ghostly phantoms
That wander through the breast,
But cannot lull to lasting sleep
The spirit of unrest.
The links we broke in anger,
When passion made us blind,
Are sure to thrust their jagged ends
Within the tortured mind.

They sting the soul to sorrow,
As memory speaks in pain
Of those we wounded in the past,
And may not kiss again;
Too late, too late we hunger
For the love we thrust aside,
When first we left its flowers to die
Upon the shrine of pride.

And only yawning distance
Mocks our repentant tears,
And memory's dim reproaches ring
Through all the future years.
Oh! hasty words and actions,
They yield a lasting pain,
And links are broke, and hearts estranged,
To never meet again.

THE LOVES AT HOME.

WHEN they gather at home in the evening, And chat of the sleeping day, Do they ever speak of the absent one Wandering far away?

Do they think of me now and bless me, And murmur my name in love? Do they cling to the sweet hope ever That yet we may meet above?

Do they kneel when the day is over
Low down at our Father's knee,
And remember in love's petition
To whisper a prayer for me?

Ah, me! in the old home kneeling,
When the glow of the day is gone,
I know that a warm heart pleadeth
To God for the absent one.

Pleading for help and comfort Over the world's rude strife; Pleading for patient guidance On to a better life;

Pleading as only mothers
Plead at the throne above,
For the erring, the dear, and absent,
Still linked in the chain of love.

Father, though life may bring them Full many a cross to bear, Watch o'er the old home ever, And guard the loved ones there.

"BUT WHEN THE MORNING WAS COME JESUS STOOD ON THE SHORE."—St. John, xxi., 4.

WHEN the darkness shall have ended,
And the long-expected light
Chases all the gloomy shadows
That have hovered o'er the night;
When our dim eyes catch the splendour
Of the city on before,
We shall see the form of Jesus
Waiting for us on the shore.

Off! 'twill seem so mean a trifle,
This poor pilgrimage of care,
When our ship shall anchor firmly
From the deep shoals of despair;
We are sure to land in safety,
When above the waters' roar
We discern the voice of Jesus
Calling softly from the shore.

In the morning glow of beauty,
In the flush of fairer light,
After all our fruitless toiling
Through the stormy gloom of night,
When the battered barque that holds us
Cannot breast life's tempest more,
Oh! how sweet to meet with Jesus
Standing waiting on the shore;

Waiting for our shattered vessels,
With their freight of woe and pain,
Nevermore to leave the harbour,
Nevermore to sail again;
Just a few more waves shall toss us
And the voyage will soon be o'er,
And the light of morning show us
Jesus standing on the shore.

LEAD. LORD.

EAD, Lord; I cannot see the distant shore, But if I hear Thy footstep on before I shall not fear so much, though dark it be, If it but brings me nearer still to Thee.

Lead. Lord: Thy child is weak, and Thou art strong, And cares perplex, and pleasures lead me wrong; Speak, though Thy voice seem harsh and hard to me, Twill guide me onward while I follow Thee.

Lead. Lord: and though the way perchance is rough, Yet wilt Thou give me fruit and flowers enough; And when I dally idly on in play, Take Thou my stumbling-blocks, in love, away.

Lead, Lord; and though Thy child, in tears and pain, Shall dare to doubt, and murmur, and complain, Take my reluctant hand, and let me see Tis thus Thy children needs must follow Thee.

Lead, Lord, along the way, and when I hear The rushing waves I shall not shrink nor fear: Knowing Thy voice all earthly clouds shall flee, When o'er the waves of death I follow Thee.

YOU AND I.

NEVER mind, my darling, whatsoe'er the weather, Let us two go bravely out, plodding on together, Fearing fate nor fortune, tho' in mists they lie, While we travel side by side, you and I.

Though the clouds are heavy, as they hover o'er us, And the untried future stretches out before us; If Love steers the vessel, while the waves roll by. We shall know no hurt nor wreck, you and I.

What's the use of holding open arms to sorrow, Time enough for us, my love, if it calls to-morrow; Summer suns are sure to set, Summer flowers will die, Surely Winter will not hurt us, you and I.

Grief is sure to find us, though we try to dodge him, But we needn't take him in, and bed, board, and lodge him; Sharing each the other's sadness till the clouds pass by, Only death can come between us, you and I.

OUR BEST.

OD often takes our fairest,
Our sweetest and our rarest,

To swell the joyous harmony that floods the courts above;

He takes the dearest treasure,

At His almighty pleasure,

From earthly sorrow and from earthly love;

Our sweetest, our brightest,

Our purest, our whitest,

The one with the glimmer of Heaven in its eye,

The one whose affection,

Like angel protection,

Seemed borrowed awhile from the bliss of the sky. He takes them away, and we rail in our blindness, We see not the good and we own not the kindness, We think not how free from all sorrows at rest Is the wee little birdie that flew from our nest. Ah, me! if we knew, when away from our sight We laid our fair little one far from the light,

How calm is the rest

In that shadowless breast,

And how bright the rich glory the little ones bring To the shores of the angels, the Throne of the King; If we knew, if we felt, if we only could see How cloudlessly lovely their glory must be,

We might put them away,

Our idols of clay,

So glad that the Saviour, in seeking flowers, Looked over earth's garden and gathered ours.

> Ah, me! We will not see

Because we love them so,

And loving, cannot bear to let them go;

We grudge our darlings what is good and fair, Because we are not pure enough to share.

> Oh, give Him the fairest, The sweetest, the rarest,

To twine in the wreath that shall never grow old; Oh, give Him the brightest.

The purest, the whitest,

A gem for His crown and a lamb for His fold.

. For safe in His arms,

From the world and its charms,

He shall guard our sweet treasures from sorrow and pain,

And our dearest, our fairest, Our sweetest and rarest.

Shall yet be our own when we meet them again.

VENEER.

MAY child, 'tisn't always the shiniest vest
Is destined to cover the manliest breast,
'Tisn't always the hand with the brightest of rings
Will do the most noble and beautiful things;
There's no firmness and trust in that glossing and pride
That carries its best glaring on the outside,
For believe me, in spite of attractions, my dear,
You'll find at the best it is only veneer.

The hair may be charmingly glossy and bright,
The shirt bosom quite an immaculate white,
The dress may be perfect as art can contrive—
A walking advertisement, really alive!
The "toff" may be perfect from his head to his feet,
His movements enchanting, his voice low and sweet;
But his manners may change when life's dark clouds appear,
For it's all on the outside, it's only veneer.

There's many a heart paid a terrible price
For a "get-up" that looked so delightfully nice,
Finding out, when too late, that those sweet winning ways
Are only put on just for company days,

And the tender attentions are light as sea-foam, For it isn't worth while to be charming at home; And the garb of the dandy, tho' awfully dear, Is nothing at best but a shell of veneer.

It's all very well, girl, in company hours, But life isn't always a pathway of flowers, And the simpering dandy, wrapped up in his dress, Will be only a clog in the hour of distress. If you wish to be happy, don't fish for a "nob," Made up by the laundress, the tailor, and snob, Or you'll find what you took for affection sincere Is nothing at all but a shell of veneer.

GOD SEES THEM ALL.

God sees them all—
The skeletons that grin up in our faces,
And scare us with their mutterings and grimaces;
Shaking their dry bones in our weary ears,
Phantoms and shadows from the mis-spent years.

God sees them all—
The haunting thoughts that flood the soul unbidden,
Mists from the past in solemn silence hidden;
Threads dark and strong that tangle round our feet
The loops and meshes of some dark deceit.

God knows them all— However eagerly we try to smother, However well we may deceive another; The human soul, with all its shadows grim, Is but a whited sepulchre to Him.

God sees them all—
The wrongs we do so often and so weakly,
The crosses murmur'd o'er or suffered meekly,
The wrongs that rankle in the breast unhealed,
The inner hate by outer smiles concealed.

God sees them all—
Our every folly and our human weakness,
The pride that will not bear the joke in meekness;

The blots upon life's ledger, great or small, Are open to His eye who knoweth all.

God sees them all—

The first mistake that led to so much sinning, The wrong grown larger from the first beginning; And while He sees our failings, great and small, Had we not better kneel and tell Him all.

God sees them all-

And, seeing all things, in His perfect kindness, Shall He not lift us when we slip for blindness, And o'er the mountain path, so rude and steep, Lead back to safety His own wandering sheep.

OUTSIDE.

T ORD, Lord, I stand outside, so poor and cold. Watching Thy favoured lambs within the fold. A little glimmer from the inner light Shows me how dismal is this wintry night; And I am longing, longing, Lord, to lie Low at the gate while Thou art passing by. Thy sheep are safe, Lord, safe, while I am cold, Groping in shadows dark outside the fold. I heard the bell call in Thy chosen sheep, And longed, so long and earnestly, to creep Here, to the gate, that I might catch the light, And touch Thy garment's hem so pure and white; And here am I, Lord, full of earthly care, Too vile to go among Thy chosen there; Yet smile, sweet Christ, and let Thy frail one die Listening and loving, while my Lord goes by. I am unclean, yet, Saviour, only say-"Poor wanderer, cast those filthy rags away!"

Hide me in pity from these sheep of Thine, Lest they behold this nakedness of mine. I am too vile for human eves to see. And dare not plead to any but to Thee; Thy perfect ones would pass me by in scorn. Too low, and mean, and guilty, and forlorn; Only to Thee, Lord, dare I kneel and pray, Forgive and wash, nor send me hence away; Find me one spot, though but the meanest place. Where I can catch the brightness of Thy face, Join the soft music of the higher sphere, Where my weak tones may jar no other ear; One little spot, where I may stand and see The bliss of those who here have walked with Thee. Lord, ere the gathering mists grow thick and deep, Pity the sorrows of Thy wandering sheep. Find me a place, tho' I have tarried late, Where I may lay me down inside the gate, And when Thy righteous ones, in holy scorn, Lift their white hands because I am forlorn. Hide me, sweet Saviour, in Thy mercy deep, And tell them all I am Thy long-lost sheep.

WHEN THOSE WE LOVE FORGET.

In the evening's hazy light,
Watching how the soft clouds nestle
On the bosom of the night,
And the sleepy shadows deepen,
And the sun sinks dim and low,
And I dream of those who loved me
In the far-off long ago—
Though 'tis worse than idle thinking,
With an empty, vain regret,
For 'tis folly to remember
When those we love forget.

Yet so many, many mem'ries
Gather o'er my soul to-night,
Mem'ries that can never vanish
Out of mind nor out of sight;
They are dancing in the firelight,
In its flickering gentle glow,
They are peering through the shadows
As they waver too and fro.
Those who once were kind and tender
Rise before my fancy yet—
But 'tis folly to remember
When those we love forget.

There are voices—happy voices—I can hear them as they go,
But the voice that made my music
Is a theme of long-ago.
There are footsteps ever passing,
But they bring no joy to me,
For the step so long expected
Is a thing that used to be.
I am dreaming in the twilight,
Looking back with vain regret,
Yet 'tis folly to remember
When those we love forget.

I am sitting in the twilight,
Looking o'er my vanished past,
O'er the loves too wildly precious,
And the hopes too sweet too last,
And I wonder, oh! I wonder,
Do they ever think of me?
Shall I meet them all in Heaven,
In the future yet to be?
Oh! they may have dropped love's roses,
But I cannot loose them yet,
Though 'tis folly to remember
When those we love forget.
N.

HOME LOVE.

TWINE the wreath of home affection
With an earnest, gentle care;
On the leaves and in the flowers
Let no killing blight be there.
'Tis no easy task, remember,
To revive a faded flower;
Better watch it well and guard it
In its early opening hour.

Idle words are lightly spoken,
But they yield an after pain,
'Tis the gentle dew reviveth
Better than the drenching rain;
'Tis the silent winds refresh us,
But we listen with a sigh,
As the reckless, fierce tornado
Howls and shrieks in frenzy by.

Love is such a fragile blossom,
Needing such a constant care,
Lest the rough winds strip its petals,
Or a blight be on the air;
Faith and trust so oft are shaken
By a word too rashly said,
And the leaves droop limp and feeble
When the early bloom hath fled.

Twine the wreath with fadeless blossoms,
Trophies from the higher sphere,
Angels bring the flowers earthward,
Dropping them in kindness here;
Plait them in with earnest fingers,
Flowers from Heaven to bless and bloom,
Till we lay them, fair and fadeless,
Fondly on a loved one's tomb.

I MUST NOT LOVE THEE THUS.

I MUST not love thee thus; it must not be;
There is a greater, mightier One than thee;
There is another,
More kind, more wise, more true than any other,
And if I give the Master's best away,
What will He say?

I must not love thee thus; there is a claim
Greater than thine, purchased by years of shame
And patient bearing,
The cross-enduring, and the death-crown wearing;
A royal claim upon this love of mine
Surpassing thine.

I must not love thee thus; this human bliss
That builds its sweetness on another's kiss,
And calmly lying
On some fond breast, forgets that we are dying;
Forgets that love may change, and hopes will pale,
And all is frail.

I must not love thee thus; it must not be;
Loose thy encircling arms and set me free;
Down from thy shrine!
Step down! my idol, for it is not thine;
Of all that can live in the human breast
Christ claims the best.

I must not love thee thus; it may not be;
Give God His own; and when I dream of thee,
Fondly and kindly,
He shall not see me worship thee too blindly;
So He will give thee back when earth is passed
Thy own at last.

MOTHERS! MIND!

LITTLE feet are gaily climbing
Without weariness or care,
Stepping on and off the footstool,
Getting up and down the chair;
Living only for the present
In the young heart's baby way,
Either knowing not, or caring
There is danger in the play;
Baby limbs are easy broken,
Frail and tender, weak and small,
Mothers! watch the little climbers,
Mothers! mind they do not fall.

Youth is weak, and hot, and hasty,
Reaching forward every day
For some fair and new attraction,
Or some bauble far away;
Seeing not the serpent hiding
Where the flowers are gay and sweet,
Heeding not the briars and brambles
Till they pierce the eager feet;
Picking treasures from the waters
That are pebbles after all;
While the eager hands are diving,
Mothers! mind they do not fall.

Children every day are falling,
For the want of patient care,
Youths and maidens, too, are slipping
Into many a demon snare;
All the world is full of climbers,
Bound for fortune, fame and mirth,
Eager hands are stretched to gather
All the tempting joys of earth;
While the youths and maidens listen
To the syren Pleasure's call,
Mothers! give the needed caution,
Mothers! mind they do not fall.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

WE who have parted with words harshly spoken, Hearts turned to hatred, and promises broken; We whose hot lips spake in bitterest strain, Striving whose words could yield cruellest pain; We who in passion's heat would not speak kindly. Answering so harshly, judging so blindly; Oh! have we, too, through the pangs of regret, Learned to forgive it, and tried to forget? Shadows and pains of mortality's making, Shadow's soul crushing, and sorrow's heart breaking Have fallen o'er me, and I would that I knew If thou hast been wrapped in their heaviness too? If cloud of my making hath hidden life's gladness, If wrong of my doing hath plunged thee in sadness. And if yet for my sake from the deeps of regret Thou hast learned to forgive, and will try to forget. If here in this life I shall meet with thee never. Can we kiss and be friends in that earnest for ever? Can we bury the past and its anger and pain, And never, no never, recall it again? Shall we two be made meet for a future of glory, Washed clean from the shame of this passion-stained story? Through the love that hath paid all sin's terrible debt. Oh! have we forgiven, and can we forget?

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

PALE and still, in her quiet room, with only the angels nigh,
A mother knelt with an aching heart, and a tear-forsaken eye,
Knelt with an earnest, trusting faith, and a longing upward gaze,
And pleaded alone to the unseen One, as only a mother prays.
And the Saviour listened tenderly, and the waiting angels smiled,
While the kneeler asked God's gentle care for a little sleeping child;
And other prayers went up to Heaven, for those who had older
grown,

Till every name in that household band was laid at the Master's throne.

And then in a voice more earnest still, did the kneeling woman pray

For the wandering one of that little flock, the child who was far away,

Away from the peaceful calm of home, beset with snares untold, A wandering sheep in the wilds of sin, afar from the Shepherd's fold.

"Oh, save my boy," said the pleading voice, "and out from the mire of sin

Take Thou the hand of my wayward one, and gather the wanderer in;

By sorrow, or pain, or loss, or ill, whatever Thy will may be, Oh! lead him, by the Saviour's Cross, to Heaven, and home, and Thee."

That night, in a dream, the youth went back to the old home far away,

And the flickering lamp burned dim and low while his mother knelt to pray;

He saw the white uplifted face, so wan, so spent, and sad, And heard the words, "Oh, pitying Christ, look on my wayward lad."

The dreamer watched the kneeling form, and as he thought to speak,

A soft-winged angel stooped between and kissed the woman's cheek,

"Listen," she said in softest tones, "thy time of grief is passed, And from these watching, waiting years, I bring thee rest at last."

Softly the angel passed away, and still the kneeler's head Lay calm and white in tranquil sleep, soft pillowed on her bed, "Mother, awake!" the dreamer said; "Oh, mother, it is I," But not a quiver stirred her lips, or memory lit her eye.

He touched the thin hand with his own, he raised the drooping head,

And, "Mother, mother," came the cry, "My mother, art thou dead?"

And as he raised the yielding form with arms of gentlest care, Remembrance whispered to his heart his childhood's simple prayer. He started wildly from his bed, "Oh, mother, can it be That thou hast passed the golden gate, and dying, prayed for me?" "Dear God!" he cried, "through all the years that may to me remain,

Teach me to live that her fond prayers may not be prayed in vain."

MAGGIE'S VALENTINES.

THE first with nervous hand she took
And read, with blushing face,
All the endearing tenderness
A lover's pen can trace.

It was a fair, a costly thing,
And breathed a tender strain,
And held a clinging hope that love
Had not been given in vain.

A shade of thought came o'er her brow, A teardrop to her eye, And then she shook her shining head And laid the missive by.

And then the next, with trembling hand, She open'd, while the blood O'er neck and cheek and snowy brow Mantled a crimson flood.

A smile played softly round her lips, Her dark eyes shone more bright, And glittering in their eagerness, Glowed with a tell-tale light.

'Twas little, but to her it brought
A happiness untold;
And Maggie held her treasure as
A miser would his gold.

A line upon a paper wrapped
Around some snowdrops white;
"Will Maggie wear these on her breast
For William's sake to-night?"

Oh! foolish little fluttering heart, Oh! tender, downcast eye; One pearly tear fell on the flowers, But 'twas a tear of joy.

That night the snowdrops played their part, And lay on Maggie's breast; And softly, in the evening dim, The secret was confessed.

Gently the loved one, in her ear, Whisper'd, "wilt thou be mine?" And Maggie laid the snowdrops by, Her sweetest valentine.

TO A DAISY.

BEAUTIFUL daisy! wee white thing,
Simple child of the green-robed Spring,
Like an angel's thought dropped kindly here,
Or a star of hope from the better sphere,
Fair Nature's simplest, fairest child,

Oh, daisy wild.

Beautiful daisy! oh, could I
Gaze like thee on the far-off sky,
Calmly glad in my meaner sphere,
Humbly doing my duty here,
Still looking up with a sweet delight,
Oh, daisy white.

Beautiful daisy! pure and sweet, Trodden down by our heedless feet, Trodden and crushed in our wanton will, Yet looking upward, heavenward still; Oh! could I keep thus undefiled,

Wee daisy wild.

Beautiful daisy! years ago
I was pure as thy hue of snow;
I could gaze on the far, fair sky,
With a pink, soft blush, and a trustful eye,
And wake like thee with a glad delight,
Oh, daisy white.

But I have been trodden down and down,
Till white is changed to a dingy brown,
For I could not rise from each crushing blow
With the same sweet smile and a garb of snow,
And the world grew harsh to its shrinking child,
Oh, daisy wild.

Beautiful daisy, daisy sweet,
Trodden under our careless feet,
Plucked, or trodden, or left to die,
As heedless passers hurry by,
Yet purer than we in the Master's sight,
Wee daisy white.

AT LAST.

WILL anyone wait for me when life's cords are rent asunder?
Will anyone stand with an outstretched hand,
And a welcome for me, I wonder?
Is anyone there who will care enough,
When my weary soul is free,
To watch and wait for the wandering one,
And open the gate for me?

My life has been poor and weak, and I feel that no act of pity,
And no word or deed, in a time of need,
Has been told in the Golden City;
There is no one there, in that blessed land,
Who can tell, in the Saviour's ears,
That I brought one joy to a grieving heart,
Or cared for one mourner's tears.

Will anyone wait for me, though never a thought they owe me?
Will anyone care, in the glory there,
To look in my face and know me?
Is anyone there who, for love's sweet sake,
Will give me a welcome kiss?
Though I led no soul to the brighter home,
From the troubled cares of this.

Ah, me! from that far, fair land, though never my name be spoken, There's a thread of gold that is never old,
And a link that is never broken;
And I seem to feel that in spite of all,
Though long I have seemed to roam,
That an angel's kiss and a Saviour's love
Will welcome the wanderer home.

WILD OATS.

WHATEVER your mates may think, boy,
Or your young companions say,
'Twill be better by odds for you, boy,
To be sober as well as gay;
Sowing wild oats will bring you
Nothing but anxious sorrow,
A half-hour's glee to-day, boy,
And a long regret to-morrow.

You may scatter the field of life, boy,
With seeds that are sure to yield
Sorrow, and tears, and pain, boy,
And weeds in your harvest field;
For wild oats are sure to flourish
After one reckless sowing,
For that which is worse than useless
Will never be long in growing.

But the Summer time will pass, boy, And seeds their fruits will yield, Oh! will you only pick, boy, Weeds on your harvest field? The wild oats sown so lightly
In youth's fair morning gladness,
Are sure to yield at last, lad,
A full reward of sadness.

I would not mar your mirth, boy,
I would not spoil your bliss,
For pleasures die so soon, boy,
In a rude world like this;
But, oh! 'twere worse than folly
To sow, with idle laughter,
That which can yield no grain, lad,
But keen repentance after.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

So lovingly the white wings of the angels
Gather earth's weary children in to rest,
As a tired babe is folded to its slumber,
Calmly content upon its mother's breast.

Gently our angels, guardian angels, hover In misty beauty hidden from our sight, Holding our sorrows from us, lest their shadows Should startle or disturb the peaceful night.

Angels of beauty, on love's errand speeding,
God-sent and pure in ministry of peace,
Touching the soul with a sweet foretaste—breathing
Of that calm rest when earthly strife shall cease.

Angels of Jesus, guardian angels, laying
Love's finger lightly on the thought-sick brain,
Till newer life and fresher strength be given
To face the great world and its cares again.

Angels of Jesus, when the strife is over, Be your white wings a canopy of love, Folding the soul away to bear it upward, Safe to the Father's home of rest above. Still, lovingly, oh! white-winged spirits o'er us, Hover around till life's tale is complete, Unseen and near, until we at last behold ye, Our own long-lost ones at the Saviour's feet.

DARK PLACES.

THERE'S a wail of anguish going
To the Master's throne above,
There's a tide of tears now flowing
For the lack of care and love.

There's a sound of piteous crying,
O'er the great world's panting breath,
From the helpless infants lying,
Living on the verge of death.

Living on, unwatched, untended, Thinly clad and lightly fed, By no gentle love defended, With no watchers by their bed,

Save the pitying angels only,

Noting down the want and pain,
That the helpless and the lonely
May not cry to God in vain.

Oh! the little unloved creatures, Sacrificed to drunken glee, Boney forms and sunken features For the smiles that ought to be.

Oh! the unwashed forms and faces,
Tangled locks and shoeless feet,
Peering from earth's darksome places,
Untrained arabs of the street.

Little unfed infants crying,
Eloquent in wordless woe,
Pallid, shivering children lying
Trembling 'neath a drunken blow.

Oh! the dark, unholy places,
Filled with want, and sin, and strife,
Where a thousand foul disgraces
Blight and blast the bloom of life.

May the guardian angels, weeping O'er each helpless sufferer's pain, Kiss some little ones while sleeping, That they may not wake again,

Till beyond earth's strife and madness, And above its shame and pain, They awake to Heaven's own gladness, Never more to want again.

NEWLY WEDDED.

YOU have linked your lives together
In an union of love;
You have knelt in prayerful homage
To the Father's throne above.

You have woven bonds together, Bonds you may not lightly rend, Firm and strong, and binding ever, Lasting deathless to the end.

You have stepped in hope and gladness O'er the way of common care, Feeling in love's early morning Strong enough to do and dare.

Life will bring its meed of trials,
Yet if love be pure and true,
You may wait among the shadows
Till the sun comes smiling through.

And when sorrows shall assail you, Or bereavement's shadows fall, May God give you strength together To be faithful through them all! And may He who knoweth all things Watch around your future way, That the bond be never irksome, Nor the wreath of love decay.

Oh! be yours a joyous future
With few shadows o'er its dome,
Rich with every needful blessing,
Peace with God, and love at home!

THY WILL BE DONE!

WHEN all was bright around me,
And I had scarce a care,
I knelt to thee, my Father,
With hasty thoughtless prayer;
Content, while life was beaming,
With morning's rosy sun,
I prayed before Thy footstool—
Thy will be done!

Ah, me! I thought 'twas easy
Beneath Thy yoke to be,
And suffer tribulations
Because they came from Thee;
And so, ere life grew weary
From victories lost or won,
I asked Thee, oh! my Father—
Thy will be done!

But when a cloud of sorrow
Hung o'er my Summer sky,
I cried with loud repinings,
And vainly asked Thee why?
While scarce Thy visitations
Of sorrow had begun,
I hardly dared to ask Thee—
Thy will be done!

Since then so many sorrows

Have fallen to my share,
I pray, "Oh! give me patience
And strength enough to bear;"
And though Thou bid'st me travail
Uncheered by light and sun,
Yet let me plead for ever—
Thy will be done!

Through darkness or through danger,
Through poverty or loss,
Oh! be Thy arms around me,
And help me bear my cross,
That after tribulation,
In Heaven's fair, fadeless sun,
I may repeat with angels—
Thy will be done!

ONLY A DREAM.

"TWAS but a dream, but I have been O'er many a dear familiar scene, Trod the old walks of other days In new delight and sweet amaze, Rambled o'er ways I used to know In youth's fair gladness, long ago; But with the first faint streak of day, The phantom fancy passed away—

Only a dream.

I saw the home of long ago
Bathed in the golden Summer glow,
The fragrant roses full and bright,
The lilies in their robes of white,
The corn fields blushing in their pride
With promise of an harvest tide;
I heard the wild birds' joyous lay,
That died, alas, so soon away—

Only a dream.

I saw each old familiar place,
Gazed on many a loved one's face,
Held the warm hand that used to be
All gentleness and love to me,
I stooped besides the graves that raise
Sweet memories of long vanished days;
But graves and faces passed at dawn
Like mist upon a Summer's morn—
Only a dream.

Only a dream, but I have seen
The old home in its Summer green,
Roamed o'er full many a lovely spot
That is, though I may see it not;
The flowers, the fields, the graves are there,
But all they are, and all they were,
Is but a memory and a thought
By fancy and affection wrought—

Only a dream.

'TWAS I.

A NOTHER thorn for Thee; oh! brow so torn
By briars encircled and by anguish worn;
'Twas I who did the deed, and now I see
How sharp, how cruel, were the thorns that tortured Thee—That thoughtless, wilful, idle deed of mine,
Oh! how it hurt that patient brow of Thine,
Listen and pity while in tears I cry—

Sweet Christ, 'twas I.

Another nail for Thee; oh! hands so torn;
Oh, feet, by miles of weary travel worn,
I did not heed Thee say, in pleading pain,
"Child, would'st thou wound and crucify thy Lord again?"
And now all horror-stricken, Lord, I see
Thou hast endured the thorns and nails for me;
Smitten with sorrow for the wrong I cry—
Sweet Christ, 'twas I.

Another draught of vinegar and gall,
Lord! wilt Thou take it and forgive me all?
Pity my weakness in Thy mercy true,
And say, "My feeble children know not what they do."
A sinner's hand, in thoughtless, wanton jest,
Held up the cup for Thee to take and taste,
A sinful mortal, in guilt's blackest dye—

Sweet Christ, 'twas L

Another thrust for Thee, oh! wounded heart,
That bore life's heaviest and its nobler part,
Yearned o'er the sufferer of whate'er degree,
And sought in love the wanderer who sought not Thee;
Another blot stains life's fair book to-day,
Another evil lured Thy child away,
Another sinner trembles 'neath Thine eye—
Sweet Christ, 'tis L

Mine were the thorns, the nails, the gall was mine, I thrust Thee with this wayward will of mine, For me the cry rent Heaven's own vault in twain, A dying Saviour's pitying love and suffering pain; A sinner mocks and smites in daily scorn, Woos Thee at night and leaves Thee in the morn, Yet, oh! forgive, while at Thy feet I cry—Sweet Christ, 'tis I.

SONG.

PORGOTTEN? No! a memory tells
Of days that used to be,
And every echo from the past
Is linked with thoughts of thee;
I sigh in lonely bitterness,
With spirits out of tune,
Ah! why do I remember now,
And you forget so soon?

Forgotten? No! that Summertide,
With its brief time of joy,
Has taught me how a human love
May wane, and fade, and die;
The wild birds sing no gayer song,
No lighter, happier tune,
But I remember all too long,
Or you forget too soon.

Forgotten? No! the flowers you gave
Are dry and faded now,
And yet they whisper to my soul
Of love's neglected vow;
The wild birds seem to sing of thee
In merry, mocking tune,
And I remember still as well,
While you forget so soon.

Forgotten? No! not thus my soul
Can fling its past away,
Your thoughtless Summer pastime yields
A living pain to-day;
God bless thee! while one mem'ry lives
Of last year's leafy June,
And I shall pray sometimes for one
Who could forget so soon.

WE DO NOT KNOW.

WE do not know how dear they are
Till we are called to part;
We do not know how strong the ties
That bind the human heart,
Till time, with cruel fingers, bids
Affection's tendrils sever,
And love across wide distance sighs
A fond farewell for ever.

We will not hear the loving voice
That dares to gently chide;
We do not heed the angel while
It lingers by our side;
We will not listen to the one
In gentle accent pleading,
Nor try to soothe the loving heart
We hurt so nigh to bleeding.

Till in the hush that distance makes
We listen all in vain,
And fain would give whole years to hear
That pleading voice again;
Oh! not till time hath stripped life's tree
Of all its Summer beauty,
We find how fair we might have made
The rugged path of duty.

We do not know, we will not see
How sweet the home ties are,
Till by the lamps of memory
We view them from afar;
When death, or distance, robs us of
The love we scarcely heeded,
We learn, in bitterness and tears,
How much that love was needed.

I DREAMED OF THEE.

DREAMED of thee, and the long, weary years
Of pride, resentment, anger, strife and tears,
Melted like snow before a smiling sun,
And Love, triumphant, had a victory won;
Within thy eyes I caught the old love-light
I used to see when life was fair and bright,
And, listening to thy voice, I seemed to know
How much I loved thee when I let thee go.

I dreamed of thee—dreamed that I held thee fast, Fondly forgiving and forgiven at last; I woke—alas! the old, old pain was there, And thou—oh! thou hast gone God knoweth where; My arms were empty and my spirits sad, For waking robbed me of the bliss I had; If joy, or pain, or sorrow be thy lot, I think, I feel; but oh! I share it not.

I dreamed of thee, and though it caused me pain,
Fain would I live the fancy o'er again,
Feel thou wert mine, though 'twere unreal bliss,
A painful pleasure and a phantom kiss;
Oh! wronged and wronging, years of thought have passed,
And I have pitied and forgiven at last;
Whose'er the fault, or mine, or yours it be,
Pardon the wrongs, and God be kind to thee.

BE CAREFUL

OH! be careful, very careful,
Ere you make the fetters fast,
Perhaps 'tis only Love's bright shadow
Tripping on an errand past;
If he tarry well beside you,
While the Summer sun is warm,
Wait a little longer, maiden,
Watch him how he bears the storm.

Cupid's wings, however brilliant
When the sun is shining on,
In the storm are often draggled,
Dull, and grey, and woe-begone;
Watch the fitful lights and shadows
As upon Love's brow they fall,
Catch the varied hues of feeling,
Note, and watch, and weigh them all.

Love is such a fragile blossom,
One rude blast may sweep it low;
One small worm within its bosom
Will not let the floweret grow.
Oh, be careful! weeds are lying
Underneath the sparkling spring,
And the clouds are full of tears,
And the honey-bee will sting.

Love will ever have its follies,
But when once the germ is born,
'Twill be best to watch it kindly—
Pluck the flower and leave the thorn;
And when once the words are spoken,
For whatever may befall,
Let the serpent go unchallenged,
Lest he turn and poison all.

MOTHER'S DEAD.

So wistfully the pearl-tipped lids dropped down
In languid beauty o'er the eyes of brown,
And on the rounded cheeks, in steady rain,
Dropped the mute tokens of the young heart's pain;
'Twas but a word that touched the childish breast,
But love and memory had done the rest,
And hanging low her little unkempt head,
She murmured, "Mother's dead."

Oh! sweet young face, made for a mother's kiss, Shaped for sweet smiles and sunny rays of bliss, So early clouded with the darkest woe "Twas ever joyous childhood's lot to know—The home-link broken and the guardian flown, Leaving the wee one in the world alone; While listening angels watch the lone one's bed, She murmurs, "Mother's dead."

God guard the orphans! Angels, from above, Watch the frail form with more than mother's love, And whisper softly, in the world's unrest, Sweet thoughts of comfort to each lonely breast; Be angels closer with their shining wings, Be earth more gentle in the care she brings, Where'er the orphan bows a weary head, And murmurs, "Mother's dead."

WEAVING.

AM weaving ever and ever,
But mine is a tangled skein,
And I fear that never, never,
Will the threads come right again;
Twisting it over and under,
Oh! the work was hard to learn,
And I wonder, oh! I wonder
Which was the first wrong turn;
Hither and thither turning,
Ah, me! 'tis a sorry sight,
For my flowers are blurred and broken,
And I cannot get them right.

I am weaving ever and ever,
And the shuttle passes through,
But I find that never, never,
Comes the pattern plain and true;
The woof and warp are knotted,
And I twist and turn in vain,
And the white is sadly spotted,
And will ne'er be white again;
The loom is getting shaky,
And the wheel turns any way;
And I wonder, oh! I wonder,
What will the Master say?

I am weaving, always weaving, But the work is coarse and rough. And I find me ever leaving Flaws in the worthless stuff: And, oh! when the day is ended. And the Master's voice shall call. How shall the work be mended? How shall I hide it all? When other's lay life's labours Upon the Master's shrine. How shall I dare to meet Him? How shall I give Him mine?

SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

H AGGARD and old, ere youth had scarcely brushed

The rounded bloom of the " Defiance, shame, mistrust and scorn had swept In turn their serpent trail upon her soul, Till all was chaos there. And but one name Remained upon her heart and mind alone. To burn, and blast, and canker to the end. Along the streets she stepped with simpering gait, The mockery of youthful joy and mirth, While the bright eyes, that burned with restless fire, Were full of emptiness and misery. And this was Love! The crowning joy of life Had left her witless, desolate and lost, A stray soul wandering in wild unrest, Seeking a shattered idol.

"When will he come?" The blurred lips asked in piteous, mad appeal, Firm in that faith that dragged her down to be The jest of children, and the idle scoff Of profligates, who glory in the deed That hurled a woman's soul to shame and sin. "He was my first," she says, and with his name Upon her lips—the name of him who stole:

The young soul's sweetness ere it dreamed of sin, And dashed it down to earth in heedless scorn, A broken plaything that could charm no more—With his name on her lips, she wanders through The busy streets, gazing in every face To trace the lineaments of him who still Reigns in her heart, the only God she knows Or worships.

"He said he'd meet me here!"
So on and on, day passing after day,
She lives her shattered life, while pity sighs,
And vice feeds on her witlessness and shame;
She breathes his name low, with uplifted finger,
And whispers, "Hush! yes, he is coming soon."
So blighted reason wraps itself in sweet
Delusion and anticipation still,
Hugging a joy accursed—

And this is Love!

TELL HER.

TELL her, oh, ye guardian angels,
Flitting o'er the trackless way,
Tell my darling I am thinking,
Fondly thinking every day,
With a calm and thankful gladness,
Of a joy-crowned little form,
That the Saviour's love hath shelter'd
Safely from the wintry storm.

Tell her, oh, ye guardian angels,

Threading through the misty space,
How I long to see the glory

Shining on her happy face;
And I think, and dream, and ponder

O'er the bliss I may not see,
And I wonder does she ever

Think, and dream, and care for me.

Tell her, oh, ye guardian angels,
When ye meet my gentle pet,
That I do not weakly murmur
With a vain and lone regret;
Tell her though her going left me
Gentlest thoughts on heart and breast,
'Tis a memory fraught with sadness,
And the future shall be best.

Tell her, oh, ye guardian angels,
That amongst us softly creep,
Tell my darling I would meet her
In the hush of rest and sleep;
Tell her I am ever longing
For a sign, however slight,
That shall prove her soul has met me
In the silent sleep of night.

Tell her, oh, ye guardian angels,
Yet awhile to watch and wait,
Till a travel-weary pilgrim
Shall have reached the pearly gate;
Tell her I am more than thankful
She hath left these shadows drear,
For I'd rather, oh, I'd rather
Meet her there than leave her here.

HARSH WORDS.

"TWAS a word at random spoken,
A thought at random flung,
But the thread of peace was broken,
And its pearls were all unstrung;
And the first dark cloud of anger,
Upon love's azure dome,
Broke in a hasty torrent
Upon the hearth at home.

'Twas only an idle impulse
Swept love's bright flowers aside,
And crushed the rosy petals
Beneath the feet of pride;
And they who loved so fondly,
With scarce a thought apart,
Sought who could probe the deepest,
And wound the other's heart.

'Twas only a harsh word spoken,
That scarce had been amiss
If love had only broken
Its fury with a kiss;
The thought of wrong had melted,
To gentler feeling won,
And the dark cloud have vanished
Before the smiling sun.

Alas! in human blindness,
We will not bend nor yield,
And hold the palm of kindness
Upon the battle-field;
We will not learn in meekness
To pity and forbear,
Till love is crushed and broken,
And only strife is there.

NOBILITY.

THERE'S a nobility that earth's

Position never gave,

That would not cringe before a king,

Nor slight the meanest slave;

That e'en amid life's humblest walks Stands in its pride and might, Protector of the faint and weak, Defender of the right. A true nobility of soul
In life's most mean estate,
That crown-decked heads might bow before,
Or princes emulate.

There's a nobility that lives

Behind a ragged vest,

That would not mar the seat of power,

Nor shame a monarch's breast;

That envies not the gilded fool,

Nor coronetted clown,

And treats the knave with proud contempt,

The tyrant with a frown.

A true nobility that proves
How nobly man may live,
And yet with just enough of Christ
To pity and forgive.

A power that makes the man a king, E'en though he till the sod; A pattern to his fellow-men, The image of his God.

'Tis not alone nobility
Belongs to rank and birth;
'Tis Christ's reflection in the soul,
The Royal stamp of worth.

"HE DIED, AND WAS FORGOTTEN."

WRITE it upon the pauper's grave,
Where all unknown he sleeps,
Where only God's wild flowers grow,
And only Nature weeps;
Where the tired wanderer lies, too poor
To buy his place of rest,
And while the owl sits grimly by,
Write o'er the sleepless breast—
"He died, and was forgotten."

Write it upon the granite slab
That only wealth can buy,
And on the marble monument
That points toward the sky;
Write it where sleeping grandeur lies
Poor, pulseless, common clay,
Read the vain eulogy of pride,
And write beneath, and say—
"He died, and was forgotten."

Write it upon the tomb of him
Known for awhile to fame,
Trace out earth's vanity, and mark
The glory of a name;
Learn how the mighty and the mean
Alike Time's debt must pay,
And underneath the great one's name,
Oh, write of him, and say—
"He died, and was forgotten."

'Tis but the common fate of all,
Earth seems to need us so,
We wonder who will fill our place
When we are forced to go;
Yet you and I, like morning mist,
Shall pass from earth away,
And Time, above each unwatched grave,
Shall blot our names, and say—
"He died, and was forgotten."

GOD BLESS YOU ALL!

OD bless you all! The garments of the night

Sweep o'er our world in silence, folding in

The tired toiler, glad to escape the light,

And rest a little from life's noisy din;

And so we gather up the things of day,

And put them all away,

With hushed breath, saying, while the dark shades fall—

God bless you all!

We toil so eagerly, and half forget
Or thrust aside the tenderer claims of life,
Till stealthy evening, with its robes of jet,
Shuts us within ourselves, and greed, and strife
Seem such poor trifles when the day is done,
In spite of all things won,
And Love cries out beneath night's solemn pall—
God bless you all!

One little day is but the type of life,
And night the token of Eternity;
One a rude jumble of discord and strife,
And one the hush and calm that is to be
When heart and soul forget their aims, and lay
Life tenderly away,
Murmuring, while death's dark shadows close and fall—
God bless you all!

God bless you all! When time and toil are done,
And Life's deep eventide sweeps over all,
Oh! be the morning bright with Heaven's own sun,
O'er which no evening and no night can fall,
With light that shall not weary nor oppress
To pain or heaviness,
With day o'er which no cloud or sorrow fall—
God bless you all!

A few more days of toil, and care, and thought,
And we shall put aside the things of earth,
Leaving the trifles here so hardly bought,
Poor empty things, at last, of little worth;
The very thing we did so much to gain
Shall seem so poor and vain,
When trembling life cries from death's closing pall—
God bless you all!



ONLY A LOOK.

"AND THE LORD TURNED AND LOOKED UPON PETER."

Luke, 22nd Chap., 16th Verse.

ONLY a look; but oh! a yearning soul,
Laden with pain, and love, and pity sweet,
Spake to the guilty sinner as he stood
Watching the swaying crowd that lined the street;
Some with bowed heads and sorrow-streaming eyes,
Mourning the Master's coming sacrifice.

'Twas not a look of anger, or his own
Had flashed as finely in that evil hour.

Passion can wage with passion hand to hand,
But love is mightier in its gentle power;

And when the crowd, relentless, onward swept,
Christ looked on Peter, and he turned and wept

A look, methinks, compassionate and kind,
For human frailty; and perhaps a tear
Lay in the sad eyes' tender depths for him
Who had been pure, and good, and still was dear;
So dear, in spite of scoffers' taunt and hiss—
The soldiers' spears were kinder than that kiss.

He looked on Peter, wordless, brief and mild,
It sank within the sin-polluted breast,
And mem'ry whispered of a hallowed past,
And keen remorse and sorrow did the rest;
Swift from his eyes sin's blinding glamour swept,
And the poor penitent went out and wept.

One look—ah! gentle eyes of pitying love,
Still gaze ye earthward where Thy children stray,
Ready to melt the soul to tears, and sweep
The mighty barrier of guilt away,
Till, bowed in penitence and tears, we hide
Beneath the cross of Christ the crucified.

IN MEMORY'S REALM.

HAVE been listening, listening
To the music soft and low,
As it echoes, faintly echoes
From the shores of long ago;
Music gladdest,
Music saddest,
Music that comes back to-day,
Like the sweet tones of an angel

I have been reading, reading
Pages from the book of life,
Pages that are full of sorrow,
Pages that are dark with strife;

From the bliss so far away.

Records saddest,
Records maddest,
Records of undying pain;
Deeds of sin and deeds of folly
Ne'er to be effaced again.

I have been dreaming, dreaming
O'er the pages of the past,
By the taper light of memory
O'er the varied record cast;
Memory's rarest,
Memory's fairest,

Memory's tenderest, sweetest theme Ripples o'er my clinging fancy— Love's own gentle, waking dream.

I have been hiding, hiding
From the gazer's eager stare,
Lines all blots, and smears, and blunders,
Lines that should have been so fair;
Hiding sadly,
Hiding gladly,
Lest the crowd should sneer or jest

At the skeletons that rattle, Grimly rattle in my breast. I have been treading, treading
Through a realm of thought and pain,
Picking up the faded roses
That can never bloom again;
Flowers neglected,
Flowers rejected,
Flowers that were not meant for me;
Ah! God pardon all He seeth

"SHALL NOT THE JUDGE OF ALL THE EARTH DO RIGHT."

In the realm of memory.

OH! heart, be still; the grave hath never yet
Yielded its prey again to human pleading;
'Tis but the prompter payment of a debt,
And other hearts, like thine, are sore and bleeding,
Asking so piteously, with bated breath,
If nothing can withstand the touch of death?

Oh! foolish heart; if God had been less wise,
Giving an answer to your piteous crying,
The poor, pale form, that now so calmly lies,
Might still have feared the mortal pain of dying,
And, in this whirl of vanity and shame,
Have missed its better self and higher aim.

Oh! thankless heart; God doeth what is best;
Even as we parents, giving or denying,
Feel a sweet pity thrilling through the breast,
Because the dear ones plead with wistful crying;
And just as kindly, though more truly wise,
Our Father yields our wishes or denies.

Oh! loving heart, the grave is kinder far
Than we poor sinners in our blind devotion;
And God is wiser than we children are,
Sailing in darkness o'er a treacherous ocean;
And so, oh! heart, though dim to mortal sight,
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

OUT OF YOUR ABUNDANCE.

Out of the sweetness of your brighter life,
Oh! child of earth,
Sheltered in safety from the ruder strife,
By chance of birth,
Laden with blessings, bountiful and grand,
Treasures of good dropped from a generous hand
Will you not spare a glimmer of your sun
To shine across some life that else has none?

Out of the fulness of your brimming cup,
Sparkling and sweet,
Have you no drop for they who only taste
Earth tainted meat?
Who daily struggle cheerfully along,
Trying to suffer bravely and be strong,
Yet, looking with a little sigh to see
The clustering fruitage on another's tree.

Out of the glory of your lighter life,
Oh, Fashion's child!

Pampered upon the easy lap of wealth,
By flattery spoiled,
Can you not spare, from joy's abundant store,
Something for those who shiver at your door?
For whom no loved one stirs the dancing flames,
For home and love are only idle names.

Out of the bounty that around your life
Like dewdrops fall,

Have you no tittle to return to Him
Who giveth all?

No word of pity for the sad or frail?

No time to listen to the orphan's wail?

No crumbs of bread on life's rough stream to cast
In Christ's dear name, and find in Heaven at last?

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AS THY DAY IS.

As thy day is—thy day of anxious weeping,
O'er some pale form love's solemn vigil keeping,
Dreading the death-sigh in the deepening gloom,
Listening an angel's step across the room;
Enough for all the fears that cover thee—
Thy strength shall be.

As thy day is—according to its struggles and its trials, Its hungry longings and its harsh denials, Its disappointments and its racking fears, Its hopes that melt into a thousand tears; According to the cares that worry thee—

Thy strength shall be.

As thy day is—Oh! if we could but gather
Just faith enough to trust our Heavenly Father;
Through dark bereavements and through racking pain,
Through all the cares that torture heart and brain,
That through the maze whose end we may not see—
Our strength may be.

AUTUMN.

Oh! Autumn sweet,

The glad year's trophies lie about my feet;
And gold, and brown,

Thy leaves fall with a dreamy murmur down,

Dropping to earth on Summer's failing breath
Like solemn thoughts of parting and of death.
A little while ago,

They were so fair in Summer's rosy glow.

They were so fair in Summer's rosy glow, Hiding the bare boughs in a foliage kind, And flirting coyly with the Summer wind, And now they lie

Like all earth's loveliness-born but to die.

Oh! Autumn sad, In the year's garb of fading glory clad, How dolefully

The cheated winds search through each naked tree, And murmur like a soul in sore distress, Weeping for purity and loveliness,

While gaunt, and bare
The great trees stretch their long arms in the air,
Like parents in old age grown weak and grey,
Mourning the children who have passed away;

And all along
Sad winds and waters sing a funeral song.

Oh! Autumn sad,
Telling us life may not be always glad,
But smiles and tears
Must ever mingle through the passing years,
And all the earth deeds done in love or pride
Are but dead leaves in life's dim Autumn tide;
Dead leaves, and old,
And just a few are tinged with hues of gold;
So few, alas! of all the actions passed,
That make us better, lovelier at the last,
Oh! Autumn sweet,
When God's in-gathering maketh all complete.

WEARY.

AM weary, oh! so weary;
At my feet
Lie great hopes and expectations
Incomplete;
I am tired of pain and thought
Yielding nought,
Only double disappointment
Dearly bought.

I am weary, very weary;
For whole years
Yield me leaves and fruitless branches,
Dropping tears;
Seeds I thought would yield so much
Never grew,
Or, if bud or fruitage came, I
Never knew.

I am weary, oh! so weary;
For I see
Nothing ever yet accomplished
Pleasing me;
And if all I thought so bright
Prove but dross,
Surely life and all its gains
Is but loss.

I am weary, very weary;
Through my breast
Burning, longing thought and wishes
Crave for rest:
Rest that, after time and trouble
All are past,
Yet shall be my own for ever
At the last.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

OUT in the world, by its follies surrounded,
Lured by its music, and won by its kiss,
Far from the home where affection abounded,
Far from the charm of its innocent bliss;
Seeking for joy where no joy has been planted,
Looking for flowers where no sunbeam has smiled,
Grasping at rest where no rest hath been granted,
Wanders my darling, my beautiful child.

Oh! could I reach her, though frail and misguided, Erring, and sinful, and feeble, and base, Scorned by the pure, by the world harshly chided, Branded with shame and steeped low in disgrace; Oh! I would hold her, though fallen and blighted, Shunned by the good, by the evil reviled, Helpless and friendless, neglected, and slighted, Yet would I welcome and shelter my child.

Father of Heaven! when my foolish one reapeth
Sorrow and shame for the seeds she hath sown,
When in her pain and contrition she weepeth,
Comfort and save her, nor leave her alone;
Lay on my bosom the sorrow and sadness,
Give me the burden for which she hath toiled,
Lead her in safety from sin's cruel madness,
Father of mercy! oh, rescue my child.

Out in the world, with no angel beside her,
Courting its dangers and trusting its snares
No one to love her, and no one to guide her,
Where is my darling, the child of my prayers?
Save her, great God, from the ills she hath courted,
Speak to her soul in her wanderings wild,
Out from the darkness where folly hath sported,
Send back, oh! Father, my wandering child.

"GOD IS IN HEAVEN."

OD is in Heaven;" the words came to my ears,
I Flooding my sick soul with a gentle joy;
I had grown weary of regret and fears,
And fain had put life's heavy burdens by.
I had been murmuring in a thankless way,
Too proud to humble, and too weak to fight;
But when I heard the voice within me say—
"God is in Heaven," I knew it must be right.

My many crosses seemed to weigh me down,
Bowing me earthward with their weary weight;
The clouds hung o'er me with a cruel frown,
And I was lonely, sad, and desolate—
So desolate, I had almost let go
The slender thread hope dropped within my breast;
But when the angel whispered soft and low—
"God is in Heaven," I knew it must be best.

"God is in Heaven," there shall no ill o'ertake,
He will not mitigate, or cannot heal,
"Tis Nature's destiny that hearts should ache,
While weary shoulders press life's rolling wheel.
But there is good in every given cross,
A medicine in all our sorrows wild,
And while I grieve o'er pain, or hurt, or loss,
"God is in Heaven," and will not wrong His child.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE glad-bells were ringing a merry strain
In the dead of the wintry night,
And the ivy flapped at the window pane,
Arrayed in its gems of white;

But silence reigned through the low thatched cot, Save the dying embers falling, And the old man heard, though he heeded not, The joy-bells loudly calling.

His face was stern in its setting of age,
As by the firelights's glow
He pondered the lines of mem'ry's page
In a Christmas long ago.

But fiercer still grew the aged face,
As the strain of a hallowed mirth
Came echoing through the lonely place
Its burden of "Peace on earth."

"Peace! Peace!" How the bells would bring to light
The tale of a peace long dead,

The ghost of hopes that had passed from sight, And the grave of a gladness fled.

Then he picked up a crumpled note again, And read with a cynic's sneers,

Though the lines were couched in an earnest strain, And the pages blurred with tears.

'Twas the old, old tale of a wayward child, And a father's bitter hate;

A yearning prayer to be reconciled To the heart made desolate—

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"I was weak," she wrote, "when I went away

For a lover's fond caressing;

But we ask no joy in our cup to-day Save a loving father's blessing:

"Through the ten long years that have drifted by, We have kept to our plighted vow,

And to-day in the flush of the world's great joy, Oh! father, forgive us now."

Once more he crumpled the note away, And frowned from his shaggy brow,

"She has gone her own path ten years to-day, And I wont be a baby now."

Still loud and clear on the frosty air Came the song of a Saviour's birth,

And the glad theme startled the couch of care, With its mission of "Peace on earth."

But the old man poked out the embers red, With rough and savage pleasure,

And totter'd off to a sleepless bed, Or to dream of a long-lost treasure.

Twas Christmas Day, and the old man knelt
In the church in its festive glory,
Where the hardened hearts of harsh ones melt

At the sound of the world's best story.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive"—
The words seemed so strange to his ears,
He had vowed in the strength of his anger to live,
And had kept it for ten bitter years.

Heart-stricken he bowed his aged head, While he let the hot tears fall, "How dare I pray such a prayer." he said.

"Who have never forgiven at all."

His cot was wrapped in a silent gloom,
As he sank in his old arm-chair;
It seemed to him like a haunted room,
For the ghost of the past was there.

The old man listened; there surely came
A tap at the outer door,
And a sweet voice called him the dear old name
He had loved in the years before;

"My child!" he exclaimed, and the long-lost one
Was clasped to a father's breast,
The old old hate was a passion gone

The old, old hate was a passion gone, In a peace that was heaven-bless'd.

And up, and out from their hiding place,
The children scampered in,
And the old man kissed each shy sweet face,
And patted each quivering chin:

Then a strong man came to the woman's side,
With a smile that was fond and true,
"You have kissed my wife and my babes," he cried,
"Now give me a welcome, too."

And loud and clear a peal began,
From the belfry old and grey,
"Good-will to all," said the aged man,
"And peace in our home to-day."

In his daughter's home, by the ruddy glow, So bright in its Christmas glory, He ponder'd the tale of long ago, And the world's redemption story; He whisper'd low, as his eyes grew dim,
From the thoughts he could not smother,
"We do but follow after Him
As we forgive each other."

A GOOSE'S SOLILOOUY.

My soul is sick, I feel

A sense of coming evil o'er me steal;

A keen foreboding hangs on every breath, And speaks of death.

And must I die, indeed? My senses quiver, And every feather seems to quake and shiver

With fear and sorrow,

Lest cruel hands should wring my neck to-morrow.

And I.

Whose doom and destiny it is to die,

Have grown so plump, there's scarce a bird I know

Has such a breast to shew,

Nor boasts a form so noble and so grand, "The finest goose," they said, "in all the land."

Of course, 'twas natural I should cackle loudly,

And strut a little proudly, And only smiled

When mother croaked, "Don't be so vain, my child." She always croaked about a daughter's duty, And wished I wouldn't think so much of beauty; Hinted at griefs that wait a wayward child,

Till I grew wild

To think I couldn't grow both plump and fat Without being cackled at!

And now—Oh! mean, contemptible deceit,
They fed me sumptuously on choicest meat,
Admired my plumage and my downy vest,
And praised the fine proportions of my breast;
But even while they watched me strutting past,
They meant to wring my graceful neck at last,
That they may eat, and stuff, and gorge, and say—
"That was a splendid goose we had to-day."

Oh! goosedom, goosedom, must my feathers spread A soothing pillow for some lazy head? And my poor body hiss, and spit, and splutter, Stuffed with vile herbs and basted o'er with butter, And these fine limbs be wrenched apart to feed

A lot of men, indeed!
What's that? The Christmas bells! How I despise
These Christmas feastings and these foolish joys;
I hate the weather,

I hate the name of Christmas altogether;
I hate the race of men who dare to cheat me,
Flatter my vanity and then sit down to eat me,
To yield a glutton's homage most absurd—

"It is a splendid bird."

"SUFFER ME TO COME TO THEE."

BABY lips, so lightly running
O'er the simple childish plea,
Lisping in a heedless fashion,
"Suffer me to come to Thee."
Oh! may He whose name thou takest
Lightly on thy lips to-night,
Hold thee in His careful keeping,
Guard thy soul and keep it white.

Little, dimpled, kneeling figure,
Laughing eyes and folded hands,
All thy ignorance and folly
Jesus knows and understands;
May He watch beside my darling
While she lisps on bended knee;
May He listen while she murmurs,
"Suffer me to come to Thee."

Little, sinless, baby pleader,
Heedless what the words may mean,
Yet may He in pity hear thee,
Hold and guard and keep thee clean.

And when earth's dark cares grow heavy, Still upon thy bended knee Wilt thou breathe the same petition, "Suffer me to come to Thee."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

R ING it in lovingly,
Welcome it kindly,
Though we must meet it
And welcome it blindly;
Bringing us roses, or
Thorns for our feet,
Pouring within our cups
Bitter or sweet;
Nothing of all its store
Yet doth appear,
Yet may it prove a bright,
Happy New Year.

Link the bonds tenderly,
Broken in blindness;
Heal the wound lovingly,
Made in unkindness;
Kiss the poor quivering lips,
Wipe the sad tear,
Lay the dark past in the
Grave of last year.
On the new page of time,
Spotless and fair,
Oh! be no bygone wrong
Re-written there.

Welcome it heartily,
Stranger of mystery,
What, though we may not read
Aught of its history;
Bringing us sorrow, or
Bringing us care,

Yet may it also bring
Patience to bear;
Patience enough, that through
Smile or through tear,
Yet may we bask in a
Happy New Year.

Meet it then earnestly,
Bravely and gladly,
Pick up the golden thread
Loosen'd so madly;
Train up the drooping tree
In passion broken;
Unsay the cruel words
Bitterly spoken:
Trusting in God when the
Dark days appear,
Oh! may He give us a
Happy New Year.

A MOTHER'S REVERIE IN THE HOLIDAYS.

DIN! din! din!
Racket, and fun, and riot,
Is there ever a time, I wonder,
When children will be quiet?
Legs, and arms, and tongues,
All at once are going,
But what they say or mean,
There's not a chance of knowing.

Shout! shout! shout!

Till my head is full of noise,
And I wonder what impish spirit
Can ever be in the boys?
Boys or girls, no matter,
They're all alike, I see,
There isn't a moment's quiet,
There isn't a rest for me.

Stamp! stamp! stamp!
As loud as their feet can fall,
From morn till night they have tramped about,
And never been still at all;
Over the chairs they tumble,
Under the table, too,
And I wonder every moment
What next will the torments do?

Storm! storm! storm!

I have stormed all day in vain,
They look across in their merry way,
And off to their play again;
So what's the use of storming—
I fold my hands in dread,
Till the hour of rest creeps to us,
And the youngsters are in bed.

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Sleep! sleep! sleep!
With their faces bright and glad,
And, looking on, I wonder
If really they are so bad?
Per'aps after all, I fancy,
If the truth were calmly told,
It may be I am growing
A little cross and old.

Pray! pray! pray!
Ah! I have need to do,
For help, and strength, and patience,
Among this noisy crew;
For kindness that shall win them,
For firmness that shall lead,
For patience and forbearance
When they are wrong indeed.

Boys! boys! boys!

Ah! me, I am tired of rattle,

But I guess they must laugh awhile

Ere they enter upon the battle:

May Heaven's pure guardian angels Stoop over and caress them, And through Life's future stages May God in mercy bless them!

WHY?

OH! why is the way we travel
So rough for our feet to tread?
That we watch for the stones beneath us,
Scarce seeing the sky o'erhead;
And the rain pours down in torrents,
And we stand, poor shivering things,
With our dripping garments round us,
To which the earth mire clings.

Oh! why flows the theme of passion,
And the bitter words of wrong—
Like a snake among the roses—
So easy from the tongue?
We hurl some cruel answer,
And wound some loving heart;
Unheeding in our madness,
Though it snaps love's bonds apart.

Oh! why is wrong so pleasant,
And the right so hard to do?
Such up-hill roads to travel,
And such mire to paddle through.
The voice of a sweet sin lures us
Far out from the path of right,
And we follow the call in blindness,
And will not see the light.

Oh! why is our will so feeble,
And our moral strength so mean,
That we cannot sew life's garments
And keep the stitches clean?

The puckered seams grin at us,
With their threads all rude and brown,
And our knitting loose and broken
With the stitches running down.

Oh! why are our crosses heavy,
So heavy that we fall
Beneath their weight and murmur
That we cannot bear them all?
Oh! I think we might do better,
And keep all life's strings in tune,
If our poor weak hearts were braver,
And we did'nt faint so soon.

We might tread our journey cleaner,
We might speak in gentler way,
We might do the right triumphant,
If we would but watch and pray;
And the crosses and temptations
That so thickly round us fall,
Bravely borne in faith and patience,
Would be blessings after all.

BEHIND THE CLOUDS.

O'er the trials that we meet,

And our bubble castles tumble

In dishonour at our feet.

How the cares we thought so little
Throng us like a giant host,
And our boasted strength forsakes us
When we need that strength the most.

How we watch the clouds about us, With a feeling of despair, And forget they are but shadows, And the blue is always there. Is it wise to slight the present,
And mistrust the future, too,
Just because the clouds are heavy,
And we cannot see the blue?

Is it well to pine and murmur

For the Summer that is past,
When we knew its sun was waning,
And its beauty could not last?

Nature must be nature ever, And its rolling seasons true, Bring the Summer with its flowers, And the snow-clad Winter, too.

And however dark the shadows
And the cares that round us fall,
Is it wise or well to murmur
While our Father sends them all?

When the earth was drenched in tears, And the sky was dull and grey, Once I plucked an open daisy On a dull November day;

And I took it to my bosom,

As the whisper of a friend;

'Twas the promise of the Spring-tide

That our Father meant to send.

And though life be dull and dreary, Still it must be ever best To receive the light He sends us, And to trust Him for the rest.

And though care may hover round us In its mantle cold and grey, We may carry sunshine with us, And have Summer every day.

DON'T GRUMBLE.

ON'T grumble so much at the weather,
Although it is gloomy enough;
Tis the best in this world of afflictions,
To be blending the smooth with the rough.

There's no need to be fretful and gloomy,
With a face overclouded by care,
Just because the North winds may be blowing,
With a promise of frost in the air.

We have gathered the gay Summer roses, And laughed while the zephyr winds blew; And now, while the fierce blasts are raging, Why should'nt we Winter it, too?

When the tempest is tired of its revels,
And the Winter's keen frosts shall be o'er,
There's a Spring to be had for the taking,
And a beautiful Summer in store.

Though awhile we may grope in the darkness, Watching long for a glimmer of light, The morn must be nearer and nearer, And the day is as long as the night.

Don't grumble so much then; believe me, There's a Providence watchful and kind; And the clouds shall roll back at His bidding And reveal the blue lining behind.

IF I HAD LOVED THEE LESS.

If I had loved thee less, my love,
I might have let thee go
Without a feeling of regret
That thou should'st leave me so;
I might have flung the past away
In bitterness and pride,
And doubted e'en the happiness
I found at thy dear side;

E.

But love and anger cannot through One self-same channel flow-I cannot use thee so, my love, I cannot use thee so. If I had loved thee less, my love, I might ere this, have found Another object sweet to twine Affection's tendrils round: I might have laughed the past away As but an idle iest. Without a moisture in my eye, Or pain within my breast; But I have loved thee tenderly, I know not why nor how, And though thou art not mine, my love, I cannot hate thee now. If I had loved thee less, my love, I might forget thee soon, As we forget December's snow, Amid the flowers of June; I might have found in human life A kind and faithful few. But now I deem the world is false, Because thou art not true! Some day, perhaps, I may look back Without this keen regret,

NO VALENTINE.

But I shall not forget thee, love, Oh! I shall not forget.

I THINK its quite a blessing I did'nt faint away!
I'm sure it's most distressing, the taste some men display,
To send a lot of nonsense out regardless of expense,
I say it's not propriety, nor even common-sense!
It's quite ridiculous and mean. Miss Brown, across the way,
Had such a heap of Valentines and billet-doux to-day,
And though I didn't care a pin, such foolish trash to see,
I thought perhaps there might have been a Valentine for me.

Of course, you know, I didn't mind; it is but childish play— But Charlie walked so far behind with me the other day, When Bell, and Dick, and Lot and I were coming from the Church, They all declared (the spiteful things) we left them in the lurch. And then, although I didn't heed the pretty things he said, They somehow lingered in my mind and wandered through my head; Of course I flirted with the lad, heart-whole and fancy free, But still I thought there would have been a Valentine for me.

I didn't like at all to hear that horrid plain Miss Grey
Ask with her nasty under sneer if he'd proposed to-day!
Of course I told her we despised such childish, foolish things,
And then she answered, "Ah! my dear, young love will use his
wings!"

I wonder if, in pity's name, she meant me to infer That Charlie had forsaken me, and turned his thoughts to her; I really feel a trifle sad, though not a soul shall see That I am vexed because there came no Valentine for me.

HE KNOWETH.

These shadows fall;
The silent sorrow and the secret sigh,
He knoweth all.
The wounds that fester in the heart unseen,
The dear ghost of a joy that might have been,
The tear that freezeth and the drop that floweth—

He knoweth it—the secret hidden down
From human view,
In shrinking fear, lest the hard world should frown,
And censure, too;
The thoughts that loved ones must not see, lest they
Hate us for follies of a bygone day,
The hope that cometh, and the peace that goeth—

He knoweth.

He knoweth.

He knoweth all—the soul's unspoken cry,
Unuttered prayer,
Its upward yearning towards a far-off sky,
Its keen despair;
He knows the whisperings that led us wrong,
When right was feeble and temptations strong,
And when remorse's rushing current floweth—
He knoweth.

He knoweth all—there is no secret spot

He may not view,

Seeing the trials of our mortal lot,

He careth, too.

With spreading arms, and hands on Calvary dyed,

Waiting to clasp us to His open side;

For all the pains that human frailty shareth—

He careth.

UNBAPTIZED.

REST thee, sweet babe; tho' thy pure brow
No symboll'd cross hath known,
And none have breathed thy name to God,
Save one low voice alone;
And she, while bending low to gaze
Thy placid face upon,
Hath murmured through a mother's love,
"God bless my little one."

Rest thee, wee lamb; the arms of Christ Shall be thy shelter now,
Though never sponsor, in thy name,
Hath breathed the tardy vow;
Methinks, within the fold above,
The waifs, by men despised,
Ere this have clustered fondly round
The little unbaptized.

Rest thee, oh! helpless little one,
Is Christ's great love so small
As to reject and slight His own
Who did no sin at all?
Did thy pure soul require our aid
To make its rest secure,
When He who sent it spotless here
Hath took it back as pure?

Rest, little one! the arms of Christ
Shall ever hold His own,
And thou, amid the "small and great"
That stand around the throne,
Shall be as near and dear to Him
Who called thee sinless there,
Though unbaptized, unnamed to Heaven,
Save in a mother's prayer.

A LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL

DEAR sirs, with deep blushes, becomingly coy, I lay the reserve of sweet maidenhood by, While my heart pit-a-pats with a wild perturbation, As I pen a few lines to the lords of creation! I am single! Of course that's decidedly clear, Or I needn't remind you that this is Leap-Year; And as I am willing to settle for life—
Is anyone seeking a good-tempered wife?

My figure's not meagre, nor common, nor rough; And as to my height, why, I'm just tall enough; I grow my own hair, like a sensible creature, And haven't a make-up in form or in feature; Both paints and cosmetics, I let them alone; My cheeks will bear washing, my teeth are my own; I am yielding and gentle, not given to strife—Does anyone care for a nice little wife?

I can sing very well, I can dance, I can play,
But I'm neither too bold, nor too thoughtlessly gay;
I could turn from the crowd in festivity's beauty,
For the quiet of home and the calling of duty;
I've accomplishments equal to any young belle—
I can eat a good dinner, and cook one as well;
So if anyone's sick of a bachelor's life,
I should certainly make him a sensible wife.

I can clean up a room, I can entertain friends, In short, do whatever necessity sends, From cakes to blancmange, from jellies to gruel, From darning old stockings to working up crewel; In making your shirts, I should really excel, If I had but a husband to wear them as well: So if any gent cares to be happy for life, I can promise to make him a dutiful wife.

I can make baby-clothing so dainty and neat, The dear little things look so charmingly sweet; And I don't mind the elder ones' racket and riot, Although I've a talent for keeping them quiet; In fact, sirs, I'm single, and just twenty-four, And never made use of a Leap-Year before; So if any nice gent would a good husband be, He may purchase the ring by applying to me.

IN HASTE.

I CHID him harshly in my hasty fashion,
And struck the child,
Who shrank and trembled at the tide of passion
So reckless and so wild;
I heeded not the little upturned face
So mutely pleading for the missed embrace.

I wished him dead! the weeping little creature, Who left the spot

Tear-stained and sorrowful in mien and feature, Feeling I loved him not;

Looking so sad that, had I smote my pride, I should have called and kept him by my side.

A few brief moments, and my hasty passion Had died away;

"I will speak to the lad in gentle fashion, In love another day,"

I said, and then I crept with stealthy pace, Thinking to kiss his pretty, sleeping face.

But he was kneeling, in the hazy light, Beside his bed,

Like some fair angel in his robe of white, With golden, drooping head,

Praying a prayer wrung out of pain and thought—A prayer a loving mother never taught.

"Please, Jesus," said the child, "I can't be good;
And mother said

She should be glad, and happy, too, she would, If I were only dead;

Please, Jesus, make me good and let me die, 'Cause mother says I'm such a wicked boy."

Poor boy! I had not thought my hasty passion Had hurt him so;

That underneath that form of childish fashion Could lurk such depth of woe,

And his young heart, lacking a mother's love, Have turned so trustingly to One above.

What had I done? I who was but a child,

As mean and small

In the pure eyes of Him who, undefiled, Knoweth and seeth all;

A child to be forgiven every day,

Or judged in righteousness and thrust away.

I had so hurt the lamb, the tender darling,

He bade me feed,

With bitter words of wrong, and cruel snarling,

That made the young heart bleed;

Sent the poor babe away to pray and pine

O'er wrongs that were not half so black as mine.

I stooped and kissed him till each tear-stained feature Grew bright with joy;

I held in love the clinging little creature,
My own, my happy boy;
With love akin to His, who, when I stray,
Smites me not down nor thrusts His child away.

Oh! human hearts, I thought; poor souls of blindness, So weak and small;

If God so measured out his meed of kindness
To those who slip and fall,
Peter might lock the gate of Heaven, and say—
"No soul will pass from earth to us to-day."

OUR CHILDREN.

WEARY mother, worn and bothered,
With a host of petty care;
Feeling all the anxious worry
Only mothers have to bear.
Little hands are full of mischief,
Little mouths must needs be fed;
Never asking, never heeding,
Whence the store of daily bread.
Daily must life's cross be taken,
Striving, planning, working still;
Showing wilful little pilgrims
How to travel up life's hill.

Take the trust thy Master sendeth,

Feed His lambs and guard them well;
What their work, or what their mission,
Who, save He alone, can tell?

Of the lives He bids you cherish, In their future weal or woe; Guarded well, or sore neglected, He shall see, and He shall know.

Mother! Mother! little children
Not alone are trusts on earth;
You must shape the souls within them
For a higher, holier birth.

If He trusts you with His treasures,
Priceless treasures, pure and sweet,
He will look for you to lay them
Love's rare trophies at His feet.

Weary mother! Life's rude burdens
Might be borne with greater ease,
If we had no wailing babies,
And no boys and girls to tease.

But the happy little children,
With their ringing shouts of mirth,
Seem to keep the heart from rusting—
As the sunbeams cheer the earth.

And, methinks, in Heaven's own garden
Will be nothing else so fair
As the Saviour, with His children,
Glad, and pure, and spotless there.

ALONE!

IN MEMORIAM. CLAREMONT, APRIL, 1884.

So young, so sad, in fair Claremont to-day
A widowed form—upon whose youthful face
The blush of girlhood scarce hath died away
For early womanhood's maturer grace—
Sits bowed in sorrow keep as grief can be:

Sits bowed in sorrow, keen as grief can be; Crushed to the earth while joy was in the bud, Trembling to grasp the stern reality, And learn the loneliness of widowhood. So soon, so soon, ere Hope's sweet tale was told, Or scarce the bridal blush had died away—
Ere the soft, thrilling hand-clasp had grown cold, Or Love had whispered all it meant to say—
The crushing blow fell on the warm young heart, Pressing to death the garland of her joy, Ruthlessly rending the love link apart, And hushing Hope's soft music in a sigh.

So soon! And in that gorgeous home to-day
The fair young widowed mother bows her head,
Mourning the rose-hued bliss that slipped away
When first they told her, "Leopold is dead!"
Dead! and she had not stood beside his bed!
Dead! and she had not caught his latest sigh!
Dead! and she had not held the drooping head,
Nor murmured in his ear Love's last "Good-bye."

Poor widowed heart! Through her dark hour of grief
May newer strength, and hope, and peace attend;
And He who made this wedded bliss so brief,
Give her sweet comfort to her sorrow's end.
Heaven bless our gentle Sovereign, and sustain
Through all the griefs that yet may intervene,
And, through the bitterness of loss and pain,
Good angels guard and God preserve our Queen!

AN ORPHAN'S CRY.

MOTHER, I want you! the world is before me,
Whirl, and unrest, and temptations abound;
Mystery and shadows are hovering o'er me,
Cares and perplexities toss me around;
I am affrighted by shadow and spectre,
Missing thy hand in the gloom of to-day;
Thou wert my guardian, my guide, my protector,
Smoothing, and leading, and teaching the way.

Mother, oh, mother! thy child is aweary,
Shrinking in fear when the tempest is high,
Calling for thee when the shadows are dreary,
Gloomy and dark in a pitiless sky;
Missing the hand that through darkness and danger
Led my frail footsteps to hope and to peace;
Sick of the worldling, afraid of the stranger,
Snares are around me, and dangers increase.

Mother! I miss thee, and vainly am crying,
Calling for one who was never unkind;
Braving thy anger, thy counsel defying,
Yet wert thou gentle, and tender, and kind;
Kind to the faults that have pained thee so deeply,
Wounded and bruised that fond bosom of thine;
Oh! for the love held so lightly and cheaply,
What would I give to-day, mother of mine?

SONG.

OH! if you did not love me, love me kindly, Why did you let me worship you so blindly? Breathing Love's sweetness on my heart, till I Could have lain down before thy feet to die; And now, and now, in spite of Love's soft tone—Thou art not all my own.

To other eyes thy own have flashed the light
That made their Summer day, my Winter night;
In other ears thy lips have murmured low
The words you breathed to me not long ago;
To other, brighter bowers my bird hath flown—
Thou art not all my own.

Not all my own, and so, in spite of pain,
I cast thy freedom at thy feet again;
Absolve thee wholly, and undo the vow
Too rashly uttered and half broken now;
I would not seek to bind since colder grown—
Thou art not all my own.

Better alone to struggle and be brave,

Laying my poor dead hopes in Memory's grave,

Than keep this poor half-hearted love of thine,

And worship at a fickle idol's shrine!

Go! leave me to my jealous pride alone—

Thou art not all my own.

VEARNINGS.

OH! this world, so full of longings, Is at best a shady spot,
Filled with hearts for ever yearning
For a joy that cometh not;
Someone asks a little sunshine,
Someone craves a span of rest,
Someone seeks a friend to carry
Half the sorrows of his breast.

Some are sick, and some are lonely,
Some are grovelling in despair,
Some are worn, and bowed, and weary,
From the cross they have to bear;
Some are longing for the morning,
Some are watching for the night,
Some are wooing death in madness,
Worn and vanquished in the fight.

Some are plodding on undaunted,
Picking flowers by the way,
With a hope for each to-morrow,
And a song for each to-day;
Doing life's unreckoned trifles
With a cheerful happy love,
Leaving its perplexing problems
To the Master Hand above.

Some are finding in earth's idols
Solace for its crushing woe;
Some are drinking deep of pleasures,
Never asking whence they flow;

Some are sitting low with Mary
At the Master's feet in prayer,
Finding strength enough, and patience,
For the ills that mortals bear.

Oh! 'tis wisest thus to carry
Hope and gladness on our way,
Plodding through the maze of duty,
Till the evening, tinged with grey,
Cometh sweeping softly o'er us,
With a promise glad of rest,
And the open doors of Heaven
Seem to light the waiting breast.

Oh! 'tis surely best to listen
To the music low and sweet,
As it echoes, softly echoes,
From the bright eternal street;
Catching up the notes of gladness,
As the angels drop them down,
Till we leave earth's cares and toilings
For the glory of a crown.

GETHSEMANE.

O! in Gethsemane's garden He kneeleth,
Weary and worn at the close of the day,
Slumber's soft calm o'er the chosen ones stealeth,
Yet doth the sinless One wrestle and pray.
Over His forehead the torture sweat breaketh,
While from His blanched lips He utters His moan;
Only His cry the deep silence awaketh,
Kneeling in agony, praying alone.

Lo! in Gethsemane, sick unto dying, Kneeleth the Master in anguish and pain; Only the breezes take up His soul's crying, Only the echoes repeat the sad strain. "If it be possible, Father!" He pleadeth,
"Empty My cup of its horrible drink;
The flesh is so feeble, the worn spirit bleedeth;
Father! give strength, for I falter and shrink!"

Lo! in Gethsemane, hear what He sayeth,
While the blood-drops down His furrowed cheeks run:
"If it be possible!" meekly He prayeth;
"Yet let the will of My Father be done.
Give Me the pain, if 'tis best I should bear it;
Give Me the cup, though 'tis bitter and deep;
Give Me the shame, to the end let Me wear it—
I am the Shepherd who dies for His sheep."

Go to Gethsemane, go see His anguish;
Follow to Calvary, follow the crowd;
See Him in agony, see His strength languish,
See the poor bleeding head patiently bowed.
"Lama Sabachthani," listen, He crieth:
"Father! forgive them," the struggle is past;
Close the dear eyes where the death-film is lying,
The work of redemption is finished at last.

REMEMBRANCE.

YOU once said a low word in kindness—A word that fell sweet on my ear,
And I, in my ignorant blindness,
Believed you were true and sincere;
I hid the sweet word in my bosom,
I lived on its passionate thrill,
But you in an hour had forgotten,
While I shall remember it still.

You once kissed my lips in the shadows
And hush of the gathering eve,
There was love in the tender bestowal,
And I thought you were sorry to leave;

But it passed from your life like a bubble, And left your heart joyous and free, And the kiss that was pastime to you, sir, Was Love's thrilling rapture to me.

Go, call other hearts to your bidding,
Go laugh with the light and the gay,
The word you so tenderly uttered
Will never be banished away;
And the kiss that you gave when the shadows
Were climbing the gold-crested hill—
Ah! you have forgotten it all, sir,
But I shall remember it still.

SPEAK KINDLY, BOY.

Her voice is feeble now,
And many lines of thought and care
Have seamed that mother's brow;
Her feeble feet are treading where
Life's evening shadows lie;
Oh! be one gladness still her own—
Speak kindly, boy.

You have no memory in your heart
Of all the cares you gave,
Of anxious hours that step by step
Have led her to the grave;
But in her heart the love of old
Can never fade nor die,
And now in life's declining days—
Speak kindly, boy.

You do not know how deep and strong A mother's love can be, You cannot guess the bounding hopes Born in her breast for thee; You know not how your careless words
Have dimmed her gentle eye;
Oh! for the love so pure and true—
Speak kindly, boy.

The tug and toil of daily life
Hath brought her cares enough,
And at the best the hill of time
Is often rude and rough;
But you may charm the careworn heart,
And thrill the soul with joy,
If you will only, for her sake—
Speak kindly, boy.

The arms that held thee in the past
Are feebler far to-day,
The locks your infant fingers pulled
Perchance are streaked with grey;
Oh! boy, be gentle to her now,
Ere life's brief hours slip by,
Smooth her declining years with love—
Speak kindly, boy.

YOUR WIFE.

YOU used to find beside her chair
A sunny time of sweetness,
And call those pleasant hours bless'd,
And murmur at their fleetness;
You used to try, with honied words,
To strew her path with flowers,
And sent her messages of love
To cheer her lonely hours;
But maiden dreams are past away,
And thought is on her brow,
And oh! those gentle words of love—
Why don't you say them now?

You used to give the laughing girl A lover's fond protection, And shower on lips, and cheeks, and brow, The pledges of affection; You used to gaze into her eyes, Those eyes of undimmed brightness. And press her little clinging hand, And rave about its whiteness; But years have robbed her of the bloom That won your early vow, But oh! for love and memory's sake. Why don't you kiss her now? You used to think her loving heart A bright and priceless treasure. You used to study all her whims And plan the dear one's pleasure: But motherhood has brought her care. And woman's strength must bear it, For, like a man, you gave the load, And then forgot to share it. Ah, me! when not a cloud of thought Or care was on her brow, You promised comfort, love, and help, Why don't you give them now?

AN ARMFUL.

T'S only an armful now, mother—
Only a bright young bud,
That you gather upon your heart, mother,
And know it is pure and good.
It may be the arms are weary
From the lively load they bear,
But what if the lips are smiling,
And the heart is free from care?
Be glad for the pure young blossom,
With Heaven on the cherub brow;
Love carries its burdens lightly,
And yours is an armful now.

Only an armful now, mother,
And yet 'tis a growing care,
A load for the arms to carry,
And a weight for the heart to bear;
A spirit of light and gladness,
A being of smiles and tears,
A creature to love to-day, mother,
But what of the future years?
When the days of its helpless wailing
And its innocent smiles have fled;
The load will be heavier still, mother,
If it falls on the heart instead.

It's only an armful now, mother;
But a heartful by-and-bye,
When the world, with its bright allurements,
Shall offer its tempting joy;
When your arms shall be full no longer,
And the proud young feet are strong,
And you watch how the waves of folly
Are bearing your child along.
A heartful by-and-bye, mother,
Of earnest daily care,
To carry to your chamber
And give to God in prayer.

An armful and a heartful,
Ah! mother, God is wise,
That every veiled to-morrow
Shall be a new surprise.
Yet howsoever drifting
In life's unholy ways,
We had them for our treasures
In sweeter, purer days.
And for the love we bore them,
Ere darker paths were trod,
We take them to our chambers
And give them up to God.

GOD HELP US EACH TO BE KIND TO ALL!

OW little we know of the pain that lies
'Neath the careless laugh and the sparkling eyes,
Of the tears that are longing to flow unbid,
Just hidden under the drooping lid;
How little we heed, and how little we know
Of another's burden of pain and woe,
And we often taunt, and we often chide,
What we ought to pity and ought to hide.

How little we know of each heart's mistake,
Of the sores we probe and the wounds we make,
Of the hopes that faint in another's breast
From a careless word or an idle jest;
How little we think, as on gossip's wing,
We lightly bluster, and buzz, and sting,
How the path we tread is a miry one,
And the faltering feet may be ours anon.

How little we dream of the hearts that moan With a writhing pain that is all their own, Of the throbbing grief, and the burning woe That only themselves and their God can know; How little we guess in our hearts to-day What to-morrow may bring or take away, Who next may weep, or who next may fall—God help us each to be kind to all!

HE WILL PROVIDE.

However deep the shadows on our way;
However dense the darkness may appear,
Yet by-and-bye shall break the brighter day—
A golden dawn, God-sent, and full of light,
Whose glow shall dissipate the gloom of night.

He will provide, poor fearful child of tears,
Art thou not His to comfort or to chide?
And when the lowering cloud of care appears,
He holds thee closer to His open side,
Bids thee find strength while leaning on His will,
And faith enough to cling, and trust Him still.

He will provide; and if He mix for thee
A medicine thou hast no will to take,
Yet though 'tis bitter as a draught can be,
'Tis given in tenderness for love's dear sake;
Hold fast His hand, poor child, whate'er befal,
And in His strength be strong and drink it all.

He will provide, though sad, and sorely pressed, We cannot see through trouble's blinding rain, There is a peace that makes affliction bless'd,

A God-given promise never made in vain; Oh, doubting child, cling to thy Father's side, Doing thy best, and He shall still provide.

OUR SAVIOUR.

I WONDER if in babyhood he knew
His future history?

If He could read what still to others lay
A hidden mystery?

If, lying on His mother's breast, He knew
The depths of anguish He must travel thro'?

If e'en in infancy began His trial,
His cross, His suffering, and His self-denial?

And if His mother, as in gentle love
She hovered o'er Him,
Guessed aught of all the future rugged path
That lay before Him?

If, gazing in His eyes, she gathered there
A dim foreshadowing of His future care?

Or if the Father, in His righteous kindness,

Gave her a mother's love and mother's blindness?

I wonder, when in childhood, He required Her fond protection,

If human nature ever needed then

Human correction?

If, like our children, He was led and taught,
And chid for want of wisdom and of thought?
Or if the Child, shaped in sweet childhood's fashion,
Had nothing of its wilfulness and passion?

And if He knew not, in His early days, His manhood's history,

When came the awaking when He learnt to read
The grief-filled mystery?

How dawned the knowledge on the Boy when He Learnt from the Father all that was to be? Did He not take the cross, nor sought to shrink it? And the deep cup of pain—did He not drink it?

IN HOPE.

BEAR up! bear up! though the Spring is late 'Tis sure to be here anon;
And the sun shall shine, if you only wait,

As fair as it ever shone

The rain must flow,

And the wind must blow,

And the Winter revel among its snow;

But the winds that sweep,

And the skies that weep,

Will waken the Spring from its lifeless sleep.

Cheer up! cheer up! though the lane is long, There must be a turning soon;

Though the birds have ceased from their joyous song,

They forget not the old glad tune.

So bide a wee,

And you soon shall see

How bright and fair shall the turning be,

When the world is bright

With a new delight,

And the end of the journey brings no night.

Look up! look up! though the path of time
Is rough for the feet to tread,
And up the hill we toil and climb
As far from the sky o'erhead.
Yet the sky is true
In its Summer blue,
And the sun is sure to come bursting through
And though cares appal,
And shadows fall,
We know that our God is over all.

MY DARLING.

SPIRIT of tenderness, far, far away,
Where art thou dwelling, my darling, to-day?
Love, in the spirit land, glorious and fair,
Oh! art thou watching and waiting me there?

Where is thy home to-day, where can it be? Comest thou ever, my darling, to me? Dwelling in Heaven, or floating in air, Art thou not beautiful, art thou not fair?

Spirit of gentleness, darling, I pray, Where in all space art thou dwelling to-day? Rolls there a pitiless river between, Or art thou with me yet, near and unseen?

Darling, my darling! Oh, sleepest thou still, Waiting the Master's omnipotent will? Sleepest thou still till the trumpet's last breath Dries in a moment the river of death?

Where art thou resting, oh! darling of mine? Why see I nought of the joy that is thine? Why feel I never the soul-stirring bliss Thou could'st bestow in a rapturous kiss?

Beautiful spirit, far from my sight, Yet do I dream thou art spotlessly white; While I am sighing in sorrow and care, Dreaming of Heaven, I feel thou art there. There with the ransomed, there with the blest, With no pain at thy heart and no sin on thy breast; What though life's shadows fall darkly o'er me, I am content if 'tis better with thee.

UNRECONCILED.

THEY bid me think of thee, my lost, my best,
Not as I saw thee last, when on thy breast
The uncrushed flowers were left to fade away,
Like thee, so pure; like thee, born to decay.

They say thou art so bright in yonder sphere, Beyond the shadows and the clouds of here, That I must sink these lower wants of mine In joy for all the bliss that now is thine.

How can it fill my heart, so lone and chill, To stretch the empty arms, thou wilt not fill, Toward the placid sky so blue and fair, And calmly tell myself my love is there?

How can it comfort me to think to-night, How fair thou art in newer robes of white, Sparkling with glory that I may not see, When thou on earth wert fair enough for me?

'Tis sorry joy, this poverty of breast,
Missing the phantom bird that filled the nest;
For what if God's white angels kiss thy brow—
I cannot touch, I cannot kiss thee now.

What if thy ghost walk with me, yet I see No form, no presence, and no trace of thee? I want the love, the human love of old, That going, left me desolate and cold.

Peace! oh, ye praters, who have never trod Where Love lies sleeping 'neath the voiceless sod, Wait till ye see your brightest and your best White as the shroud above the pulseless breast. Wait till the chain you hold to-day complete Lies rent asunder at the Master's feet, And writhing, shuddering in the grasp of woe, You cannot bless Him for the crushing blow.

Oh! love of mine, not yet my soul can be Glad for the joy that hath been given to thee; I miss to-day the sight, the sound, the touch, Loving thee so, and needing thee so much.

Does resignation come with time and prayer, Or does love fade and die from growing care, Crushed to indifference? I do not know, For still I love, though forced to let thee go.

Ah, love—my love! I cannot think of thee Save as thou wert when last I turned to see My pale one, with the flowers upon her breast—Dead! oh, my beautiful, my lost, my best!

RELICS.

TO-DAY, when the house was quiet,
And the children out at play,
I unfolded the rumpled garments
That were laid in a drawer away.
It was only a pile of rubbish,
A poor moth-eaten heap,
That had lain, unused, to moulder
Since my darling fell asleep.

A little dress gone mouldy,
With silk-fringed tippet, too,
With ragged holes bedotted,
Where moths have sported through;
'Twas but a heap of rubbish,
A cynic might have said,
And yet to me a memory
And a whisper from the dead.

Ah, me! as I looked them over,
Those little unused things,
I wondered if my darling
Were wearing angel's wings?
And if she can look lovelier
Than she looked long years before,
When she kissed me in her gladness
For the little frock she wore?

And I wondered, oh! I wondered,
If along the pearly street,
Do the angels listen gladly
To the patter of her feet?
As I used to listen, listen
With a fond and doting pride,
To the shoes that now are empty,
Save the little socks inside.

Little socks that crumbled, crumbled
As I drew them gently out,
Like the precious childish body
I have wept so much about;
For above my buried darling
Grows the grass so long and green,
And the bridge of death divides us,
And the river rolls between.

I have folded them together,
I have laid them by once more,
Relics of a vanished angel,
Treasures hid in Memory's store;
They will soothe me still to cherish,
Still to cherish and to keep,
And the moths may revel through them,
Now my darling is asleep.



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MY BOY.

A NGELS of Heaven, sweet angels of light,
Watch o'er us tenderly, keep us to-night;
Keep us from harm, while toil-weary we lie,
Knowing nor heeding that dangers are nigh;
Keep us from evil and keep us from sin,
Keep us from dangers without and within,
Spread your soft wings o'er us, shining and white,
Angels of loveliness, angels of light.

Angels of Heaven, tender and true,
I have a mission for angels to do.
I have a boy in the wide world away,
Needing sweet guardianship every day;
Hoping and trusting, grasping at joy,
Clinging to earth with the soul of a boy,
Needing sweet guidance and help from above,
Angels of mercy, sweet angels of love.

In the world's bustle, wherever he be,
Watch him, sweet angels, keep him for me,
In its rough places standing secure,
In its temptations strong to endure,
Holding truth's banner high, stainless and white,
Earnest and honest, and strong in the right;
Angels of Heaven, bright forms from the sky,
Thus would I have you watch over my boy.

Far from the fond arms that led him for years,
Far from the love that dried childhood's bright tears,
Far from the care that would shield him to-day,
Wanders my boy in the great world away;
Over his sleep may your gentle watch be,
Soothe his soft slumbers, and whisper of me;
Each by one golden thread, led from above,
Keep us, and hold us, sweet angels of love.

SPARROWS.

"Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."—MATT. x. 30.

I THINK of that in the morning,
When I scatter the crumbs around,
And the sparrows from the garden wall
Come fluttering to the ground;
And they chirp in their songless gladness,
As they pick up the crumbs of bread,
And I think perhaps the Master
Has sent them here to be fed.

The poor little dingy sparrows
That haven't a song to sing,
Or even a brilliant feather
O'er head, or breast, or wing;
And I love to see them hopping,
So glad in their morning glee,
For they, in their hueless meanness,
Seem something akin to me.

To me, who am mean and humble,
And weak in the Master's eyes,
Whom the great and the strong ones see not,
And the lights of the world despise;
And yet, in our humble places,
Away in the dimmer light,
We are fed by the Father's bounty,
And kept in the Father's sight.

And I think of that in the evening,
When the sparrows are away,
Asleep with no care upon them,
Or thought for the coming day;
And yet He will feed and keep them,
And if one of these should fall,
A sleepless eye beholds it,
For the Master counts them all.

So I gather enough of courage
And faith for every day,
And pick up the crumbs of comfort
And hope on Life's troubled way.

If we are of greater value
Than the sparrows on the wall,
"Fear not!" while the God of Heaven
Is willing to feed us all.

DON'T YOU THINK IT MIGHT BE BETTER.

ON'T you think it might be better For the children at our knee. If we wouldn't yell so fiercely At their childishness and glee? If we only would remember, 'Ere we check them at their play. That we, too, were little children In the bright years passed away. And we loved to romp and clatter, And sing, and dance, and shout; And it's not at all unlikely That we used to whine and pout. And there may have been rude moments. When we let our passions free— For the very good and perfect Never grow as old as we.

Don't you think it might be better,
For ourselves and neighbours, too,
If we wouldn't talk so freely
Of what other people do?
If we would but speak in kindness,
Though we cannot quite commend;
Or be nothing, simply nothing,
If we cannot be a friend.
Don't you think it would be wiser
To believe the best we can

Of a frail, misguided sister,
Or an erring fellow-man?
Keeping sight of our own failings,
That for all we hear or see,
We may clothe our hearts and actions
In the garb of charity.

Don't you think it would be better. Better far for you and I. If we would but wait a moment 'Ere we give the harsh reply? If we kissed the flushed face kindly, And forbore the cutting blow, And forgave the cruel slander, And the words that hurt us so; Better far to help another, Who is faint and weary grown, Struggling with a mighty burden That is heavier than our own: Better still to tread in meekness. Where along the way we see Footprints of the One who taught us Love, and Peace, and Charity.

WHEN FAITH GROWS FRAIL

WHEN faith grows frail,
Dropping its branches while the serpents trail
Their slime among the fair white leaves, till they
Turn, withering, earthward, ready to decay;

When doubts are born,
And sceptics point the ready hand of scorn,
When cynics sneer, and athiests scoff and nod,
And ask in mockery where is thy God?

Lord be thou nigh!

And lest my feeble love should fail and die,

Hold Thou my hand, and from the serpent's sting

Rescue my faith a pure and spotless thing.

And when the touch
Of pain, or sorrow, hurts me over much,
Keep my poor soul from stumbling in despair,
And give Thy weak one strength enough to bear;

Holding me still,
That led, and kept, and guided by Thy will,
Through slight, or scorn, or tempest rude and rough,
I shall have faith, and hope, and strength enough.

Broadcast around,
The seeds of doubt are sown on fruitful ground,
Man gathers grain and fruitage from Thy sod,
And then in pride denies that Thou art God.

Yet let me be
Firm in that trust that clingeth still to Thee,
Till my poor tottering faith lies at Thy feet,
In Thee triumphant and in Thee complete.

ALONG THE WAY.

Give strength enough, that at the set of sun,

It shall be all well done.

Hold me, oh Father, that in deed or word

To no rude passion stirred,

Each thought and deed and tone may subject be

To peace and charity.

Still bearing and forbearing every hour,

Held by Thy firm, strong power,

Guarding my wayward and rebellious tongue,

And thinking nothing wrong.

Give patience, Lord, for all the ills that make
The tortured heart to ache;
For all the vexing and perplexing woes
That human nature knows.

And if the way of life be dark and rough,
Oh! give me faith enough
To hold, and cling, and trust Thee to the end,
My Guide, my Help, my Friend.

Give light, my Father, at the evening time, Calm, tranquil, and sublime;

Till, passing o'er the river deep and wide,

I reach the other side.

Give strength, sweet Lord, strength to the end, till I
Put all my burdens by,

And Thou shalt bid me cease my wanderings wild, And welcome home Thy child.

GOD BLESS THEM ALL AT HOME.

THE light fades softly o'er the earth,
And evening's hazy close
Folds the poor, weary world away,
To silence and repose;
And while the curtain of the night
Lies o'er the azure dome,
From harm, and ill, and dangers dark,
God keep them all at home!

Across the sweeping surge of space,
The barque of memory flies,
Bearing its freight of tender thoughts,
And love that never dies;
And through the shadowy mist to-night
My willing fancies roam,
And, looking up, my heart cries out,
"God bless them all at home!"

There is no memory so sweet,
In this dark world of woe,
As that which takes us back to scenes
And loves of long ago;
So in the realms of "Auld lang syne,"
At eventide I roam,
And ask the God of earth and Heaven
To keep them all at home.

THE BEST WE CAN.

THE best we can, when the hills of time
Are rough and rude for the feet to climb,
And the clouds above have a leaden hue,
And the struggling sunbeams, faint and few,
Just glance like meteors o'er the hill,
Leaving the darkness darker still;
Our best shall carry us safely o'er,
For we may do that, though we cannot more.

The best we can, though the darkness lies In dense deep shadows across the skies, And we scarcely see in the dim grey light Which is the path that will take us right; And our hot tears fall on the dusty road As we toil along with our heavy load; Still the best we can till the work is o'er, For the Master knows we can do no more.

The best we can, till He choose to light
The gloomy ways of this earthly night,
Till the shadows flee and the darkness dies,
And the light breaks out in a sweet surprise,
And we see so plain, by the new bright glow,
That the way was right that He bade us go;
Oh, we cannot want if He goes before,
While we do our best, and we can't do more.

Doing our best by the light that still Hallows whatever is God's sweet will; Gaining new strength in the blinding rain, Singing Hope's song, amid care and pain; Patiently trusting, whate'er befall, The hand of the One who hath given all, And who waits to see if His child will shirk The darken'd road and the meaner work.

The best we can, though it seem so mean, The seeds we sow or the ears we glean, And the work we do and the way we climb Seems to count for naught in the rush of time. Still our best shall be in the Master's sight, Like the thief's last prayer or the widow's mite, For He looks in love on the soul that clings To its duty over life's little things.

YOU OR I.

WHEN the din of life is over,
And one of us must go
To the mystic land eternal
That no mortal flesh can know,
Shall one of us stand watching,
Watching how the dark waves glide,
Till the weary, struggling spirit,
Land's upon the other side?
You or I, love,

You or I, One of us must wait behind, Which it shall be, never mind.

Standing where the grave's deep shadows
Fall on th' unconscious dead,
And the way of life looks dreary
For the lonely feet to tread,
And the soul grows faint, and fearful,
Looking toward the great unknown,
To the path that must be traversed,
Weary, silent, and alone;
You or I, love,

You or I, One of us must wait and weep, While the other lies asleep.

In the brighter land eternal,
Where no parting and no pain
Wrings the breaking heart to anguish,
Quivers through the tortured brain;

You or I may wait the other,
Watching gladly by the shore,
With a blessing, and a welcome,
When earth's pilgrimage is o'er;
You or I, love,
You or I,
Does it matter which, if we
Meet in Heaven's eternity?

IN MEMORIAM.

THOU hast gone to thy rest, oh! my darling,
Thou hast gone to the rest of the free,
And why should I murmur, my darling,
That thou art not toiling with me?
Thou hast tasted the bliss of the ransomed,
Thou hast bathed in the joy of the pure,
Thou hast learned what it is to be happy,
With a joy that shall live and endure.

Thou art gone from my arms, oh! my darling,
And I murmur thy name with a sigh,
Yet I feel that in heaven, oh! my darling,
I shall call thee my own by-and-bye;
I shall clasp the hands now folded mutely,
I shall kiss the white shadowless brow,
I shall love thee in Heaven for ever,
As the angels are loving thee now.

Thou hast gone to thy home, oh! my darling,
The home that no mortal hath seen,
Thou hast past the deep river, my darling,
Where the waters roll darkly between;
Oh! I know not how white are thy garments,
Or how lovely the crown thou hast won;
But I know that thy Saviour is with thee,
And the days of thy sorrow are done.

Thou hast gone to thy joy, oh! my darling,
The joy that no sorrow can mar,
And I catch not a glimmer, my darling,
Of the light that is gleaming afar;
But I know thou art blessed for ever,
Safe, safe from earth's tumult and care,
And I feel when time's evening closes,
My darling will welcome me there.

WHAT DO THE ANGELS SAY?

SWEET one, what do the angels say?

Do they beckon my bud to the spirit-land,
Do they tempt thee, my darling, away, away,
Where the crystal waves touch the golden sand;
Where there comes no tear and there comes no pain,
And the one who wept shall not weep again?

Pale one, what do the angels say?
Soothing and calming thy baby fears,
Wooing the smiles that so softly play
Over the face still wet with tears?
This, oh! this do the angels say—
"Little one, pretty one, come away."

Pure one, what do the angels say?

Whispering low to my sinless sweet,
Oh! do they shew thee from far away,
Soft bright rays from the golden street?
Oh, do they offer, from Heaven above,
Aught more sweet than a mother's love?

Loved one, what do the angels say?

Care they nothing tho' I should weep;
Wilt thou follow away, away,

Over the waves so dark and deep?
Float, little barque, o'er the jasper sea,
I am content, if 'tis well with thee.

DROWNED.

DOOR dripping form, was there on this vast earth No resting place?

Were there no firm strong arms to hold thee in Love's fond embrace?

Was there no joy, no comfort worth the taking, Save the long sleep that knows not earth's awaking?

So young thou art, the long dark tresses have

No threads of white.

And thy smooth forehead hath no tale to tell Of pain or slight,

Yet cold and lifeless now, oh! Eve's frail daughter, What was it lured thee to the cruel water?

God pity thee! so fragile and so young. Oh! sister dear;

We may not learn what fiery impulse led Thy footsteps here,

Yet may we ask our Father of His kindness, Pity the sinner and forgive her blindness.

Rest thee, poor child; the whispering waters have No tale to tell.

If thou hast trusted to thy bitter grief, Or loved too well.

If thou wert weary, sorry, or afraid, God rest thee in the grave thyself hath made.

God pity us who are as weak as thee, Poor dripping child,

Dreading the angry skies that seem to lower So fiercely wild,

Adam's weak son, or Eve's misguided daughter, Tossed at the mercy of Life's troubled water.

God help us all, when like thy pulseless form Of soddened clay,

We shrink and fear, longing to hide us from The glare of day,

Weary of cares so heavy and appalling, God pity us, and keep our feet from falling!

DON'T FRET!

THERE is an hour when the poor human head, By sorrow bowed,

Hangs in dumb anguish o'er some treasured dead, Or weeps aloud;

A time when burning tears must fall to pay Affection's debt,

Yet in due season these shall pass away— Don't fret!

There is a time when life's great cares sweep o'er

The human breast,

And all the heart hath ever known before Seems but a jest;

A drop of bitterness that turned to joy, A flower tear-wet.

And yet these darker shadows shall pass by— Don't fret!

Don't fret, poor soul! 'tis better far to do Our honest best,

Catching the sunbeams as they struggle through
The grief-filled breast;

Better to work in faith and hope, than live Till suns shall set,

Wishing for just the things God did not give— Don't fret!

Don't fret! don't fret! 'tis poison in the food

That might be sweet,

'Tis blight upon the flowers that mercy strewed Beneath our feet,

'Tis wasted energy, and talent lost,
'Tis vain regret,

'Tis misery purchased at a cruel cost— Don't fret!



TRUTH!

NAY, Fathers, Mothers! do not bruise
The opening leaves of truth,
Tis such a fragrant flower to deck
The fearless brow of youth;
That hasty, angry blow you struck
In thoughtless passion's heat,
May shatter Truth's frail barque upon
The boulders of deceit;
When fearlessly he owned the wrong,
With open, honest eye,
'Twere nothing lighter than a sin
To strike the boy.

Oh, Fathers, Mothers! trust the lad,
Or that untutored boy
May learn to shirk the blow he fears
Beneath the ready lie.
Oh! do not let him see you doubt,
Though doubt perhaps you may,
Lest by injustice you should drive
The angel Truth away.
Pin the bright badge of Honour on
The pliant breast of youth,
'Twere better to believe a lie
Than doubt the Truth.

Oh, Fathers, Mothers! in that face,
So fearless and so fair,
There is no blush of conscious wrong,
No tinge of falsehood there;
And never to the childish lip
A guilty answer came,
Without a restless drooping gaze,
And crimson blush of shame.
Guard well the pearl that best adorns
The rosy bloom of youth,
For better far believe a lie
Than doubt the Truth.

YOUR PRAYER.

OD knows it all! It hath not been unheard,
The prayer so fondly pleaded;
He shall not pass thy want forever by,
Unnoticed and unheeded;
It doth but wait His time. Oh! trust Him still,
And wait in faith and patience till He will.

He knoweth why thy cry, still heavenward going,
No answering blessing bringeth;
He knoweth why He bids thee wait for that
To which thy soul so clingeth;
Still, at His feet, however mean the spot,
Until He answers thee, oh child, faint not.

God knoweth why thy faith is tried so sorely,
And why, through years of trial,
He seems to mock thy very earnestness
By silence or denial;
Within His hand thy boon is lying still,
Ready to fall and bless thee when He will.

Oh! trust Him, child; pray on in simple faith.

Thy prayers are not unheeded,

They lie tear-dewed before the Father's feet,

And all thy soul hath pleaded

Shall yet be thine, though for a time denied,

By prayer, and faith, and patience purified.

God knows it all; oh! 'tis not in His anger,
Or in His high displeasure,
He keeps thee kneeling at His feet, and holds
Thy heart's most longed-for treasure;
Love keeps thee still, however dark thy lot,
Lean on Him to the end, and oh! faint not.



ESTRANGED.

SHALL I see thee, oh! I wonder,
When the work of Time is done?
Shall we meet in joy for ever,
With our olive fairly won?
We who would not speak in kindness,
But were harsh in word and thought,
Never bearing and forbearing
As we ought.

Shall we meet in Heaven, I wonder,
And be glad at last to share
All the glory, and the gladness,
And the peace that reigneth there?
With the sword of strife laid broken
In the graveyard of our wrong,
Shall we learn to sing together
Heaven's love song?

Shall we stand at last, I wonder,
In the presence of the King,
With no note of jar or discord
In the song we have to sing?
We who dared not kneel together
For His perfect eye to see,
Lest He, knowing all, should deem it
Mockery.

Shall we yet, by Christ's dear mercy
From all sinful passions clean,
Dwell with Him who surely knoweth
Whose the faults on earth have been?
When we wake another morning,
Strangers on an unknown shore,
May God give us peace together!
Evermore.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

SUCH bitter words we say, such cruel speeches
As Spite suggests, or fiery Fancy teaches,
And heavy clouds break over Love's sweet sky,
Because we will not check the harsh reply.

We probe the vexed heart in such stirring fashion, To find the words most fraught with hate and passion And fling them, with such fierce revengeful blow, At one we loved so much an hour ago.

And then, when Faith and Peace are crushed and dying Among Love's wreckage, bruised and broken, lying, We fain would grope in misery and pain, Straining the dead joys to our hearts again—

Just as the children hither run, and thither
Pluck the fair flowers, and let them fade and wither—
Too thoughtless to provide a little care
To guard the fragile things, and keep them fair

And yet, ah, me! when once the words are spoken, When once the chain of Love is warped or broken, God pity us, who, in fierce Passion's heat, Trample Love's garland underneath our feet.

God pity us! when eyes forget to glisten, When wilful ears grow dumb and will not listen, When lips forego Affection's tender kiss, And words are turned to themes of bitterness.

God pity us! when of our reckless making Hard links are forged that crush the heart to breaking; When, lacking care, home's song-birds droop and die, Because we will not give a soft reply.



THE GRACES.

HER name is Faith!

And when the lightnings flash in vivid heat,
Or Winter's snows lie white beneath her feet;
When tempests rage, and winds and waves are high,
And dark menacing clouds loom o'er the sky;
When sorrow, like an ogre, dark and chill,
Seems bending all things to its cruel will,
Still Faith looks up; though shorn of all that's fair,
She knows her guardian angel must be there
Somewhere amid the darkness dim and grey,
And God Himself shall roll the clouds away.
Firm on the rock she stands, through pain and loss,
Sate with her clinging arms around the cross.

Her name is Hope!

And with a steady hand she grasps the oar,
And bravely struggles towards the distant shore,
Undaunted, though the wild waves dash along
And seem to mock the music of her song;
And though the creeping darkness tells of night,
And yet the distant shore is out of sight,
Still Hope sings on, with clear and watchful eye,
Believing 'twill be brighter by-and-bye—
Meets her life's work and all she has to do,
Knowing the darkness must be struggled through;
Smiling, she points towards the nearing shore,
"It will be fairer when the storm is o'er."

Her name is Charity!

And with a gentle and a noiseless tread,

She lays her white hand on the sufferer's head;

Kisses the tears from childhood's rounded cheek,

And whispers courage to the frail and weak;

Pities the sorrows that she cannot heal,

And cares for all that mortal flesh can feel;

She lifts the kneeling penitent forlorn,

Shrinking and shivering from the people's scorn;

She hides, beneath the shimmering robes of white, Another's faults and follies out of sight; She hushes Slander till its whispers cease, And answers all with gentleness and peace; She walks in beauty where the Saviour trod, Committing all things humbly to her God

And bless'd that home where dwelleth all the three—Earth's angels: Faith, and Hope, and Charity!

DON'T SOW THEM.

Don't do it, lad!

They won't be worth the soil it takes to grow them,

Nor half the misery it makes to sow them;

They will not yield when youth and strength are lost

Enough of happiness to pay the cost.

They won't be worth the sowing and the reaping,

The harvest gathering, or the after keeping—

Don't sow them, boy.

Don't do it, lad!

"Sowing wild oats" is but a name for sinning,
Symptoms of madness in its young beginning;
'Tis future misery, remorse and pain,
'Tis energy and talent used in vain,
'Tis mirth to-day and penitence to-morrow,
'Tis one hour's laughter and whole years of sorrow—
Don't sow them, boy.

Don't do it, lad!
"Tis but starvation for the heart that sows them,
"Tis useless produce from the ground that grows them;
Others shall water them with bitter tears,
And you shall reap regret in coming years,
When in the harvest-time of shame and weeping
You find no grain worth such a troubled reaping—
Don't sow them, boy.

IF YE FAINT NOT.

SEEMS it so long in coming,
So long that the heart grows chill,
Trusting the Father's pleasure,
Waiting the Master's will,
Pleading the old, old longing,
Breathing the old, old prayer,
Yet will he never answer?
Oh! will He never care?
Still kneeling, praying, pleading,
While blinding tears are hot,
Yet may we reap in gladness—
If we faint not.

Seems it such weary waiting,
Waiting in tears and pain
For the sun that we fear will never
Shine bright through the clouds again;
Weary the way, so weary,
Wet with the tears we shed,
And the clouds are dark and heavy,
In the pitiless sky o'erhead—
Yet waiting, hoping, sowing,
However dark our lot,
Dawns there no glad to-morrow—
If we faint not?

Seems He so long in giving

What we so craved to gain?

Have prayers, and tears, and pleadings,
Been offered all in vain?

We scarce could wait the granting,
Or trust His Higher Will,
And yet the boon is wanting,
The void is empty still.
Oh! white-winged Faith, Hope's guardian
On this tear-watered spot,
Droop not! the boon is granted—
If we faint not.

Seems it such weary toiling,
Out on earth's rugged field,
Seeing no glowing prospect
Of what the end shall yield;
Sowing in fear, and sorrow,
Sowing in pain and care,
Sowing through years of patience,
Sowing in love and prayer.
Oh! in the time of harvest,
After life's troubled lot,
May we yet reap in Heaven—
If we faint not.

DO YOUR BEST, BOY!

TELL the truth, my boy; believe me
'Tis the best and wisest plan,
Honest speech and honest action
Makes the noblest gentleman.
Gold may buy its way to favour,
Cringers bow to power and birth,
But men reach the highest standard
By the stepping-stone of worth.

Do your best, my boy, whatever
'Tis your duty here to do;
There are dark and rugged places
Everyone must struggle through.
But the talent in a napkin
Will no rich reward obtain;
Better die beside your post, lad,
Than have lived your life in vain.

Don't be wishing, idly wishing

For a new Tom Tiddler's ground—

Fate's a myth, and luck's a phantom,

Fairy gold is never found;

Pave life's way with noble actions,
That shall gild Time's little span,
And or rich or poor, be ever
Nature's true-born gentleman.

If you cannot lead the battle,
You may surely play the man;
If you cannot be a hero,
You may do the best you can;
And for every day's temptation,
And for all its crushing care,
Walk with Him whose love shall give you
Work to do, and strength to bear.

A POOR MAN'S OPINION.

WELL, perhaps it is all very well, sir,
This pedigree, history, and birth;
Your descent may sound mightily stylish,
But I fail to see what it is worth.

A man, to my mind, is a man, sir,
Whatever his lineage may be:
The prince, or the peer, or the peasant—
For we can't all have titles, you see.

If you trace your descent from a hero
Who did what was noble and true,
I can't for the life of me see, sir,
That it's any great credit to you.

You may be a scamp or a scoundrel, Or an idiot, too, for all that, Though once you'd a hero amongst you, And now you're an aristocrat!

And I, though I'm humble and poor, sir—
And it's little of good that I've done—
Would scorn to be wrapping myself up
In the honours another has won.

Come down from your pedestal, do, sir, Don't lay yourself by on a shelf Wrapped up in another man's glory, But do something noble yourself.

If your grandfather's grandfather's uncle
Won the laurel of fame and renown,
Let its glory lie bright on his grave, sir,
While you honestly win your own crown.

But that's not what I wanted to say, sir—
'Tis a business a man mustn't shirk—
I want to know whose is the fault, sir,
That the poor haven't plenty of work?

You're welcome enough to your grandeur, With all its palaver and fuss, But our wives and our children want food, sir, And that's what's the trouble to us!

In this fair land, that boasts of its plenty, Starvation is rampant and strong; And the sons of its freedom are groaning From tyrant, oppression, and wrong.

Show me, sir, the freedom of England
That flushes the honest man's cheek;
Is that freedom that sets a man toiling
For a paltry ten shillings a week?

There's only one freedom about it
That any sane labourer sees—
He may pass his half-loaf to another,
And starve just as soon as he please.

The poor have their faults, I admit it, Improvident often, 'tis true; But what of the brilliant example Set forth by such nobles as you?

Though it isn't for me to be judging,
Or weighing the wrong and the right;
But I do think the great and the wealthy
Don't give us a job when they might.

Perhaps it's a worldly-wise maxim,
To work us as cheap as you can;
But it's scant Christianity, hardly
The style of a man to a man.

Ah! sir, I'm not gifted to preaching, My grammar's too far out of date; But I fancy you rich are the stewards In trust on God's mighty estate.

And I think when the gold and the land, sir, Were given so freely to you,

He certainly must have intended

That we should be fed by it, too.

We don't ask for a seat at your table,

Let the lordly ones grace it alone;

We want work and fair wages, and then, sir,

We'll soon have some food of our own.

We want a fair price for our labour,

That men may be honest and true;

And in justice to peer and to peasant,

We'll give honour where honour is due.

KEEP HEART.

KEEP heart! why, you don't mean to say, man,
You're an Englishman down on his luck!
Why, I thought you'd a talent for battle,
And a special endowment of "pluck"!
But if you will crouch in a corner,
Afraid of the racket and roar,
Don't crawl out for your share of the honours
When the noise of the battle is o'er!

Keep heart! will you fare any better For nursing these cowardly fears? Or greeting the goddess Fortuna With a torrent of pitiful tears? If you've difficult work to achieve, man,
In hope of obtaining a prize,
Don't you think you would manage it better
If you hadn't that mist in your eyes?

Keep heart! meet the world and its struggles
With less of that bitter distrust;
If a few have ill-used and deceived you,
There are many still honest and just;
And if life isn't just what it might be,
'Tis the duty of woman and man
To lighten the cares of each other,
And make it as bright as they can.

CHRISTMAS, 1884.

THERE'S a dear old face at the window pane
In spite of the wintry weather,
And we'll take his hand with a grip again,
And welcome him in together.
For what, though he shakes his hoary head,
And declares we are twelve months older,
He must never say in a dreary way,
That our hearts are growing colder.

Bring the traveller in to the cheery glow
By the fireside, snug, and jolly,
And crown his brow with the mistletoe,
And the bright and sparkling holly,
While glad and clear on the frosty earth
The carolers are singing
Of peace on earth, and a Saviour's birth,
And the Christmas bells are ringing.

There's a soft, bright light in the maiden's eyes, As she toys with the bough above her, A happy glow that is half surprise, As she dreams of a coming lover; And the little folks have tucked away
Each fair, untroubled head,
That the fairy-king his gifts may bring
To the stockings on the bed.

And mother waits—there's another line
Of thought round the patient lips,
And a little whiter her tresses shine,
While her gentle finger tips
Touch here and there, in restless mood,
With touch of mother yearning,
With a half-sad joy, as the hour draws nigh
For the loved one's home returning.

God, give to every heart its joy,
Its brightest and sincerest;
The maid her love, and the child its toy,
And home its best and dearest.
Be every mother glad with bliss
That love and peace can give her;
And Christmas blow a storm of snow,
And smother wrong for ever.

TO THE TAPROOM.

THERE'S a light in the public-house, lad; it shines like a beacon bright,

It streams through the open doorway, and out on the dull, dark night;

And within there are sounds of laughter, and wit and humour pass From lip to lip so freely, inspired by the social glass; And there's plenty of hearty fellows, all jolly and good enough, Though hardly the sort for parsons, and may-be a trifle rough; But it's warm, and it's light and cheerful, and it passes the time away.

And you learn how the world moves on, lad, and hear what the people say.

But only a moment wait, lad, whatever the others do; It may be a house of bustle, but it isn't the place for you

For at home, in the quiet stillness, a woman, with thoughtful eye, Wonders and waits, and listens for her home-expected boy;

She dreads lest the lights may lure him, she fears lest the noise may charm,

For she reads o'er the open doorway, "This road is the road to harm,"

And she listens the loud-pitched voices, and waits while the gaslights glare,

Where riper and riper groweth the harvest of vice and care. If you join in the noisy glee, lad, if you take the reveller's part, There is but one way to reach it, and 'tis over another's heart; 'Tis over the heart that loves you, with love you cannot guess, 'Tis over home's sweet affection and quiet peacefulness, 'Tis over a woman's heart, lad, so tender, kind and true, Who now in the dim night sitteth and watcheth in fear for you. There are songs in the public-house, lad, such jolly songs to-night, And the crowded taproom echoes to the clamour of delight; There's mirth to be had for taking, and friends who will speak you fair,

While you plunge your hand in your pocket and find you've a shilling there;

There's oaths that are sworn so boldly, and though you may shrink at first,

You'll soon get a little hardened, and learn to smile at the worst;

There's jests that are worse than folly, and pleasures that prove a snare,

Where the face of the painted wanton is seen in the taproom's glare;

You must laugh as the others laugh, lad, you must do as the others do,

Or it isn't the place for you, boy, it isn't the place for you.

And away from the glaring gas-light, away from the noisy song
Is a lonely woman, wishing "he wouldn't stay quite so long."

There's light in the public-house, lad, there's gloom in that woman's face,

There's a cloud on the hearth at home, lad, that should be cheerful place;

And the way to the taproom rattle, and the wanton's drunken kiss, Is over the grave of conscience, and over home's sacred peace; 'Tis over it's quiet beauty, and confidence and trust, 'Tis over the hearts that pray, lad, as hearts that suffer must; It may be a wife or mother, a sister or a child, Who waits for a tardy loved one, and listens the revels wild; It may be a woman, weary, tearful, aged, and weak and sad, Who waits through the long, long hours, and prays for the absent lad:

But the way to the drunken orgies, whenever you choose to start, Is over a sea of tears, lad, and over another's heart.

OUR NEEDS.

OD fits them in,

The little needs we worry so about,
Vexing ourselves with timid fear and doubt;
We wish, and want, and grumble while we know
God has them in His fingers to bestow
Just when He wills, however long we wait,
He shall not give us any good too late.

God fits them in-

Not as we would, with our impetuous will, But with a great completeness, calm and still, Just when, perhaps, we had begun to doubt, Or felt the blessings must be done without; They drop upon us as Time's moments fall, Just at the proper season, after all.



God fits them in-

Not to our wills; we should but mar the work. He will not hurry, shuffle o'er, nor shirk; Each thing is ordered to His perfect mind, Creation's self is little things combined; And as the land fits the embracing sea, So shall the wants of His own people be; Whate'er our needs, while Time's rude hills we climb, God fits them in at His appointed time.



A STREET GIRL.

THOSE is the fault? She was young and weak, With a soft shy blush on her maiden cheek. And the warm heart thrilled with a strange sweet bliss, At your whispered words, and your tender kiss. She had heard of snares for the feet of youth, But she staked her soul on your promised truth: Yet you trod it down to the very dust. And made a jest of her simple trust! You whispered words that you never meant, And soothed her fears to a false content: You talked of love and a wedding ring-And now she is only a fallen thing Who laughs and jests by the tap-room light. And sells herself in the streets at night! Whose is the fault? The sinner? Who? Oh! is it her? Man! is it vou? The past is dead with its cruel pain. She has nought to lose and no name to stain: For those days of love, e'er you broke your yow. Seem only a dream that is over now. She can make a jest of the careful wife. For she loved a villain who wrecked her life. And whose is the wrong, the sin, the shame? Is it over a man's or a woman's name? When the One who sees as no mortal may. Shall brush the dust of the world away. read, as only Himself can read, cause that led to each sinful deed; When He sees the stain of the maiden's tear, Her fluttering doubt and trembling fear. The traitor's kiss and the honied lies, And the veil Love threw o'er her dazzled eyes: When He reads her shame and her writhing pain. As she learnt she had trusted and loved in vain. And rushed from the gentle voice within To drown her grief in the tide of sin;

When He reads it all, as read He must—
The tale that grew from a girlish trust—
Shall He scorn her then, as the world does now,
Because she trusted a traitor's vow?
Oh! man, beware! On that awful day,
You've a judge to meet, and a debt to pay;
You shall answer then, in the Master's name,
For a maiden's fall and a street girl's shame.

A HEN'S SOLILOQUY.

T'S mighty queer!

Why, I've been laying eggs for a quarter of a year, As fast as henism *could* lay! And so, Where are the eggs? that's what I want to know. I squat upon that nest day after day,

And lay, and lay,

So somebody must carry them away;
Whoever does it, I should like to scratch 'em—
Why can't I keep them, if I like, and hatch 'em?
I'm not by any means a grumbling hen,
But then.

After the patient laying that I've done,
I wonder if they think I call it fun?
And now, to-day they've tried their nasty tricks—
Because I want my little brood of chicks—
And shut me here from all the rest,
Where I can't even see the nest;
They ducked me till I fancied I was drowned,

Then swung me round,
And flung me in here, saying:
"She's such a gem for laying!"
Am I? Well, here's a hen you'll find
Blessed with a large and moralizing mind;

Blessed with a large and moralizing mind;

I'm not a goose,

And won't be cheated or endure abuse.

My days of squatting on that nest are o'er—

I'll lay no more,

Not I, indeed!

Unless from sheer necessity and need; And then—oh, happy thought!—I still can cheat 'em, Revenge is sweet! I'll turn me round and eat 'em!

ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year—

We two may drift apart on different ways, Looking back lovingly through life's dense maze, To catch a glimpse of bye-gone, happy days.

Another year—
Some cloud may gather o'er our placid sky,
Some harsh reply,
Some bitter, cutting word may dash away
The cup of joy we find so full to-day.

Another year—
One of us two may clasp the other's hand,
Passing in silence to the spirit land;
While, chill and dim,
Life's evening time shall hush Love's happy hymn.

Another year—
One of us two, with lonely aching breast,
May hold thought-converse with an unseen guest;
Fancy out lovingly the tender strain
We used to love, but may not talk again;
Listen in silence for a death-hushed tone
In tears alone.

Another year—
Ah, love! if death or distance rends the tie,
And you or I,
Hugging a dear dead past,
Stand bowed and trembling from sorrow's blast:
Oh! shall it be
A dear tie broken in harsh eternity?
Or shall we kiss and part in tender pain,
Hoping and hungering to meet again?
Our dawning future doth not yet appear;
God keep and bless us for another year.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

If I wished thee all the gladness
That prosperity could shew,
Could I shield thee from all sadness,
Through the journey here below
Could I wrap thy life in sweetness,
As the moss enfolds the rose?
Could I give thee that completeness
Which no human creature knows?
Could I turn the prose of living
Into pleasure's gushing verse?
Should I crown thee, in the giving,
With a blessing or a curse?

I would wish thee, I would bring thee,
All the joy I can or may;
But I know life will not sing thee
Merry music all the way;
And I ask God bless and hold thee
Safe and scathless through the worst;
May His mighty arms enfold thee,
When the clouds of care shall burst;
When Joy's roses droop, storm-shaken,
As the pelting rain-drops fall,
Still, by God's love unforsaken,
You may safely meet them all,

May He give to thee whatever
Shall be best, or wise, or well;
Steer thee safely o'er the river
When the waves in anger swell.

If I could, with fairy treasure,
Bless and beautify thy lot,
And bestow perpetual pleasure,
I would rather, rather not;
I should only err in blindness,
With a weak and human zest;
So I pray may God in kindness
Give thee all things right and best.

YOUR MOTHER.

WHEN to your lips cometh the hasty word,
When passion to some harsh reply is stirred,
When her low pleading wakes your quick reply,
Remember this—she is your mother, boy!
Listen the earnest tones, so fond and low,
That sang your lullaby in years ago.

What though her face be shadowed o'er by care? While love remains, some beauty must be there; And you may cheer her till the wrinkles break In channels, for her happy smiles to take. Oh! heed her, boy; your book of life is new, But she has read her pages almost through.

Speak kindly, boy; when your young life was new, She thought, and planned, and hoped so much for you; Laid out a future, with no cloud to mar, With you, her comfort and her evening star—Why should her hopes like Summer roses die? Remember, she is still your mother, boy.

Kiss the wan cheek, however seamed it be, It faded in her anxious care for thee! Revere the threads of silver in her hair, By time, and thought, and sorrow scattered there; Be yours the love to gild her days with joy—She is your mother, oh! remember, boy.

HE LEADS THE WAY.

He leads the way. Oh! wavering Faith be strong, What though 'tis stormy, sorrow-girt and long, What though the wild winds shriek a tale of woe, Fear not to travel where He bids thee go; Through storm or tempest, sorrow or distress, He gave them all, and promised thee no less; Through darkness dense, or shadows dull and grey, He leads the way.

Poor wavering Faith, so fearful and afraid,
Where are the promises so loudly made
When suns were bright, and skies were blue and fair,
And joy-songs floated on the perfumed air?
Where is the promise given in haste and pride—
"Yet will not I" desert the Master's side!
And now, though skies are dull with sombre grey,
He leads the way.

Oh! wavering Faith, still, with a firm strong hand, His love shall lead thee through the shadowy land; Grasp it, poor Faith, oh, clasp it more and more, While storms lash round thee and the tempests roar, Remembering that however dark thy day,

He leads the way.

He leads the way, and though the storm is wild,
Yet shall He clasp, and hold, and keep His child;
On His strong arm lean when the way is rough,
And He shall give thee light and strength enough;
Press to His side amid the shadows dim,
Thou can'st not lean too heavily for Him;
While o'er Life's road where lights and shadows play,
He leads the way.

IS IT ANY USE?

Is it any use to grumble
At our share of heavy work?
Is it any use to murmur
At the load we cannot shirk?
Better shoulder life's rude bundle
With its mysteries dark or fair,
For beneath the gloomy wrapping
Fate may hide some jewel there;
Guarding, holding, struggling, bearing,
With a firm, confiding trust,
Watching lest the unfolding treasures
Drop unheeded in the dust.

Is it any use to fancy
Ghosts and spectres every day?
Or to meet the ogre Trouble
As he plods along the way?
Better do life's honest duties,
Light or heavy, stern or kind,
Buckle on our burdens bravely,
Leaving trouble far behind;
'Tis enough for us poor mortals
To endure the torturing smart
When a real, and present trouble
Throws its shadow o'er the heart.
Is it any use to grumble

Is it any use to grumble
As we thankless creatures do,
Reckoning up life's many troubles,
And its pleasures short and few?
If we would but pick Hope's flow'rets,
Though they seem so frail and small,
We should find our changeful journey
Not so gloomy after all.

WF. SHALL MEET AGAIN. TE shall meet again, my darling, Though I know not where or how; If 'twill be while youth and beauty Revel on that seamless brow; While the birds of hope are singing Pleasant music, low and sweet, And the flowers of joy are flinging Honey drops before thy feet. We shall meet again, my darling, Though I know not when or where; If 'twill be when time has taught thee How to suffer and to bear; When through many a cruel trial Thou hast tasted mortal woe, And the tortures of denial Shall have laid Hope's blossoms low.

We shall meet again, my darling,
Though I know not how or where;
It may be that Christ's dear presence
Shall have made thee more than fair;
I may see thee here, ah! never,
In this pilgrimage of pain,
But in Heaven's own bright forever
I shall meet thee, love, again.

MIZPAH!

AH, love! lest we poor human creatures fail
In deed or thought,
And write a page of life's strange serial tale
Not as we ought;
Lest one of us forget the compact kiss,
And make our meeting but a doubtful bliss,
Through the soft radiance of the light afar—
Mizpah! my love! Mizpah!

Ah, love! so many put life's vessels out

To breast the tide,

And part are wrecked upon a sea of doubt,

And sin, and pride;

And but a few fond hearts that part in pain

Meet all unchanged in perfect faith again;

Oh, when dim vapours threaten Love's clear star—

Mizpah! my love! Mizpah!

Ah, love! lest one grows careless and one sad,
And both are changed,
Dropping the fair faith, that made all things glad,
Cold and estranged;
Lest we should meet, ah! never, never more
On this or on another, fairer, shore;
Dear love be true, though hearts may beat afar—
Mizpah! my love! Mizpah!

ONLY A BUTTON.

IT'S only a button! oh, woman!
Go gaze on that suffering man,
Go pity his terrible anguish,
Go comfort him if you can;
Oh! tell him a tale of martyrs,
Whose sufferings all are o'er;
Oh! speak of a time that cometh
When buttons shall be no more.

It's only a button! oh, woman!

There are woes that a word may cure,
There are sorrows, ills, and crosses
That a creature might endure;
But a button gone—oh! see him
Contort, and writhe, and hiss;
Was ever human sorrow
So pitiful as this?

It's only a button! oh, woman!
That isn't in its place,
That wakens these full blown whispers
And that wild, distorted face.
Daughter of Eve, behold him!
As faint and helplessly
He gazes on the vacancy
Where a button ought to be.

It's only a button! oh, woman! Alas! how could you guess It held his fragile temper, And bound his happiness? Go, woman! own your weakness, And tell him you forgot; Your noble lord is angry o'er A button that "is not."

BIDDY'S VALENTINE.

SHURE, Biddy, my love, it's meself that has sint yez
The swatest of Valentines all for yer own,
An', indade now, I'm feelin' a little afraid, dear,
Ye'll be thinkin' it came from bowld Paddy Malone.

But in thruth now, my dear, them same words that I sint yez Are deeply engraved on this bosom of moine; An' a pair of swate eyes have been hauntin' my slumbers, An' Biddy, my honey, I know they are thoine.

I know ye'll belave it's the thruth, now, Mavourneen,
I looked into ivvery foine shop in the town,
Till I found what expressed all my tinder affection,
An' that same cost yer Michael a bright half-a-crown.

But it isn't the palthry half-crown that I'm grudgin', If ye'll tell me, swate Biddy, you love me alone, That nivver, no nivver, ye mane to desart me For a pitiful poltroon loike Paddy Malone.

I dramed of yersilf t'other night when the mornin'
Was whispering "Come, Michael, 'tis toime to awake,"
But shure I'd have slept on my pillow till now, dear,
An' dramed loike a hero for Biddy's swate sake.

Oh! come to the heart that is waiting to take yez,
As thrue as the stars that so p'acefully shoine,
For dearer to me is the love of my Biddy
Than the words can express on yer own Valentine.

REST.

SEEK not to leave thy load Here on this dusty road, Only in yon abode Shalt thou find rest.

He who hath given thee care Knows what thy strength can bear. Yield not to grim despair, Christ shall be with thee there; While with the shield of prayer,
Still thou shalt do and dare,
Here in His woes to share,
Here His earth crown to wear;
Then in the glory there
Shalt thou find rest.

Shirk not thy burden, child,
What though the night be wild?
Others have bravely toiled
After the undefiled;
Sad if unreconciled,
Glad if the Master smiled;
Ah! through afflictions, child,
Shalt thou find rest.

Child! take thy load, and still Struggle up life's rough hill; Winds may be keen and chill, Suns may be hot, but still, Trusting the Master's will, Shalt thou find rest.

Rest when He please to say—
"Child! I have watched thy way
Closely from day to day;
Saw thee in darkness stray,
Watched thee in sorrow pray;
Now in My strong arms lay
Thy weaker self away,
Till in an endless day
Thou shalt find rest."

All thou hast failed to do,
All that was less than true
Christ hath supplied for you—
Child! come and rest.



NEGLECTED.

ONG ago you sought my side,
Set my fancy dreaming,
Wakened youth's delicious thrill,
Lit my glad eyes beaming;
Like a child who learns its lesson,
Asking neither how nor why,
Did I take the smiles you gave me,
And the new and tender joy.
But so soon you grew a-weary,
'Twas too calm, too soft a spell,
You forgot your thoughtless pastime,
I remembered all too well.

But ere time with tender hand
Had removed the cruel pain,
With a spirit of unrest,
You returned to me again:
Oh! I might have known how little
You would heed my weary pain,
When your tender mood was over
And your fancy changed again;
Ask yourself when calmly thinking,
As sometime you will—you must,
Did it serve you aught to tamper
With a woman's faith and trust?

I would see thee not again,
I would meet thee never,
I have bidden thee farewell
In my heart for ever;
It were vain again to open
Wounds that time perhaps may heal,
It were mockery to show you
All I think, and wish, and feel.
If you ever cared about me,
'Twas with love both weak and small,
And I wonder why you sought me
If you never cared at all.

THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

SHE stood while the crowd pressed round Him,
A woman pale and weak,
With the touches of pain and sorrow
Deep lined on the faded cheek;
While hither and thither rushing,
The hurrying crowd pressed on,
Scarce heeding the plaintive pleading
Of the feeble, suffering one.

"Only a word," she murmured,
As she plodded slowly through,
"Only a word might heal me,
Or maybe a touch would do."
Only the hem of His garment!
With a trembling, eager touch;
But she learnt in that anxious moment
That she had not asked too much.

She had stretched out her eager fingers
Among the pushing throng,
Touching the garment's border
As the Master passed along;
And He, with a soft, sweet pity,
Did He not heed and care?
Though He had not seemed to hearken
To the low, scarce-spoken prayer.

Only the hem of His garment!
I stretch out a yearning hand;
Ah, me! if I could but reach Him
Through the crowds that near Him stand;
A waif on life's busy bye-ways,
A stray in the rushing throng,
Could I touch but the garment's border
As the Holy One moves along.

Only a touch—oh, Saviour!

Shall I put out my hand and cry,
With never a touch of healing,
And never a sweet reply?

Breathe but the same kind answer,
Low to my sinking soul,
Let me but touch Thy garment,
And say to Thy child "Be whole!"

LEAVE IT TO HIM!

Leave it to Him!
Oh, child! He will never forget thee,
Although it may seem
Sorrows and trials beset thee—
Clouds all above thy head,
Mire at thy feet,
Summer and beauty fled,
Frail, frail as sweet.

Leave it to Him!

He travelled the dark way before thee,
He knoweth how grim

Are the tear-laden clouds that are o'er thee;
Deeper than thine was His cup,
Bitter as gall—
Child! drink the potion up,
He drained it all.

Leave it to Him!
So tender the love that enfolds thee,
Through the light dim
Strong is the right arm that holds thee;
Plod still along the way,
Doing thy best,
Till He shall choose to say—
"Child! come and rest."

Leave it to Him!

Go tell Him'the griefs that beset thee,
 If love groweth dim,

Or trusted and dear ones forget thee;
 When cares and ills befall,
 Clouding thy rest—
 Go, child, and tell Him all,
 He knoweth best.

Leave it to Him!

Whatever the thoughts that oppress thee,
Through sorrows grim

He shall be with thee to bless thee;
E'en though afflictions wild
Here thou shalt bear,
Through death's cold river, child—
Go with Him there.

MAY.

WE are watching for May—for the young year's queen, With the daisy stars on her robe of green,
And the buttercup and the primrose pale—
The opening page of a Summer tale.
The proud trees sway with their promised bloom,
And fill the air with a faint perfume;
And Nature has woven a garland gay
To crown the head of the coming May.

Beautiful queen of the realm of flowers, Scattering sweets in this world of ours, Bidding the brown, unsightly soil Wake to life with a happy smile; While bird, and bee, and butterfly Take each their part in the children's joy, All flitting about in a gleeful way, And bringing a kiss for the dawning May. The children have haunted the fields and bowers, And gathered a wealth of the Spring's bright flowers, And twined them a garland fair and gay
To spread at the feet of the coming May.
God crown us all with a happy joy
That shall not pass when the May slips by;
Filling each heart, care-burdened here,
With the bloom of May for the whole long year.

OUR DREAMS.

WE dream of play when life's fair morn Fills the young soul with gladness, When every hour some joy is born With scarce a tinge of sadness.

We dream of love when glowing youth Kisses the cheeks with blushes, And through the hot, impetuous soul, The fire of passion rushes.

We dream of fair prosperity, And better days before us, When later on a tide of care Hath cast its lava o'er us.

And when in age the ties of love Are rudely rent and riven, We close our eyes to earthly bliss, And dream of rest and heaven.

'Tis well; in every stage of life Some joy is ever springing, And every morrow wakes a song, And tunes the heart to singing.

Give childhood play, and youth the dreams
That love and fancy teach her;
Rest for maturity and age,
And Heaven for every creature.

"HE SENT THEM MEAT ENOUGH."

He led their feet along the desert way,
And gave them angels' food from day to day;
Through dangers thick and pathways rude and rough—He led them forth and gave them meat enough.

And through the ages that have rolled since then, He leads us forth—poor teeble sons of men; Giving, still giving, with a lavish hand, Rare gifts and blessings from His holier land; Holding His children when the storms are rough, And for all needs He giveth meat enough.

Meat to the full still shall our Father send, Till toil is over and till struggles end; We cannot tell the source nor see the way, And yet our manna cometh every day; Till needs are o'er still stoops our Lord to bless And feed His children in Life's wilderness.

Oh! feeble child! fearful for daily bread, Yesterday thou wert led, and kept, and fed; From many an unknown source thy blessings came, And God to-day in love is still the same. Hope on, poor toiler, though the way is rough, Trust still the love that giveth meat enough.

PATIENCE.

OH! had I only patience enough for every day,
Patience enough to smile upon the cares that block the way,
Patience enough to bear my load without such weak repining,
Still calmly happy in the storm as if the sun were shining.

Oh! had I only patience to stay the hot reply,
And let the bitter feeling pass as all unworthy by;
Patience enough to bear a wrong and answer back in kindness,
Instead of hurling cruel words in anger's wanton blindness.

Oh! had I only patience, when little children tease, To kiss the wee wet faces that look up from my knees; Patience enough to lead and guide, still loving and forbearing, Making each little joy my own, each little sorrow sharing.

Oh! had I only patience as He whose gentle life Knew never words of anger and never deeds of strife; If I had only patience to tread the path He trod, Patience enough to do my best, and leave results to God.

NOT LOST.

Not lost! Oh, mother, with the drooping eyes
Tear-dimmed, and lonely,
Nursing the murmurings and regrets that rise,
And thinking only
Of a missed voice among the household band,
And the lost pressure of a baby-hand;
Bowing in anguish to bereavement's storm,
And thinking ever of a dear dead form.

Not lost! Not lost! The angels pluck no flower
For wanton pleasure;
They do but gather, for the heavenly bower,
Earth's fairest treasure;
They pluck the pure, the gentle, and the sweet,
That heavenly care may make them more complete—
Wee buds and blossoms for the Saviour's breast,
The flowers He loves, the hues that please Him best.

Not lost! Not lost! That little barque shall know
No wreckage—ever
Secure from storm, and sin, and ill below—
Beyond the river.
'Tis safely anchored on the eternal shore,
Where winds and waves shall toss it nevermore;
Just out of sight and sound, and mortal touch,
God keeps the little one you mount to much.

It is not lost! Thy jewel shines to day
In rarer splendour,
Where Heaven's own lights in changeful beauty play
Rich-hued and tender,
And nothing sinful shall defile or stain,
And nothing earthly ever yield a pain;
Among the angels, pure and undefiled,
The arms of Christ are round thy missing child.

A TIME TO COME.

THERE is a time to come, dear love,
When you and I must lay
The little joys and cares of life
For evermore away.
There is a time when you and I,
With sorrow-bated breath,
Must take and give the last fond kiss,
The parting kiss of death.

There is a time to come, dear love,
We know not how nor when,
When the warm hands we clasp to-day
Shall never clasp again;
It may be you, it may be I,
Shall watch the failing breath,
And see the dear one struggling through
The weary sea of death.

There is a time to come, dear love,
When we shall put away
The narrow, petty things of time
That fill our hearts to-day;
When every bitter word or thought,
That touched our path with gloom,
Shall prove their littleness and shame
Beside an open tomb.

Dear love, it may be you or I
Shall stand in tears and pain,
Missing the presence and the smile
That cannot come again;
Oh! when the solemn moment comes
With all its cruel power,
May no grim ghost of anger past
Invade the dying hour.

There is an hour when we must part
In mortal tears and pain,
God grant us then a parting hope
In Heaven to meet again.
Oh! may no strife give added gloom
To sorrow's long good-bye,
And Heaven bless the lonely one,
If it be you or I.

DREAMING OF YOU.

WHEN you are dreaming, oh! can it be Ever your fancy flyeth to me? Ever a fond thought, tender and true, Cometh to me when I'm dreaming of you?

When you are thinking, thinking alone, Oh! sit I ever on Memory's throne? Cometh a thought to me, loving and true, I who am always thinking of you?

When you are kneeling meekly in prayer,
Oh! do you breathe my name thoughtfully there?
Ask a petition earnest and true,
While I am daily praying for you?

When you are lonely, sighing for rest, Cometh a wish for me over your breast? Longeth your heart for the tried and the true, While I am waiting and wishing for you? When you are happy, when you are sad, When you are silent, when you are glad, Cometh one changing mood tinged with regret? Cometh a wish that we never had met?

When you are lifting Memory's veil, Reading our past as a long-ago tale, Give me a blessing, tender and true, Whilst I am asking Heaven's blessing for you.

SOME TIME.

SOME time these crooked places
Will all be straight and plain;
Some time our tearful faces
Will smile with joy again;
Some time the heavy burdens,
We bear in pain to-day,
All vapour-like will vanish
In heavenly light away.

Some time the mist of sorrow
Will melt in golden light;
Some time a fair to-morrow
Will surely put us right;
Some time the cares and troubles,
We sigh and sorrow o'er,
Will all be plain, and never
Perplex us any more,

Some time in Heaven's own glory
Our wondering ears shall ring,
To catch the joyous story
The angel reapers sing;
Some time, if we are patient
Beneath afflictions frown,
The Hand that gives us crosses,
Will also give a crown.

THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE.

WHATEVER you do, don't worry,
If times are a trifle rough,
And life, with its hurry-scurry,
Is driving you hard enough;
Perhaps you are only feeble,
And your task may be hard to do;
But it may be a little patience
Will carry you safely through.

Whatever you do, don't grumble
Because you've a cross to bear;
There's places where you may tumble,
And there's dangers everywhere;
But there's others as worn and weary,
And others as hardly tried,
And it may be a little patience
Will carry you o'er the tide.

Whatever you do, don't trouble,
Don't carry a gloomy breast,
By making afflictions double
While you're doing your honest best;
Bear up through the gloomy shadows
Till peeps the sunlight fair,
For what though the clouds are heavy,
Be sure that the sun is there!

Whatever you do, do it bravely,
And trust to a Father's care,
The cross, that in love he gave you,
Is fitted for you to bear,
And the way He bids you travel
May seem to be hard and rough,
But the wisdom that meteth all things,
Provideth you strength enough.



'TIS BETTER SO!

'TIS better so! Oh! sad one, wildly weeping,
To thy bereavement yet unreconciled,
Would'st thou awake the one so calmly sleeping,
Or call again thy fair departed child?
Would'st thou untwine the arms that now are round her,
The arms that will not tire nor give a pain?
Would'st thou unclasp the white robe Christ hath found he
And bring thy darling back to earth again?

'Tis better so! There waits no future sorrow,
No rough rude places for her feet to tread,
No shadow of a care or dark to-morrow
Gathers in clouds above thy darling's head;
The fair frail form hath done its cruel battle
With the grim terror that we dread so much,
And though remembrance hears the low death rattle,
It cannot hurt her with a future touch.

'Tis better so! Oh! better far to sorrow
To-day, because thou hast an angel there,
Than keep thy treasure till some sad to-morrow
Gives thee a trouble harder still to bear.
Weep on! weep on! thy heart 'ere long will tell thee
How wise the hand that measured out thy woe,
How all in love the sorrows that befel thee,
To save, perhaps, a heavier, deeper blow.

Tis better so! Better the joy-light shining
In Heaven's own beauty in those happy eyes;
Better the life that hath no vain repining,
No wish ungranted, and no bliss that dies;
Better the safety—leaning close for ever
Upon a breast whose every throb is love—
Better that every bond of earth should sever,
If only Christ re-links them all above.

FORGIVE IT.

I SAID a bitter word to thee
In anger and unkindness,
I hurled a cruel, harsh reproof
In passion's wilful blindness,
I poured a torrent of reproach,
By demon frenzy driven;
But now, dear love, be every word
Forgotten and forgiven.

I cannot bear to see thee look
So coldly when I meet thee,
Nor dare I say the tender word
With which I long to greet thee;
Beneath thy pride, ah, love! I know,
How thou hast learnt to miss me—
Open thy heart and arms again,
And take me back and kiss me.

When first I hurled those cruel taunts,
I meant to grieve and hurt thee,
But never in my madness did
My better self desert thee;
I know I vexed thee with a wrong,
But let thy love outlive it,
And let the angel teach thee how
To pity and forgive it.

A BROKEN LINK.

SOMETIMES across the surging of the soul
So wild and deep,
I hear the piteous wailing of a pain
That cannot sleep—
A hungry cry that will not, will not cease,
Calling, for ever calling—Peace! peace!

Tis but a memory that liveth still,
And will not die;
That rides upon the rushing waves of life
As time goes by;
The memory of words in anger spoken,
Pierced by the jagg'd end of a promise broken,

We were not meant to travel hand in hand,
We could not share
Each other's separate moods and aims in life
And still forbear,
When wilful thought and feeling struggled free,
And would not blend in peace and unity.

And yet—ah me! there comes a time of thought,
When memory takes
A retrospect of all our foolish haste
And dark mistakes,
And the heart longs this wordless strife to cease,
And calls so tenderly to thee for peace.

Living or dead, or where thou art to-day,

I do not know;

I had no wish to share thy fortunes when

I let thee go,

Nor ask it now—Thine is a free release,

Only in heart and thought be peace! peace!

THE LITTLE ONE THAT DIED.

WE love them all, the little buds,
That in our arms we hold;
More precious to the human heart
Than miser's hoarded gold.
But sweeter than the sweetest flower
That blossoms at our side,
The missing face that haunts us yet,
The little one that died!

The baby fingers of to-day,
With light, unconscious touch,
Waken the deathless memory of
The child we loved so much;
And the heart gathers up the links
With lingering, loving pride,
Ah! after all, can any match
The little one that died?

There is no bitterness to mar
The wreath of love we spread
Upon the shrine of buried love,
And round an angel's head;
To-day we check our little ones
For passion, greed, or pride;
But, oh! we see no fault upon
The little one that died!

'Tis not that we could calmly yield
The buds that still are ours,
Or that we love less tenderly
Our rosy-petal'd flowers;
But in our gentlest thoughts we let
Our buried darlings hide,
And painless, griefless love recalls
The little one that died!

OUR LAZARUS.

DESIDE your gate a Lazarus lies to-day;
A weary creature, sorrowful and sad,
From whose dark life the light has passed away,
And sorrow's hand hath quenched the bliss he had;
Pale as the memory of his vanished joy,
Weary of living on a hope deferred;
And yet the crowds in thoughtlessness pass by,
And you have spoken scarce a pitying word.
Not wilfully unkind—you did not think
To find your mission at your very gate;

The simple giving of a cheering drink, Or word of kindness to the desolate: Like wayside flowers, or Summer drops of dew. That never cheer nor charm the crowded street; And yet they yield a beauty pure and true, And scatter sweetness at the traveller's feet. Ah, me! we are so fond of choosing how, Or when, or where, or why our work shall be, Passing where Lazarus lies with wistful eye, Pleading for love, or help, or charity. We are so eager for the deeds that shine In other eyes, or ring in other ears, While at our door some creature sits to pine. And weep, uncomforted, his tide of tears. Ah! you and I, as thoughtless and as light In heart and purpose as the white sea foam. Thrust Life's small duties proudly out of sight, And leave a Lazarus at the gate at home.

OUR BOY.

A LITTLE wilfulness, a little passion,
A little boasting in a beyish fashion,
A little yearning after man's estate,
A little notion of one day being great,
A little eager willingness to shirk
Life's many duties and the things called work,
A little rough, a little rude, and shy,
A little loving, too—God bless the boy!

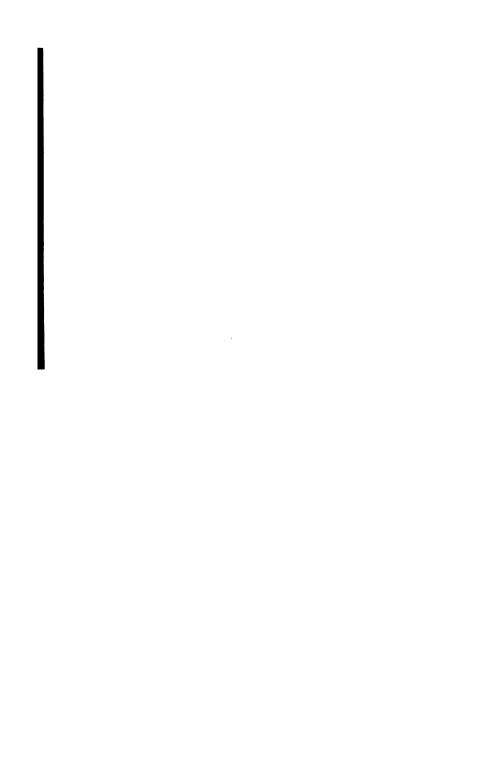
A little disobedient and pouting,
A little questioning, a little doubting,
A little stealing for forbidden play,
A little scheming for his own wild way,
A little heedless of another's feelings,
A little selfish in his wreckless dealings,
A little curious for the "how" and "why,"
A little thoughtful, too—God bless the boy!

God bless the boy! Led, driven, coaxed, or chidden, Yet ever stumbling on a way forbidden, Doing the very things he promised not, With the same explanation—"he forgot"—A human boy, with boyish faults is he, And yet as good as lads are apt to be; Knowing his faults and virtues, shall not I, Loving the rebel, pray—God bless the boy?

God bless the boy! our wayward, wilful son, Brimming with life, and boyishness, and fun, With towering passion seeking for redress, Or sweet and fond with love and tenderness; Heaven crown his life with many a joy sublime, When boyhood's days shall be a bye-gone time, Through cloud or sun, in sorrow or in joy, Good angels guard him, and God bless the boy.



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